

THE FALL OF  
ABD-ÛL-HAMID  
FRANCIS McCULLAGH



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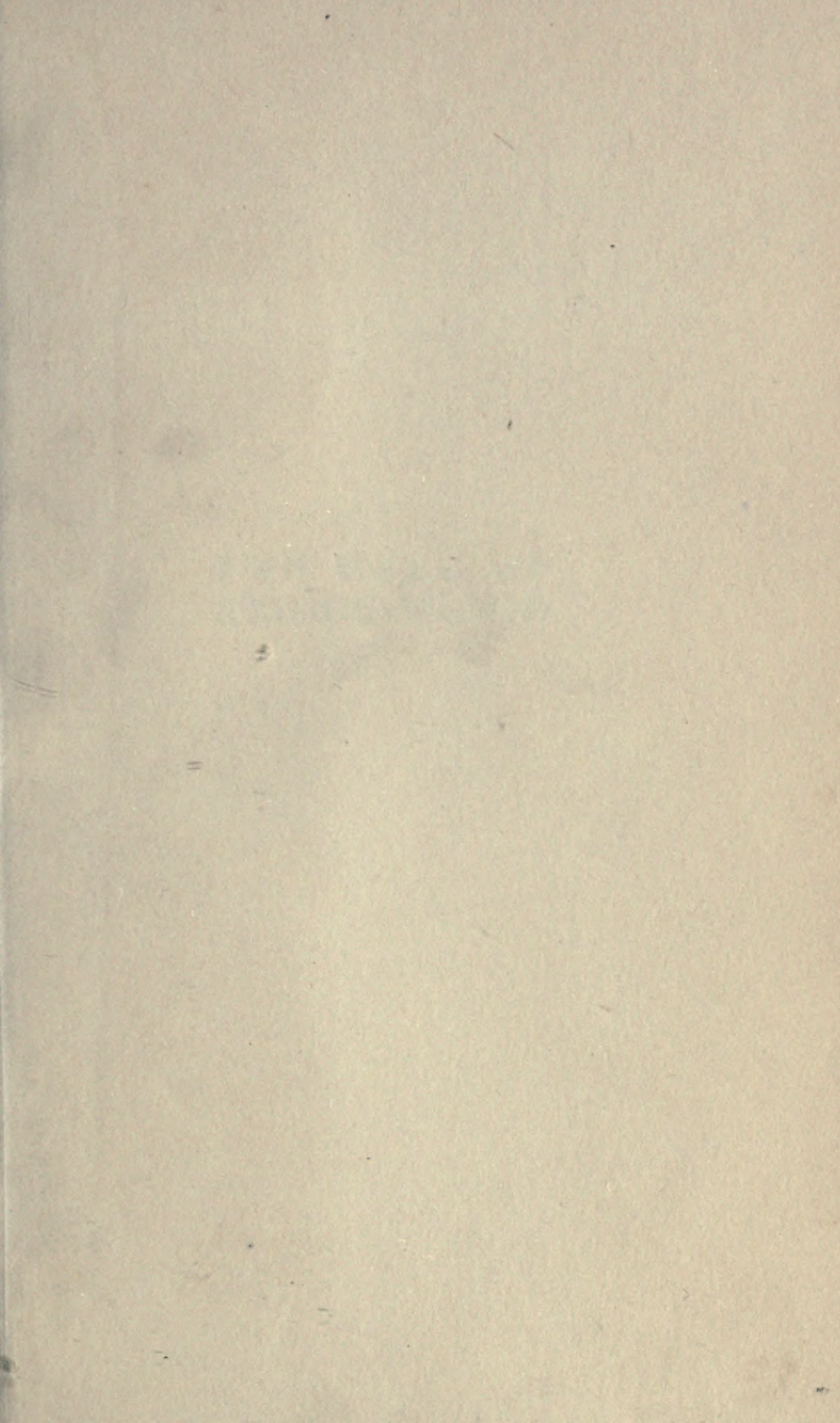

















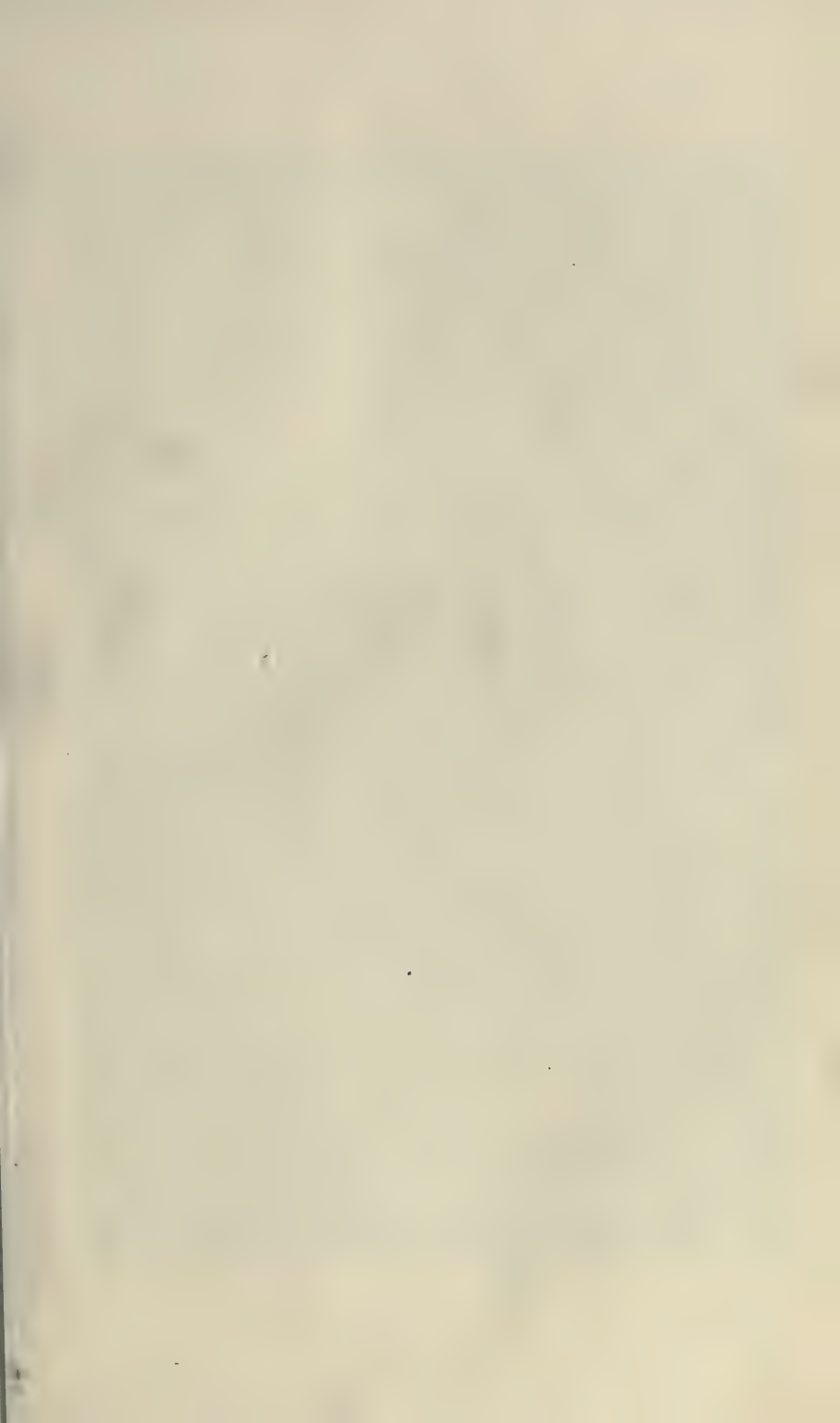
**THE FALL OF  
ABD-UL-HAMID**





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MAHMUD SHEFKET PASHA

# THE FALL OF ABD-UL-HAMID

BY

FRANCIS McCULLAGH

AUTHOR OF "WITH THE COSSACKS"

WITH A PREFACE

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

MAHMUD SHEFKET PASHA

THE TURKISH GENERAL WHO TOOK CONSTANTINOPLE ON  
APRIL 24, 1909, AND WHO WAS AFTERWARDS  
MADE MINISTER OF WAR

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO

ALLAN RAMSAY

OF CONSTANTINOPLE

AND

ANDRÉI MIKHAÏLOVITCH RYKATCHEFF

OF ST. PETERSBURG





## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

**P**ARTS of this book have already appeared, in outline at least, in the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Dublin Review*, the *New York Times*, the *Osaka Mainichi Shimbun* (one of the leading papers in Japan), the *Morning Leader*, *Daily Mail*, *Chicago Daily News*, *Times of India*, *Civil and Military Gazette*, *North China Daily News*, *Japan Chronicle*, *Otago Daily Times*, and *T. P.'s Weekly*.

I must return thanks to Mr. Allan Ramsay, of Constantinople, without whose kind encouragement this work would never have been begun, and to various Turkish friends, especially Salih Keramet Bey, to whom I am indebted for many excellent translations from the Turkish. Mr. William Petrie Watson most kindly assisted me in the reading of the proofs.

“The Fall of Abd-ul-Hamid” is the result of my own observations and experiences in Turkey last year and the year before last, but I derived a very great deal of assistance from the Turkish Press, especially from the newspapers published in French, and from the following publications: *Streffieurs Militärische Zeitschrift* (to which excellent organ of the Austro-Hungarian army I owe the map illustrating the capture of Constantinople and also many technical

military details regarding the same event), *Staatsstreich und Gegenrevolution in der Türkei von Dr. Paul Farkas*, and *Die Türkische Revolution* (Adalbert Graf Sternberg). From Mr. C. R. Buxton's book and from the *Notes d'une Voyageuse* I have taken some phrases.

*April 13, 1910*

## PREFACE

BY H.E. MAHMUD SHEFKET PASHA

**A**T the present moment, everything must be reformed in Turkey. And each Ministry is now occupied with the reforms which particularly concern it. For my own part I am doing my utmost to carry out the necessary reforms in the department which has lately been confided to me.

But though these reforms deal with war, I hope that the civilized world is under no apprehension as to the serious and peaceful character of the change that we have made in Turkey.

The Europe of to-day wants peace and detests war. But if, despite the tendency and the opinion of the civilized world, war unfortunately breaks out in Europe, I believe that it will be kindled by a spark from the East. Now, there will be no spark from the East if Turkey becomes powerful. With a strong Turkey it will be possible to keep the peace even in the Balkans. A weak Turkey will constitute, on the other hand, a perpetual menace to the peace of the world. It is in order to destroy that menace that I am working to-day with my able collaborators on the reform of the Ottoman Army. I am persuaded that the civilized world will lend us their support, even if it be only moral support, in the completion of this task.

March 3, 1326 [Turkish year]

[Signed] MAHMUD SHEFKET





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# THE FALL OF ABD-UL-HAMID

## BOOK I

### THE "CONSTITUTIONAL" CALIPH

#### CHAPTER I

#### THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

THE scene presented by the great Square of S. Sophia at noon on December 17, 1908, was unforgettable. To give an idea of the density of the crowd I need only say that the dogs—the famous dogs of Constantinople—had temporarily disappeared, there being in that tightly wedged mass of solid humanity no room for a pin, much less for a dog. The spaces in front of the ancient church—the Augusteum, the Hippodrome, and all the surrounding *meidan* whose ancient names carry one so far back into the centuries—were a sea of bright red fezzes, with a sprinkling of the white or green turbans of ecclesiastics, and through this sea ran like breakwaters long lines of fixed bayonets, while a brilliant sun glistened on the gorgeous uniforms of the Household troops.

Here and there were phalanxes of young, beardless faces, the faces of Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Jewish and Persian schoolboys, of military students, clerical students, law students, all sorts of students, marshalled in military order under their respective teachers. On the left of the Parliament House were the Albanian soldiers of the Guard in their white uniforms, on the right were the Syrian Zouaves in



their green turbans. In close proximity were the men from Salonica, the famous khaki-clad soldiers of the 3rd Corps whose action in July 1908 gave freedom to Turkey. These pillars of the Constitution were evidently ready for any emergency, as I noticed that each man carried not only a beltful of cartridges round his body but also scores of additional cartridges stowed away in three little pockets arranged, one above the other, in the front of each coat-sleeve. The Sultan might be murdered or deposed (his deposition was not impossible in case he refused to open the Parliament in person), there might be a reactionary *coup d'état*, or a mutiny among the Palace Guards, but, come what might, these Macedonians were ready for it. They foresaw everything.

But who could have foreseen that, in less than four months, these champions of Young Turkey, corrupted by the Sultan's gold, would themselves have headed a reactionary mutiny in front of this very Parliament House, and would have carried with them in their downfall the whole of the 1st Army Corps whose soldiers make such a brave show in the streets of the capital to-day ?

Despite the fact that the festival was supposed to mark the triumph of the democracy over despotism, I must say that the soldiers sometimes treated their masters, the people, with scant ceremony ; for whenever the order was given to drive back the crowd, the military ran like mad bulls or New York policemen at the nearest civilians, whom they mercilessly belaboured with their fists and with the butts of their muskets. Then there would be a feeble, swaying movement in the first few ranks of sightseers, but nothing short of machine-guns could dislodge the main body.

The populace was, however, not quite a herd of dumb, driven cattle. It knew something of politics, it seemed, else why that loud cheering for the men from Salonica and for Sir Gerard Lowther, the British ambassador ? Why that ominous silence when the Marquis Pallavicini, the Austrian ambassador, drove past ?

From the heart of the crowd came smothered, high-pitched shouts of " *Iradé ! Iradé !* " (official proclamation.) They came from cute newsboys who were selling slips of paper which were anything but official and on which were printed appeals to the deputies to begin their legislative

labours by punishing the criminals of the old *régime* "who drank the people's blood for thirty years." Even under the nose of the Sultan the crowd afterwards sang and the military bands played the "Song of Liberty" wherein "the old tyranny," "the thirty years of shame," and, in Biblical phrase, "the Days of the Oppression" were freely alluded to. Many of the crowd gave vent to their feelings in a less praiseworthy way by discharging their revolvers in the air, for since the restriction on the sale of arms has been abolished, an enormous trade has been done here in revolvers.

The most remarkable sight in S. Sophia's Square was S. Sophia's itself. If that venerable basilica (for I can never bring myself to regard it as a mosque) had a voice, it might well have groaned beneath the weight of Mohammedanism which it carried on this occasion, for every one of its roofs, buttresses, pillars, minarets and flat projections was crowded with veiled, fezzed or turbaned sightseers, several thousands of whom must have thus found a lofty and dangerous perch.

On the extreme summit of the great dome, 180 ft. above the level of the ground, underneath the silver crescent which has taken the place of the cross, and sharply outlined against the sapphire sky, stood the severe and solitary figure of a Mohammedan mollah or priest. The green turban which encircled his brows showed that he was a descendant of the Prophet; the gentle swaying of his long robe in the wind was the only indication that he was alive and not a statue. Living symbol of Islâm's victory, he was an emblem more impressive than the green flag of the Prophet, or than those silken banners, black as night, which waved among the troops below and on which were embroidered in silver lettering martial texts from the Korân. He was Mohammedanism with its foot literally planted on Christianity's greatest shrine, and his presence on this occasion was significant, for while, under the old *régime*, it had only been a question of some years for the Greek or Latin cross to be planted again on S. Sophia's, the change of which the inauguration of Parliament was an outward signification makes it possible that the Church of the Holy Wisdom will never again become a Christian temple.\*

\* The hope that it *will* become a Christian temple is, or was, one of the most widespread hopes in Christendom, and the references to this subject in the poetry, oratory and prayers of the Christian nations would fill a volume. Not



The spectator finds it difficult, while awaiting the arrival of the Sultan, to prevent his mind from wandering back to the past history of this palimpsest of cities and the temptation is the stronger because of the monuments and the facts which make that past seem as if it were only of yesterday. S. Sophia's has altered little in its essential appearance since that awful May 29, 1453, when thousands of high-born dames and children, merchant princes and high ecclesiastics, were dragged out of the church by the victorious Moslems, the men tied with ropes, the women with their own cinctures or veils, and sold into shameful and in some cases irrevocable slavery. Even Cardinal Isidore, the Papal delegate, who was captured in the disguise of a beggar, was sold for a sum which cannot have been considerable, since we know that this venerable Prince of the Roman Catholic Church was afterwards ransomed for a few aspers.

Even the interior of S. Sophia's contains much to remind us of this unparalleled triumph of Islâm. I do not speak of the imprint of a bloody hand, twenty feet up, on one of the piers of the nave in the south-east bay which, as your trembling Greek guide will tell you in an awe-stricken whisper, indicates the height to which the Turkish conqueror was able to reach as he rode over the Christian corpses piled high on the cathedral floor. I speak of the Christian mosaic pictures, the outlines of which one can still see through the whitewash with which the Moslems have covered them—the gigantic, six-winged Seraphim in the four pendentives and the outline of the mosaic representing the Virgin and Child enthroned which once adorned the vault of the apse, as well as the crosses and the texts of Scripture which have been left intact and unconcealed in various parts of the building.

To remind the Osmanli still more forcibly of their great triumph, the preacher in S. Sophia's still mounts the pulpit

to speak of the references in Greek, Italian, French, German and English literature, we find N. Danilevsky, the Russian Pan Slavist, saying (chap. xiv., *Rossiya e Evropa*, 1871): "What enormous historical significance would have for us Constantinople torn, despite all Europe, from the hands of the Turks! With what breathless delight would we not hail the gleam of the cross raised by us to the summit of S. Sophia's!" while the poet Tyutcheff says, in his poem "A Prophecy" (1850): "And the old vaults of S. Sophia's in renovated Byzantium will again shade Christ's altar. Fall down before that altar, Tzar of all the Russias, and rise Tzar of all the Slavs!"

sword in hand and with flags on either side of him, symbols of victory and conquest, while on a marble slab set in lapis lazuli at the entrance to the mosque of the Conqueror is written in letters of gold that astonishing prediction of the Prophet: "They will capture Constantinople; and happy the Prince, happy the army which accomplishes this!"

Much is gone but enough is left to help us to form an idea of what this church must have looked like in its prime, this *chef-d'œuvre* of sacred architecture whereof, if we are to believe the Greek historians, an Angel drew the plans and for the construction of which Heaven sent the necessary gold.

We recall its hundred columns of a dozen different marbles, jaspers and porphyries from the quarries of Asia Minor and the isles and continents of Greece, Egypt, Africa and Gaul and from the pagan temples of Ephesus. We recall its sanctuary consisting of 40,000 pounds weight of silver. And then we think of the fate that overtook all this magnificence, how soldiers walked about in sacred robes and drank wine from chalices, of the great crucifix being carried in mock procession with a janissary's bonnet on its head, and of the Holy of Holies and the marble altars being defiled in a manner infinitely and indescribably more shameful. "The sanctuary," says Phranzes, "of the Wisdom of God, the throne of His Glory, the wonder of the earth, was changed into a place of abominations and horrors."

In London, for example, the spirit of progress is so strong, the life of the moment so keen, that even in the Houses of Parliament there is little to remind one in an obtrusive way of King John and Magna Charta; but in Constantinople the past rises up and strikes you in the face at every step. You can still see the tower which the Emperor Constantine Dragozes and his companion, the historian Phranzes, ascended early on the morning of the fatal May 29 to reconnoitre the Turkish camp, whence they heard the ominous sounds of preparation for the fatal assault which was made a few hours later. You can still see the gate through which the Conqueror rode on that occasion amid his Pashas and his janissaries and his troops of Anatolia and Romania, and in which the last of the Greek emperors fell.

The Parliament wherein we sit is built near the site of the old Senate House. Beneath stood the Palace of Justinian (the *amplissimum Justiniani Palatium* of Bondelmontius),



the Palaces of the Bucoleon and the church of SS. Sergius and Bacchus. The Augusteum, or *place impériale*, the Hippodrome—what visions of marble pavements and priceless statuary those names evoke! Yonder stood the church of St. Stephen, from whose upper windows the Byzantine Court ladies witnessed the games in the Hippodrome. On the opposite side of the Parliament House, above a buttress in the third gate of the sea walls, whose base is washed by the Marmora, is another opening, also used by, or rather for, Court ladies of a later date. It is the opening through which Sultanas who bored the Padishah were thrown into the sea, after having first been sewed up in sacks.

Yes, despite the glorious panorama of the Bosphorus, the Marmora Islands and the snows of Olympus, which one enjoys from this Parliament House, the blood-stained history of the place makes one sometimes see everything through a red haze. In the Hippodrome below, Justinian the Great put to death 30,000 citizens and, close by, Mahmud the Reformer had piled before him the heads of the rebel janisseries. Within a stone's-throw is the Old Seraglio where for centuries every new Sultan marked his accession by the massacre of all his brothers, one Sultan, Mohammed the Third, putting to death in this way all of his nineteen brothers, some of them infants at the breast.

\*             \*             \*             \*             \*

Eleven o'clock! The processions of deputies, of notables, of ecclesiastics, of foreign ambassadors, begin to converge on Parliament House. Their progress is slow, for the streets are crammed with a variegated crowd of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Albanians, mariners from the Isles, shepherds from Asia Minor, Arabs from the Holy Cities and the mysterious Peninsula, Montenegrins, Bulgarians, Mongols, Turkomans, Tartars, Kirghiz, Aryans, Kurds, Kutzovalaks, Jews, Gypsies, Caucasians, Druses, Maronites and representatives of all the other races which make up this most composite empire. The pressure is so great that the smaller and weaker members of the crowd are squeezed in underneath the wheels of the carriages and the legs of the horses, but, luckily, they are in no danger there as the carriages cannot move at anything but a snail's pace and as complete stops are frequent and lengthy. Sometimes these stops are due to amusingly unexpected causes. In one case a flock of sheep crossing the

main street blocked for ten minutes the way of a squadron of cavalry just after the bugler had given the signal to advance, and it was not until the shepherd boy had put in his appearance with the last of the stragglers that the lancers and the dozen ambassadors whom they escorted were able to continue their course. I can easily attribute the singular self-restraint of the horsemen on this occasion to the fact that, if not themselves Anatolian shepherds, they are like all the Osmanli, the descendants of a pastoral, nomadic race, and can therefore understand better than a Cockney soldier or policeman would perhaps have done, that if the boy's flock were once cut in two by that torrent of armed men, the halves would never in all probability be reunited.

One of the processions was of a kind to which we are not accustomed in the West. The ex-Sultan, it must be remembered, availed himself of his rare public appearances in order to parade before the eyes of the people his magnificent carriages, his pure-bred Arab stud, his fine sons and—his harem. On this occasion the ladies of the Seraglio were conveyed to S. Sophia's in half a dozen sumptuous, closed carriages, surrounded by a troop of eunuchs on horseback. But as their equipages, like those of many less exalted persons, including the present writer, were sometimes stationary for twenty minutes at a time, being tossed and buffeted by the mighty crowd like ships in a stormy sea, and as the imperial ladies did not all remain as closely veiled as usual, the Stamboul public gazed for the first time on those fair forbidden faces, only a few of which could be said, however, to be worthy of the Seraglio's reputation for the possession of unparalleled beauty.

The ladies of the imperial harem were not the only ones, however, whose feminine curiosity led them to forget their veils on this occasion, for all along the route and even from the roof of S. Sophia's, women and girls looked fearlessly out upon the vast crowds. One or two of the unveiled faces in the carriages had, I noticed, a very English look. Did they belong to those cultured young English ladies who, having come out here to educate and convert the Moslem, have, to the certain knowledge of the British authorities and to the scandal and the horror of the British colony, gone over themselves to Islâm for the sake of some dark-eyed Albanian youth?



Hark to the distant roar of "*Padishahim tchok yasha!*" ("Live long, my Padishah!") a cry which at one bound carries us back thousands of years to the "*Ad multos annos!*" of the Romans. It rapidly comes nearer, for the Sultan's equipage is the only one that comes straight through to-day without once drawing rein, the risk of assassination being otherwise too great.

At noon the Padishah left Yildiz; at 12.15 the hoofs of his lancers thundered over the outer bridge across the Golden Horn; at 12.45 the six steaming Arabs are pulled up in front of the Parliament House and the captain of the escort wipes the perspiration from his brow, for the strain he has undergone was terrible. He has brought Abd-ul-Hamid through alive. Only one untoward incident occurred. An old Armenian woman standing close to the tombs of Abd-ul-Hamid the First and his murdered son, Mustafa the Fourth, not far from the entrance to the Old Seraglio cried: "Give me back my two sons! Give me back my two sons!" at the same time stretching her withered arms toward the Caliph, but the Commander of the Faithful did not move his head, and in a moment he was gone.

The interior of the Chamber looked at first less picturesque than I had expected, for the deputies were mostly youngish, business-like men, clad in the conventional black of Europe and only distinguished from the legislators of other lands by their red fezzes, while the hall itself was so redolent of our most advanced civilisation that I was in continual fear lest the jerry-built balcony whereon a place had been found for me would collapse. The opening of the first Duma, a ceremony which I also attended, seemed to me to be a more impressive sight owing to the contrast between the sheep-skins of the *muzhiks* on the one hand and the splendour of the Winter Palace on the other. But this, after all, is no mean assembly. It contains representatives from Jerusalem, Bagdad and Mecca, from the races which have given us the Talmud, the Bible and the Korân, from the tribes which founded Judaism, Christianity and Islâm.

Notice this Arab deputy from the Yemen, his graceful *keffiyeh*, shot with green and faint purple, falling on either side of his swarthy face while he sits motionless, his legs tucked up under him, as if he were enjoying the noon-day halt beneath a palm-tree in Arabia Felix. Or that other

Arab, from Mecca, whose yellow and chocolate-coloured shawl is bound round his head by a black camel-hair fillet and whose pose, as he stands, recalls the lonely desert horseman and the marvellous race whose empire stretched from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic—a race which, with the Turks, conquered half the Roman world—Greece, Thrace, Asia Minor, Northern Africa and Spain.

Thirty or forty priestly robes and turbans impart a decidedly eastern touch to the scene and some military uniforms remind me of the Duma. True to the reputation of their race, the deputies sit in their places grave and silent, and not looking in the least strange or ill at ease in their new surroundings. At half-past twelve a ripple of excitement runs through the House when there enters quietly a tall, handsome man of tranquil, commanding presence and with dark hair and beard thickly streaked with grey. This is the famous Ahmed Riza, Chairman of the Committee of Union and Progress.

How deceptive are appearances! The Sultan, whose triumphal approach is even now heralded by the cheers of the soldiers, the rub-a-dub-dub of the drums, the bugle-calls and the noise of the Hamidian March, is only a puppet in the hands of this quiet, plainly dressed gentleman, and this quiet, plainly dressed gentleman on whom all eyes are riveted could have done nothing without the Liberal officers and generals who made the Revolution of July but who are not present to-day at all. They are represented indeed by Enver Bey, whom they selected as the "hero" of the revolution partly because his handsome face looks well in pictures. Ahmed Riza was selected, on the same principle, for his striking senatorial appearance. Abd-ul-Hamid was retained on the throne on account of his thirty years of rule. Kiamil's great age and his air of almost preternatural wisdom had as much to do with his selection for the post of Grand Vizier as his liberalism and his experience.

To the left of the tribune sit the Senators, a blaze of gold lace and decorations, and near them is a group of kadis, ulemas, pashas, muftis and aged chiefs of Islâm. The Sheikh-ul-Islâm is all in white save for his lofty turban of deep yellow, the ulemas wear emerald-green robes and, on their heads, red fezzes bound around with capacious snow-white turbans over which, again, are fastened broad bands



of cloth of gold. The box above the Sultan's is filled with military chiefs, some of them white-bearded old heroes of the last Russo-Turkish War; and in the diplomatic lodge opposite are many foreign robes and uniforms, diplomatic, military and ecclesiastical.

Prince Mirza Riza Khan, the Persian poet and ambassador, carries on his person scores of precious stones, even the buttons of his coat consisting of large diamonds. Dr. Sardi, the Apostolic Delegate in Constantinople, is clad in purple and wears many high decorations, but by far the most imposing figure in the diplomatic box is Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German ambassador, whose influence throughout the Hamidian *régime* overshadowed those of all the other ambassadors put together. Grey-eyed, humorous, and, like all strong men, democratic (he talks freely to the newspaper reporters), this huge, ugly man instantly dominates every group which he joins and on this occasion his natural advantages are increased by the fact that he wears around his neck and on his breast a collection of the highest Orders which the Kaiser and the Sultan can bestow.

The diplomatic box is the modern part of the hall, but on the other hand there are portions which are fully a thousand years old. One would never expect that a Turkish Parliament would look like a Council of the Early Fathers, yet this is exactly what the vicinity of the Presidential chair looks like, filled as it is with old, gigantic, long-bearded patriarchs, exarchs and other ecclesiastical Christian chiefs who seem to have risen specially for the occasion from their stone coffins in the vaults of S. Sophia's. Among these pontiffs and patriarchs are the Œcumenical Patriarch (dressed in flowing black with a green collar), the Armenian Patriarch, the Patriarch of the Armenian Catholics, the Bulgarian Exarch, the Grand Rabbi of the Jews, the Patriarch of the Ancient Syrians, the Patriarch of the Melechite Catholic Greeks, the Chaldean Patriarch and the Syrian Catholic Patriarch. I seldom saw anything more impressive than the solemn march of these wise old men towards their places (though I was well aware that not a single one of them had two ideas in his head: each of them had evidently been selected, as in the case of the Young Turks, for his presence and his physical suitability to the part he played) and I was not a little surprised at the great deference shown them by

the highest Mohammedan officials. "Not a little surprised," I say, for a solemn trampling under foot of the emblem of Christianity as a sort of preliminary to the despatch of public business, like that ceremony of trampling on the Cross which was practised in Japan for over two hundred years after the expulsion of the Jesuits would, methought, have been more in keeping with the traditions of a people whom Cardinal Newman has stigmatized as "the great Antichrist among the races of men."

\* \* \* \* \*

At 1.15 the Sultan's five sons—the Princes Abdurrahmin, Selim, Abdul, Halim and Ahmed Effendis—entered the box next to that intended for their father. They were all in military dress, and two of them, who are only boys, looked particularly bright and healthy, being in this respect a welcome contrast to Abd-ul-Hamid. Abdurrahmin Effendi, who was regarded as the most democratic of the Imperial family and whose assiduity at the artillery exercises in the military school which he attended was praised by everybody, smiled down on the assembly with the frank, boyish smile of a young English or American undergraduate. But suddenly a shadow passed across the boy's handsome face and he rose swiftly to his feet, every one in the hall below following his example in a flash. A figure seemed to cross the sunlight, the silence of death fell on the crowded room: Abd-ul-Hamid had entered.

To do justice to this dramatic appearance of the mysterious chief of Islâm, I should have been born a Turk or an Armenian and then I would have been awe-stricken, perhaps, by the memories of this Presence, by the recollection of the Sultans whose flags floated on three continents and four seas, who ruled from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf, from the Carpathians to the Nile, and for whom prayers were offered up in thirty kingdoms. Not having been born an Armenian or a Turk I could only see a tottering old man, bent, ashy-faced, weary, and with a way of shuffling instead of walking which made him look ten years older than he really was. He wore his inseparable dark grey military overcoat, edged with red and provided with heavy epaulettes, but both his overcoat and his fez seemed too large for him and very much out of place. In fact, Shylock's gabardine is the only dress that would suit Abd-ul-Hamid to perfection.

The vaster the scale on which a criminal acts, the more presentable and even heroic he appears and perhaps feels. But in the case of Abd-ul-Hamid, this rule did not certainly hold good, for he looked like some obscene and treacherous beast of prey that, after having hidden in the bowels of the earth for years, is finally trapped, caged and brought forth, blinking and reluctant, into the blessed sunlight, while, afar off, the people shudder at the Horror.

The Padishah's manner corresponded to his appearance, being common and undignified. On the present occasion he entered by mistake the empty box reserved for the heir-apparent (whom the Cabinet had probably advised to absent himself from the function in view of the fact that the Sultan might be assassinated on his way through the streets), and as Ghalib Pasha, the Master of Ceremonies, tried to explain matters to him, he exhibited for a moment the pathetic hesitancy of a very old man whose hearing is not good and whose mental apparatus is rusty. But finally he shuffled feebly into the central box and stood there looking down on the crowded hall, leaning with both hands—a favourite attitude of his—on his sword-hilt, and occasionally shifting in an awkward and ungraceful way from one foot to the other.

It was a supreme historical moment, but the chief actor cannot be said to have cut an imposing figure. The autocrat was now, for the first time, facing his masters. He seemed rather to be facing his judges. He looked like a murderer whose judge is putting on the black cap rather than a ruler blessing his people. The young Tzar is a far less powerful and intricate personality than the Sultan, but at the opening of the first Duma he bore himself correctly and committed no *gaucheries*. At the opening of *his* Duma, Abd-ul-Hamid looked, on the contrary, like a man who expected corpses to rise from the grave and denounce him. Dazed, horror-stricken almost, the aged Sultan glared blankly downwards as if he saw something supernatural, unseen by all else. His eyes wandered slowly around the hall while everybody waited, standing, in painful suspense. At last his glance rested on some familiar face—there were not very many of them in that hall—and he brought his white-gloved hand to his lips and then to his forehead in sign of salutation. Again an awkward pause, while the Padishah was trying to



discover another familiar face, and finally—having probably failed in the attempt—he half turned towards Ghalib Pasha, who stood with two Generals at the entrance to the Imperial box, and irritably motioned him to approach. What was going to happen? I craned my neck forward in expectation, but it seemed that the Sultan had accidentally dropped one of his white gloves and that he merely wished the Master of Ceremonies to pick it up for him.

Suddenly a nasal, quavering voice, reminding me strongly of the voice of the Mikado whom I had once heard reading the Speech from the Throne in the Diet at Kojimachi, made itself heard at the tribune before the President's chair. It was the voice of Ali Djevad Bey reading the Imperial Speech. Beginning very nervously, the voice strengthened as it went on, until it rose into a defiant shout when it came to the words: "In despite of those who were of a contrary opinion, we proclaimed anew the Constitution and ordered new elections." At this point, the deputies broke silence with a solemn and unanimous "Amen! Amen!"—the Turkish equivalent for "Hear, hear!"

Every one listened respectfully, unprotestingly when the Speech went on to say: "I have directed my efforts to promoting progress in all parts of my country. . . . Thanks to God, this end has been attained and, owing to the propagation of public instruction, the degree of culture in all classes of our population is increased."

In fairness to Abd-ul-Hamid it must be admitted that he was right in saying that he had done something towards the promotion of education in his empire, but, on the whole, one felt horrified at the hideous hypocrisy of the whole Speech. Is not this "Abdul the Damned," the monster against whom the whole world has so often cried out?

When the reading of the Speech was over, an old, green-robed ulema, the Nakib-ul-Eschraf from Mecca, prayed in a loud voice while the Red Sultan extended his hands, palms upwards, like a little child, as if to receive blessings falling abundantly from Allah the Merciful, the Compassionate. All the deputies, senators, ulemas and military chiefs imitated him in this beautiful and expressive gesture, which probably goes back to the time of the Prophet, and which seems to me to be much more suitable for supplicatory prayer than the Christian custom of joining the hands together. At the same



instant the cannon began to thunder in S. Sophia's Square. The batteries of the Bosphorus, the men-of-war in the Marmora took up the note and passed it down the Dardanelles till it was echoed back from the great naval port of Gallipoli.

They saluted the second birth of the Constitution with 101 guns—the number prescribed for the birth of a Sovereign—but not even the voice of the artillery nor the thunderous triple acclamation of the troops nor the strains of the military bands nor even the roar of the great multitudes outside was half so impressive as the hoarse, measured shout of the deputies when they swore fealty to the new *régime*—"Vallahi! Billahi!" ("So help me God!").

In one way this impressive uproar was unfortunate for, when the prayers were ended, an unprecedented thing happened. Addressing himself to the deputies beneath, the Sovereign Pontiff of Islâm began to speak, but, owing to the noise outside, his words were inaudible even to the Master of Ceremonies behind him. We could only see his lips move but not a single word could we hear from them. Judging, however, from his gestures, he was calling down on the new Legislature the blessings of Allah and wishing that its labours would be fruitful. Perhaps he even swore to observe the Constitution, his apparent failure to do which on this occasion caused some dissatisfaction in the House.

Having finished whatever he had got to say, the Commander of the Faithful saluted the assembly with white-gloved hand in his usual irresolute way, and then turned slowly and shuffled out of view. I did not know what effect this pathetic—perhaps purposely pathetic—exhibition had on the deputies, but if it led them to pity Abd-ul-Hamid they made a terrible mistake, for this extraordinary man with the large hooked nose and the high forehead narrowed to the point of deformity, is a most dangerous opponent.

That night the seven hills of Stamboul were a blaze of light. The Golden Horn reflected the illuminated outline of mosque and gunboat, church and ancient battlement, while, from Leander's Tower to the Black Sea, the Bosphorus was red with illuminations—Yildiz Kiosk, the Khedive's palace at Kanlidja, the palaces of the imperial princesses, of the great officers of State, of the all-powerful Sheikh-ul-Islâm, all the yalis and all the hills being incandescent masses which dazzled the eye.

But they have their own way, those Orientals, and it is different from ours, for, by eleven o'clock at night, the illuminations had guttered themselves out without any one to watch them, and the only lights that shone in some of the streets were the spectral rays that streamed from the marble and porphyry tombs of dead Sultans and illuminated the high catafalques and the turbans at their feet, turbans enormous as if they had belonged to huge, primeval men. The watchmen beat the pavement with their iron sticks, the dogs howled again in the empty streets of Stamboul, and the great triple city slept, I hope, in the peace of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

## CHAPTER II

### “DJOURNALISM”

**A**FTER the re-establishment of constitutional Government in July 1908, the great question of the day was, “Will Abd-ul-Hamid make a good constitutional ruler? Can he keep quiet and cease to intrigue?”

The Young Turks answered this question in the affirmative, and even as late as the beginning of April, one of their leaders, Hussein Djahid Bey, assured the present writer that “the Sultan’s only desire is to have his life spared and to be allowed to remain on the throne. Up to the present his only fear from the new *régime* has been that it will inflict on him the punishment he merits. By this time he has seen, however, that the Ottomans are a magnanimous people and that both his life and his crown are safe. Besides, he is now an old man without the strength necessary to excite trouble in the country. For these reasons he will remain tranquil and will only seek to pass the rest of his days in peace.”

Unfortunately, as Djahid Bey himself pointed out at a later date in the *Tanin*, those who reasoned in this way overlooked the peculiarly crooked and tortuous character of the Padishah. Had Abd-ul-Hamid been a broad-minded, educated man with some experience of the world, or had he even been a younger and more pliable man, he might in time have adapted himself to his new position, but though very cunning and able he was narrow, uneducated, suspicious and old, and no such change was therefore possible for him. Besides, love of power had become a part of his very being. For over thirty years he exercised control over every department of State, and consequently did an incredible amount of work daily. Then he was thrown entirely out of employment. Was it extraordinary that his energies, thus denied their usual outlet, should turn entirely to intrigue?

I am not ambitious enough to attempt a study of this



involved and mysterious character, but I think that, in judging of him, we must not forget his up-bringing amid the intrigues of women and eunuchs and amid the traditions of a House like the unmentionable House of Othman. We must keep in view the natural effect on a secretive, suspicious mind like that of Abd-ul-Hamid of an elevation to an eminence which, in point of loneliness, surpasses that occupied by any human being with the single exception perhaps of the Pope, an elevation wherein he was deprived of all healthy correctives such as a sensible wife, a free Press, candid friends, a breezy public opinion and all those other unnoticed but multitudinous influences which keep most of us from becoming monomaniacs and the absence of which accounts for the doubtful sanity of more than one Roman emperor, Russian Tzar and Oriental despot.

We must also remember that Abd-ul-Hamid was, perhaps, slightly touched by that madness which seems to be endemic in the family of Othman and which completely overcast the reason of his immediate predecessor, Abd-ul-Aziz.

This does not of course excuse Abd-ul-Hamid's profound duplicity at the time of the first Parliament, nor his murder of Midhat Pasha, not to mention any of the other murders that can be laid to his charge. It explains, however, and to some extent excuses his abnormal love of intrigue, a love of intrigue which, combined with the Padishah's intense fear for his own life—a monomania of fear which finally became a veritable disease—caused the establishment, or rather the perfecting, in Turkey of a system of Government which smacks more of Egypt in the tenth century before Christ than of Europe in the twentieth century after.

I refer of course to the spy system, but before going on to say anything more about this system I should like to point out that, after all, Abd-ul-Hamid only perfected it and did not found it. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu speaks of the Sultan's spies being “everywhere,” and the institution was probably one of the many evil inheritances which the Byzantines handed down to the Osmanli.

If told of the extravagant lengths to which Abd-ul-Hamid went with his secret service, the average British reader would regard the Sultan as crazy. King Edward or Mr. Taft would be rightly considered as crazy if they went to those

lengths, but, in the case of the Sultan, we must remember



that the limitless power of the Padishah had always a frightful and invisible enemy in the secret conspiracies that often grew up in the very shadow of the Palace and changed the occupant of the throne in the course of a single night. Against these terrible enemies Abd-ul-Hamid felt that he must fight with their own weapons. Most of the Russian Tzars have thought so too. In fact, espionage is as sure a symptom of absolutism as an unsteady gait and an incoherent utterance are symptoms of intoxication. It is really, in its way, a great testimonial to representative government, showing as it does how anxious even the most self-centred despots are to know the mind of the people.

The espionage system in Turkey has often been described, but I do not think that everybody who has read about it fully understands that, under this system, it was dangerous for a Turk not only to enter a foreign consulate or embassy but even to pass too often before its door; that Turks could not receive the visits of foreigners nor even talk to them without the risk of arrest; that nobody could leave Constantinople without a permit; that spies swarmed in the streets, in the coffee-houses, in all places of public resort, and that the least accusation made by them led to prison or to death.

At the head of this system was one man, Abd-ul-Hamid, who grew old before his time in his efforts to keep all the threads of the organisation in his own hands. Shut up in Yildiz like a great, poisonous, grey spider in the centre of its web, he continued for thirty-three years to receive from his agents reports or *djournals* (strange corruption, this, of the English and French word "journal"!), so that he became so wedded at length to this pernicious system of government that sometimes when he received an interesting *djournal* at breakfast-time, he read it with such avidity that he forgot all about his breakfast. *Djournals* became as indispensable to him as morphia becomes to slaves of the morphine habit, so that on the day that he failed to receive a *djournal* he became, we are told, "in the highest degree unhappy." There were not many such days however, as one authority on the subject calculates that he received several hundred *djournals* on an average every day of his reign and that finally he had accumulated a collection of several millions—a collection which at present occupies, by the way, a whole building to itself in the War Office, where

a Government Commission is now wading slowly through this amazing accumulation.

Even Abd-ul-Hamid's own eunuchs knew how mad their master was on the subject of *djournals* and, as we shall see hereafter, the despair of the less unscrupulous of them when they saw him again take to *djournalism* after the Revolution had in it something almost pathetic, something of the despair of a reformed drunkard's wife when she sees her husband again taking to the cup which had ruined him. So addicted was the Padishah to his solitary pleasure that, despite an original vein of common sense, he hated others to expose bogus denunciations and thus spoil his enjoyment of a good intrigue.

This policy finally led logically to Abd-ul-Hamid's fall, for the *djournals* found in Yildiz show that he was egregiously misled (by Ali Kemal Bey) on the vital questions of the Committee's power, the state of feeling in the Army, and the strength of the Macedonian force which was marching on Constantinople. He was gradually brought to believe that he had done wrong to yield on July 24, 1908, to a mere "bluff" on the part of a few officers, when ninety-nine per cent. of the Moslems and the Army was with him, and this conviction, so pleasant to his vanity, led him to support the April Mutiny.\*

A mania of any kind in an absolute monarch is invariably exploited by unscrupulous underlings, and it is not surprising therefore that there soon came into existence a regular class of people who became known as *djournalji* (the affix *ji* in Turkish resembles the affix *er* in the English words hunter, fighter, &c.), who did not always see the Sultan, however, but generally sent their reports through the secretaries, the eunuchs, the servants, the women of the harem and the Sultan's sons.

This espionage service occasioned of course enormous

\* The Sultan was evidently unaware that, in July 1908, the Macedonians had made every preparation to march on Constantinople, had amassed the fullest and most accurate data regarding the granaries, arsenals, wells, farm-houses, &c. &c., all along the way, had noted down where the soldiers were Constitutionalist and where they were Hamnidia, had, in short, mastered all the problems involved in that great march with all the thoroughness that we should naturally expect from pupils of the Germans. My authority for this statement is Dr. Behaeddine Shakir Bey, the director of the *Shura'ï-Ummett* and one of the leading men in the Committee.



expense, for the Sultan used to pay liberally to any one that told him of a plot, but after the bomb explosion at Yildiz in 1905, the price of *djournals* went down owing to the Sultan thinking that these warnings and denunciations were not of much use. On that occasion most of his *djournalji* received notice that they might cease work, and even Tachsin Pasha, one of Abd-ul-Hamid's most trusted spies, was requested to deal in his reports only with the most important events.

The July Revolution struck a still severer blow at *djournalism* but did not entirely kill it, for a month after the Revolution it was as active as ever. Nadir Agha, the second eunuch of the Sultan and a man of whom I shall afterwards have a good deal to say in connexion with the mutiny of April 13, recently made in the *Tanin* some interesting revelations on this head.

"Did the Sovereign continue to receive *djournals* after the proclamation of the Constitution?" Nadir was asked.

"Yes, but very few," was the reply. "They were handed in secretly."

"Then how do you know?"

"One day I was sent with a book to the Sultan and as I gave it to him he said:

"Nadir, see what they are writing against me. Take this and read it in your room."

"So saying he handed me the book. It was the *Kahriat* of Abdullah Djevdet Bey. I looked at the date. It was old. In turning over the leaves I found inside two papers.

"They were *djournals* of Nadiri Fevzi, one being signed Nadiri Fevzi and the other N. F.

"I was curious to know who had given this book to the Sultan. I asked the aghas and when I questioned Mustapha, the Sultan's tobacco-cutter, I understood that it was he."

"Who is this Mustapha? What did he do at Yildiz?"

"He prepared the tobacco which the Sultan smoked. In the beginning one of us, the eunuchs, remained with him while he prepared the tobacco but as, later on, he was trusted sufficiently to be allowed to work alone, he took to writing *djournals* which he put in the tobacco-box and thus brought to the notice of the Sultan. The Sultan took the *djournals* but did not dare to smoke the tobacco, which he gave to us and which we smoked."

“ Did any other person in the Palace know that Mustapha was thus acting as a spy ? ”

“ As soon as I found out that Mustapha was a spy, I said to the first Secretary, Djevad Bey : ‘ They have again begun to send in *djournals*. They have sent a book called *Kahriat* and I found two papers inside it,’ whereupon Djevad Bey answered : ‘ That man adores *djournals*. It’s a mania with him. The *djournalji* have certainly found some go-between.’ ”

“ ‘ The go-between is Mustapha,’ said I. Djevad Bey did not know Mustapha. ‘ Please point out this wretch to me,’ he said ; whereupon I called Mustapha and said to him : ‘ The bey would like to have some tobacco. Thou hast some. Give it.’ ”

“ And Mustapha did not understand the allusion ? ”

“ If he understood, he betrayed no sign of having understood. Then I continued : ‘ Thou hast again begun to carry *djournals*. Sooner than give *djournals* to that man [Abd-ul-Hamid] it would be better to offer him a cup of poison, for these *djournals* injure not only one person but the whole nation.’ ”

“ But Mustapha was not in the least put out.”

“ Was there no go-between in the Palace besides him ? ”

“ There was also one of the secretaries, Essad Bey, who used to bring to the Sultan the *djournals* of Ali Kemal Halil Bey and who used to pretty often see his Majesty in person and remain a long time with him. Then there was Djevher Agha, the first eunuch.

“ Towards April *djournalism* had again increased to a considerable extent. I warned one of the chamberlains of it myself. ‘ *Djournalism* has recommenced,’ I said ; ‘ we shall have fresh misfortunes. All this will end badly.’ Whereupon Mustapha said to his companions, ‘ Nadir Agha spoils our business.’ And through Tahir Bey they caused something to be written in the *Hukuk Umumieh* saying that I was interfering in affairs that did not concern me.”

And here I might remark that, in my opinion, the worst count in the indictment against Abd-ul-Hamid is the fact that he generally surrounded himself by preference with scoundrels of a low order of intelligence. Had he been ringed in like the Tzar of Russia by bureaucrats, most of whom were more intelligent than himself, it might with some justice be contended that he was misled by his advisers, but he made it



a rule to employ only men who were inferior to him intellectually and not superior to him morally.

This applies even to most of the foreigners whom he took into his service and in this connexion I may say that there was something positively uncanny in the unerring instinct which often led him to select for advancement, after only a few moments' audience, men whose language he could not speak and whose past he knew nothing of, but whose character was just the sort he wanted.

To give an example of the kind of native material which he employed, I shall take the case of Marshal Tahir Agha, the *tufenkji-bashi* just alluded to by Nadir Agha and now serving in a fortress a sentence of six years' imprisonment just passed on him by the Court-martial. Up to the age of thirty Tahir Agha, then Tahir Drago, had practised in his native village of Schodra, the slightly incongruous callings of shepherd and hired bravo. Being once asked to kill a certain person he proceeded to do so, but unfortunately attacked the wrong party and, still more unfortunately, this wrong party happened to be accompanied by his young son, who raised such an outcry that help came in time and Tahir had to flee to Constantinople. In the capital he became a stone-cutter, but he also gave exhibitions of fencing, at which he is an adept. Abd-ul-Hamid, then heir apparent, happened to be present at one of these exhibitions and was so struck by the skill of Tahir and by his general character that he immediately engaged him and afterwards raised him to the most important military post in the Palace. In the succeeding chapters of this book, and especially in the account of the Mutiny, the reader will be introduced to many gentlemen of this description.

I have now presented to the reader Nadir Agha's view of what went on inside the Palace, but, before leaving this subject I might add, in order to show how little Abd-ul-Hamid had reconciled himself to the new order of things, that once when the Russian ambassador called on him towards the end of the year 1908 the Sultan asked peevishly at the end of the conversation, if the ambassador could please tell him something of Turkish domestic politics, as he, the Padishah, had been left completely in the dark as to what was going on in his own empire.

This complaint was not, however, well founded for, as we

have just seen, Abd-ul-Hamid still heard from his spies outside. Even in the very Congress of the Committee, which was held soon after the Revolution, there sat an agent of the Sultan.

“*Rien de plus difficile,*” says a French writer, “*que de débrouiller l'écheveau compliqué des intrigues orientales.*” This remark was made apropos of Abd-ul-Hamid's Panislamic intrigues during the early part of his reign, intrigues involving the murder of Husni, the old Anglophile Sherif of Mecca who had been in favour of separating the Caliphate from the Sultanate—a mysterious murder reminding one very much of the assassination of Hassan Fehmi on the eve of the April Mutiny.

In studying the intrigues wherein Abd-ul-Hamid was engaged during the “constitutional” period of his rule I am confronted by the same difficulty. And as a full history of those intrigues would require a work about the size of Gibbon's “Decline and Fall” the reader will probably thank me for touching on the matter as lightly as possible, especially as the great bulk of such a book would consist of extremely involved and sordid details, relating mainly to obscure persons, and with, here and there, lacunæ which would make whole sections of it incomprehensible.

To give, however, one instance of the nature of these intrigues, Mevlan Zadeh—a member of an anti-Committee Society called “Victims of the Fatherland” which flourished in Constantinople in January 1909 and in which Abd-ul-Hamid was said to be interested—greatly annoyed Yildiz by leaving that association, taking to patriotism of an advanced type and publishing a newspaper called the *Serbesti*, in which he attacked at the same time the Sultan and the Committee of Union and Progress. Yildiz was so angry at this defection that it decided to have Mevlan assassinated and offered an assassin a large sum of money to do the work. The assassin, however, wanted more, whereupon Yildiz thought that it would be better perhaps to buy Mevlan body and soul with the money than to give it to his murderers. In any case the negotiations between Yildiz and the hired bravos were broken off. Here comes a lacuna in the intrigue and next we find Hassan Fehmi, another of the *Serbesti's* editors, assassinated on the Galata bridge one night early in April under most mysterious circumstances. The crime was generally put down

at the time to the Committee of Union and Progress, which Hassan had been attacking in the most outrageous manner, but one of the Palace police had been seen near the bridge at the time the crime was committed, and it is not impossible that it was Yildiz that, for some reason known only to itself, had planned this murder which, as will be seen later, provoked against the Committee an outburst of public feeling that helped Abd-ul-Hamid marvellously in his reactionary *coup* a few days later.\*

Meanwhile Yildiz had gained the services of Vahdeti, a dervish, who also became editor of a newspaper (Abd-ul-Hamid seems, at this critical period of his fortunes, to have insisted on all his spies going in for journalism in our sense of the word), of some of the Ahrar or Liberals and of the Mohammedan Association. With all these good people I shall deal fully, however, when I come to describe the causes which led to the Mutiny of April 13.

\* The *Serbisti* itself accused Yildiz of this murder, but as this accusation was made a few days before Mahmud Shefket entered the city and when the *Serbisti* was naturally in a state of panic, I would not attach much importance to it. At the same time I would not assert that Abd-ul-Hamid is innocent. "In Salonica," says Dr. Farkas, in reference to this murder, "*sitzt ein Mann gefangen, der vielleicht einigen Aufschluss über diese dunkle Tat geben könnte.*"



### CHAPTER III

#### ABD-UL-HAMID'S FEARS

**A**S for the Padishah's side of the case, it seemed that the Sultan had some reason to fear that the Committee would finally dethrone or kill him unless he mastered it, for, as soon as the Parliament met, it proceeded to rake up all the iniquities of the old *régime*—a course of action which would perhaps have eventually led it to put Abd-ul-Hamid himself in the dock. Then, such of the Sultan's tools as had not succeeded in escaping were imprisoned and their public trials might result in the Padishah being implicated. One of these tools was Nedjib Pasha, an adventurer of the type Abd-ul-Hamid loved, who had been a revolutionary journalist in Tunis and Egypt, who had spied on the Young Turks abroad while pretending to be an exiled patriot (this was a favourite trick of the Sultan's spies), and who had finally come home and, while nominally an employee of the Board of Trade, had done all sorts of odd jobs for his master, from discussing with Sir Nicholas O'Connor the Turkish trespass on Egyptian territory in the Peninsula of Sinia in January 1906, to acting simultaneously as judge and executioner within the precincts of Yildiz. Nedjib had presided over the Commission which had been appointed to investigate the affair of the bomb thrown at the Sultan about four years ago and the Young Turks put him on his trial on the charge of having, on that occasion, tortured Armenian prisoners to death in one of the kiosks of Yildiz Park. The evidence was of a most sensational character. An officer who had been in a neighbouring kiosk at the time the "trial" took place, testified that he had been obliged to fly to the other end of the Park owing to the screams of pain which proceeded from the judicial chamber, and the keeper of the Armenian cemetery in Pera told a gruesome tale of how he had once been roused in the dead of night to open the graveyard to a party of men who brought a



corpse from the Palace. This corpse, which was covered with bruises and bound with ropes, he afterwards dug up and identified as that of a co-religionist of his acquaintance who had been sent for by Yildiz some time previously in order to be questioned about the bomb outrage.\*

Public feeling was roused to such an extent by these disclosures that a determined attempt was made to lynch Nedjib, who, on the way to and fro between the court-house and the prison, had to be guarded as carefully as if he were the Tzar of all the Russias. But, while denying the murder laid to his charge, Nedjib said that he had only obeyed orders, and the plea was a good one unless the Sultan himself were placed on his trial.

What made the matter more serious from Abd-ul-Hamid's point of view was the fact that this was evidently only the first of a long series of State trials in all of which there would be the same risk of the Sultan's own guilt being proven.

There are in the Marmora, within sight of Constantinople, several islands which were in Byzantine times covered with monasteries founded by devout Sovereigns who were sometimes compelled afterwards by usurpers to take the veil or the religious habit in the pious foundations which they had built. The greatest spectacle of fallen greatness which the Isles witnessed was the Empress Irene who, in the first year of the ninth century, was banished to a nunnery which she had founded on the island of Prinkipo, by Nicophorus, the Chancellor of the Empire, who had first induced her by the promise of sending her to a more splendid retreat, to swear on a fragment of the true Cross that she would discover to him all the treasures of the Crown—which she accordingly did.

\* Apropos of these stories of torture in Yildiz, I may observe that it has been clearly proved that Abd-ul-Hamid never assisted personally at the torturing of prisoners. Nadir Agha, his second eunuch, who has, so to speak, turned King's evidence against his former master, denies that any torture was ever inflicted in the Sultan's residence or in his presence, though that does not make him think any the more of the Sultan, who feared, he said, that the person tortured might commit a personal assault on him. Torture was generally inflicted in the guard-house at Beshiktash, close to the Palace and to the Bosphorus, and only in cases where the Padishah wanted to know from persons who had been accused in *djournals* if there was any truth in the charges made against them. If corroborative evidence were thus obtained, the Sultan was happy. If not, he made the inquisitors feel his displeasure. In other words, Abd-ul-Hamid was cruel, not for the sake of cruelty but owing to his intense fear for his own life.

If the Turkish ex-functionaries who lived as prisoners in the same island of Prinkipo during the first half of the year 1909 could have been sworn on something equally efficacious, they would probably have told some astounding tales of the manner in which the country was governed during the old *régime*. The ex-functionaries in question were the worst tools of Yildiz that the new Government could get hold of but, both in the Press and in Parliament, they were always, with a politeness which is almost Japanese in its ultra-refinement, referred to as the "Guests of the Isle." \*

The public looked forward to a rare treat when these men would be placed on their trial, but the Sultan cannot have regarded the prospect of that event with equal equanimity.

As for the Parliament, very hard things had already been said there about the Sovereign. In reference probably to the piece of the true Cross—said to be the largest fragment in existence, larger even than that possessed by the Vatican—which the Sultan had sent to the Tzar on the occasion of the latter's coronation, Dr. Riza Nur Bey, the deputy for Sinope, had asked why the treasures of the nation (he did not say of the Crown) had been given away as presents. He had then proceeded to denounce Abd-ul-Hamid by name for his parsimony and his greed, winding up with the suggestion that since his Majesty had squeezed millions of Turkish pounds out of the people and invested them in foreign banks, and since what belonged to the Sovereign now belonged to the nation, the former ought gracefully to present the latter with his lands, his palaces and his banking accounts.¶

The House refused, it is true, to listen to this, but the mere fact that such an attack was made must have frightened the Sultan terribly.

Then Abd-ul-Hamid's name was mentioned in connexion with another affair: that of the Yildiz Bazaar which had been held some years before with the Sultan as honorary President.

\* This politeness has been characteristic of the Turks in all ages. One book on Constantinople tells us how, at an official banquet, "a certain Agha of the janissaries, named Tehalik, having rudely defied the Council, was accosted towards the end of the entertainment by the Grand Vizier, carrying on his arm a robe of honour, and politely informed that he was made Governor of Cyprus. 'For what crime?' asked the Agha, turning deadly pale . . ." This true story ends with the Agha running away, but being overtaken in Scutari by the mutes and "strangled with the knot of his own sabre."



The object of this bazaar was to assist the widows and orphans of the soldiers who had died in the Turco-Greek war. The receipts amounted to nearly £T150,000, but, though I will not go so far as to say that Abd-ul-Hamid was the only orphan that got any of this money, it is certain that none of it ever reached the people for whom it was intended. As one of the deputies plaintively put it: "This money has all been stolen and squandered, and the responsibility lies with the highest personages in the empire, which is probably the reason why nobody, up to the present, has dared to protest against this disgraceful swindle."

Then there was the question of the famous Hedjaz railway. As this railway had been built with the pious object of helping pilgrims to go to Mecca, the Turkish Government was put to little or no expense in its construction, for it employed soldiers to build it—7000 men from the Damas and Bagdad Corps, whose time of military service was consequently reduced by one-third. As to the outlay on the rolling-stock, &c., it must have been covered by the large sums of money received from devout Moslems in India, Java and throughout the whole Mohammedan world; the Mohammedans of Lucknow contributing 700,000 francs, those of Rangoon and Madras more than a million and a half of francs, a Prince of the Ganges valley spending nearly a million francs on the Medina station alone, and the Khedive of Egypt and the Shah of Persia also assisting. Outsiders reckoned that the Sultan must have thus received for this work from pious foreigners over eight million pounds sterling, but, in answer to the queries that were addressed to them on this subject in Parliament, the responsible authorities said that they had only received £T3,799,000, whereof £T2,717,000 was spent on the line and £T309,000 on the rolling-stock, leaving £T700,000 unaccounted for.

This report made a bad impression on the House. Dr. Riza Tewfik Bey cried out: "This is more of our dirty linen! What an amount of fraud and peculation must have been committed in connexion with this line! What a number of brave soldiers have lost their lives on account of it! All the Mussulmans of the world have contributed money for this work. Like myself, not only all the Mussulmans, but all the world, demand explanations."

This attitude of the House on the question of the Hedjaz



railway must have convinced the morbidly suspicious Sultan that, in order probably to get his throne and his money, the Committee meant to do away with him and was merely looking around for an excuse—although as a matter of fact it had, I believe, no such intention.

Abd-ul-Hamid had regarded the Hedjaz railway as the greatest work of his reign. Malversation it was, of course, impossible to prevent, but he had done his best to minimize it by entrusting the organization and general direction of the works to a High Commission over which he presided in person; and most foreign experts think that the Sultan showed remarkable perseverance and ability in carrying this really great undertaking to a successful issue in the face of the obstacles presented by foreign concessionnaires, Bedouin bandits, Turkish incompetence and Nature herself.

What probably hurt the Sultan more, however, was the cutting-down of his civil list. He had been getting £T577,000 a year for himself and £T305,000 for the princes and princesses, but on March 16 it was decided to give him only £T600,000 in all.

Needless to say, however, Abd-ul-Hamid concealed his hand and lavished attentions on the deputies whom he meant to sacrifice. He insisted on buying a lift for the Parliament at his own expense. He spoke of getting the members better accommodation, of moving them to one of his own palaces, Dolmabatchi for example. He even invited all the deputies to dine with him at Yildiz, where he insisted on helping Ahmed Riza Bey to his own special "brand" of drinking-water, on praising Djahid Bey for his leading articles, and on professing such a firm attachment to the Constitution that all the deputies kissed his hand, some wept, and all cheered heartily for "our constitutional Caliph." On his side the constitutional Caliph declared, with tears in his voice, that never in all his life had he been so happy as he was at that moment.

Ahmed Riza said that not since the days of the Prophet and his immediate successors had the Caliph been so close to the people. And in table conversation with the Sovereign, at whose left hand he sat, he advised him to make more out of his position as the religious chief of Islâm by inviting learned mollahs from India, China and elsewhere: thus subtly flattering Abd-ul-Hamid, who had, throughout his whole reign,

shown a strong desire to become, in reality as well as in name, the spiritual ruler of all Mohammedans, and encouraging him to take a line that would lead him out of the dangerous labyrinths of domestic politics.

To Ahmed Riza's stories of his experiences in Paris at a time when his funds had run so low that he was compelled to cook his own food, the Padishah listened with a benignant smile. But, for all this benignity, he continued to plot, and his plots were helped forward by troubles which distracted the attention of the nation, namely, by the Austrian and Bulgarian disputes and by the conflict between the Committee and Kiamil Pasha which I shall describe in my next chapter.

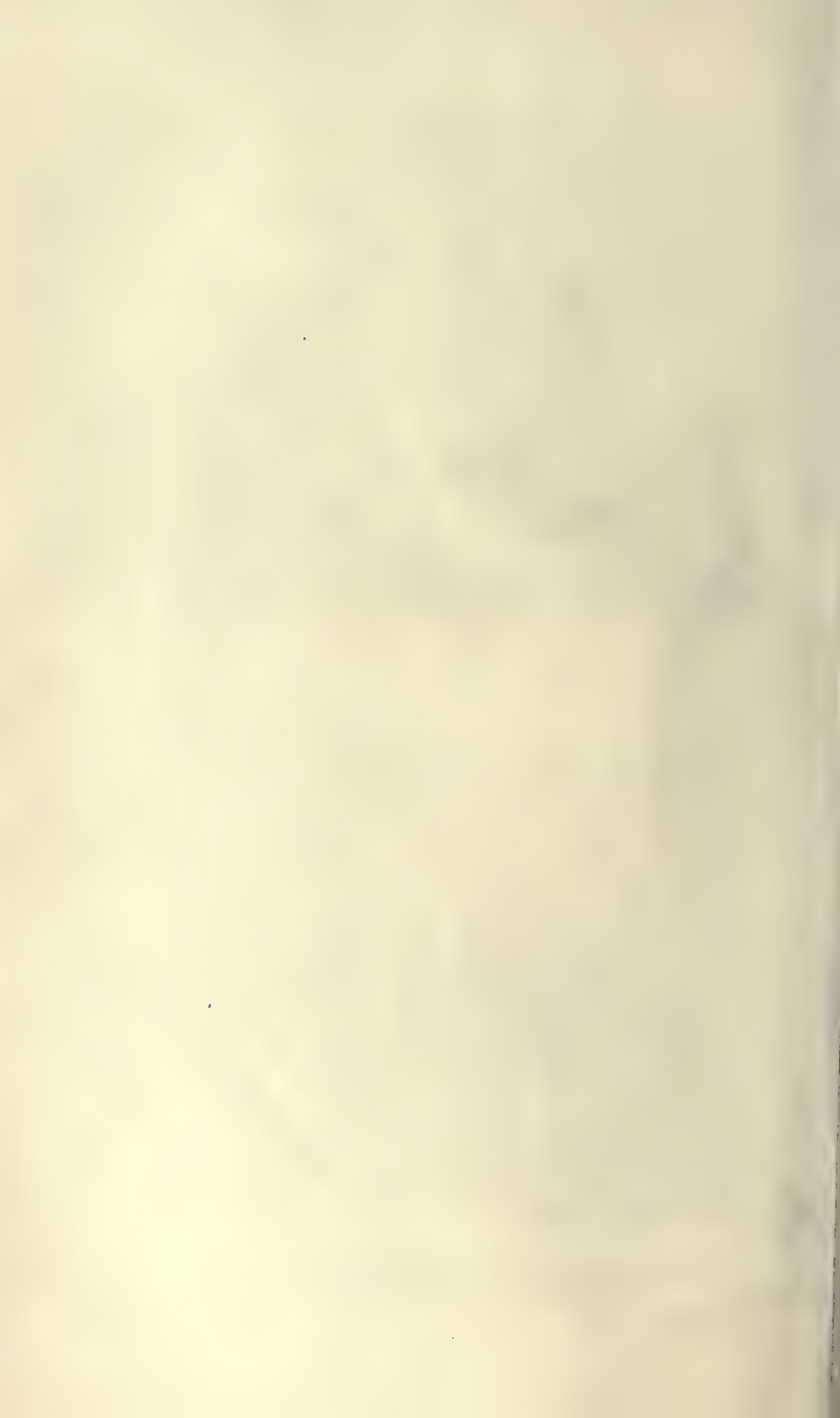


" . . . . HE LED ME TO A TENT AT THE ENTRANCE OF WHICH STOOD  
TWO ARMED TURKISH SOLDIERS"



"AGAINST THE SKY-LINE STOOD OUT FAINTLY, FAINTLY, THE DOMES  
AND MINARETS AND DARK CYPRESS GROVES OF ISTAMBOUL"





## CHAPTER IV

### THE FALL OF KIAMIL PASHA

**T**HE fall of Kiamil Pasha in February 1909 is an event to which future historians will probably not devote more than a few lines, for Kiamil was not a Young Turk and in the natural course of things he had to go, just as Hilmi Pasha and the rest of the old gang will have to go, as soon as substitutes for them can be found among the members of the Committee.

What gave Kiamil's fall its temporary importance was the way in which the British Embassy in Constantinople and the British Press backed the *Sadrizam*. Why both these influences worked so hard to keep Kiamil in office is not clear, for evidently (if one not versed in ways diplomatic may venture to speak on this subject) the correct thing to do was to support Young Turkey and not any particular statesman, least of all a statesman who had all Young Turkey against him, and who, being almost an octogenarian, was liable to disappear from the scene at any moment.

England having been extremely popular in Turkey towards the end of 1908, it may be thought that Kiamil's well-known liking for that country and his kindness to even the humblest British journalist that came to him for information, was a result of policy, but, though I do not believe that this was so entirely, I know that on several occasions the Committee of Union and Progress refrained from overthrowing him out of fear of losing England's friendship.

But of course this state of things could not last, and gradually the Committee became more and more irritated with the *Sadrizam*, partly no doubt from feelings of wounded vanity; for here was the great empire which all of them worshipped saying, "You brought about this revolution, but nevertheless we don't believe that you are capable of ruling the country. Kiamil did not bring it about,

but he is the only capable and trustworthy man in Turkey.”

I mention this point as it explains the otherwise unaccountable anger and abruptness with which the Committee finally acted.

The most satisfactory thing in Kiamil Pasha's career, so far as the Young Turks are concerned, is the fact that he once quarrelled with the Sultan, and that when, on July 23, 1908, Abd-ul-Hamid received the memorable ultimatum from Salonica, and the Council of Ministers was called to deliberate on it at Yildiz, Kiamil risked his head by boldly advising the Sultan to give way. He was also comparatively honest and honourable, as was shown by the fact that when, after April 13, the Sultan asked him to accept office, he refused, and that his consciousness of innocence led him to remain in the capital (hidden, however, in the house of a British subject) after the entry of Shefket Pasha and notwithstanding the frequent rumours of his flight. Nothing, it must be confessed, would have pleased the Young Turks more than the discovery of compromising documents from Kiamil among the *djournals* at Yildiz, but only one suspicious memorandum came to light, and that memorandum Kiamil explained to the perfect satisfaction of his political opponents, who have now accorded the ex-Grand Vizier a small pension.

On the other hand, Kiamil was by no means a great patriot nor even a great Constitutionalist. He quarrelled with the Sultan not because he wanted the latter to summon a Parliament but because he wanted him to give more power to Kiamil Pasha. The *Sadrizam* practically admitted as much in conversation with the present writer.

“I saw,” he said, “that the empire could not go on much longer as it was going and that the system of concentrating everything at Yildiz would lead to an explosion which would destroy us. I repeatedly told the Sultan so, and I advised him to give more power to the Sublime Porte,”—then adding as if it were an afterthought—“I also told the Sultan to convoke a Parliament.”

Kiamil Pasha being an unusually intelligent man was, of course, a Liberal, but he was so very mildly Liberal that—especially with Abd-ul-Hamid still on the throne—he would never have suited Young Turkey. The principal trait in his character was personal ambition, not Liberalism. He quar-



relled with Abd-ul-Hamid because he wanted to increase his own power at the expense of Yildiz, and he quarrelled with the Parliament in February 1909 because he wanted to increase his own power at the Parliament's expense.

The story of Kiamil Pasha's overthrow is easily told. On February 10 he dismissed his Ministers of War and Marine. He did so in the manner of one discharging a banal, everyday duty, leaving his subordinates under the impression that the gentlemen in question had asked to be relieved of office, that they had forced the Grand Vizier to accept their resignations, and that, at all events, the matter was one which could have no possible interest for anybody except for the dismissed Ministers themselves, who were probably glad to get better posts.

Kiamil acted in this matter with consummate skill. Arif Pasha, the Minister of Marine, was induced to resign quietly, but afterwards the Committee seems to have forced him to complain of the wrong that had been done him, and even to deny that he had resigned at all. Riza Pasha, the Minister of War, only resigned under compulsion and after a vigorous fight, so that he had more reason to protest, as he afterwards did in the Chamber, that he had been forced to leave the Cabinet.

Kiamil tried to maintain seriously that he really had appointed Riza to an important post, but Riza told how, in breaking to him the news of his dismissal, the Grand Vizier had said: "You can go to Egypt, or travel in Europe, or remain here with the rank of Senator," the assumption being that the Egyptian appointment was a sinecure.

Riza Pasha refused, however, to accept this kindly offer, denied the Grand Vizier's right to dismiss him, and declared that he still considered himself Minister of War. On Friday he attended the Selamlık as usual, but the Sultan did not notice him.

Meanwhile Kiamil showed his usual ability in the selection he made of Riza's successor, for he appointed to the vacant post Nazim Pasha. Nazim had suffered under the old *régime* for his Liberal opinions, so that nobody could accuse him of being a tool of reaction, but at the same time he is only a soldier, with all a soldier's hatred for politics in the Army, and while in command of the Second Corps at Adrianople he had distinguished himself by his stern repression of all political associations among his officers.

As he did not belong to the Committee, he would soon, as Minister of War, object to the Committee's activity among the troops, and the end of the chapter would possibly see him crushing the Macedonians and bombarding the Houses of Parliament, while still under the impression that he was a sincere Liberal. Then the fact that he was taken from the command of the Second Army Corps at Adrianople was apparently a point in his favour, for he was popular at Adrianople, despite his severity, and as Adrianople is nearer to the capital than Salonica, the Adrianople men would, if it ever came to a race between these two cities, reach the capital before the Macedonians.

For thus forcing two of its friends to leave the Cabinet, the Committee determined to overthrow Kiamil, and on February 13 the Parliament carried that resolution into effect.

Kiamil's friends say that he was quite within his rights in dismissing the two Ministers in question, for they belonged to the Committee and Kiamil wanted to get rid of Committee dictation and to make Turkey a constitutionally governed country like England.

On the whole, however, I think that the Committee acted wisely, and this because of (1) the vital importance of the two posts in question; (2) the crookedness which marked the Grand Vizier's whole proceedings on this occasion; and (3) the sinister influence which was exercised over Kiamil by his reactionary son, Saïd Pasha.

To take the first reason. The posts held by the Minister of War and the Minister of Marine were just the posts which Abd-ul-Hamid had, in July 1908, wished to reserve for his own nominees. Even after signing, on July 31, the *iradé* reviving the Constitution, and after swearing to respect the Constitution, he retained in his own hands, as if out of mere senile forgetfulness, the sole right to fill these two vital posts and also the post of Minister of Justice, and would not give way until a deputation of Committee leaders—among them my friend Riza Tewfik Bey—visited Yildiz and gave him very clearly to understand that he must yield on this point. This very explicable stubbornness on the arch-intriguer's part led the Young Turks afterwards to watch these posts with jealous care and, when their nominees were dismissed from them, to protest with a sudden heat and violence which disgusted most Englishmen, to whom Kiamil seemed to have



only made a trifling change in the Cabinet and nothing more.

To come to the second point, Kiamil asserted that the dismissed Minister of War had, in alliance with the Committee, been plotting to dethrone the Sultan. A few days before his fall he called a Cabinet Council and, after having informed his colleagues for the first time about the dismissal of the two Cabinet Ministers, he went on to tell them about the horrid conspiracy he had discovered — with the result that all of them immediately resigned in disgust.

To a journalist Hilmi Pasha, Minister of the Interior, said: “The Grand Vizier has been very badly advised. He should not only have kept the letter of the Constitution but also its spirit. He has not done so.”

The Minister of Justice used the same language. In his letter of resignation Hilmi Pasha said that “during the Cabinet Council on Thursday your Excellency gave us some explanations of the reasons which induced you to dismiss the two Ministers. You told us that the reasons were of two sorts, one sort apparent, the other hidden. The first sort consisted in the fact that the said Ministers had themselves resigned. The second consisted in the fact that, fifteen days before, you had discovered that the Minister of War was plotting to dethrone the Sultan. Now it was the duty of your Excellency, as Prime Minister of a constitutional country, to convoke a Cabinet Council as soon as you learned of this dreadful plot.

“But up to yesterday your Excellency failed to inform the Cabinet and, in particular, myself, the Minister of the Interior, who am responsible in the highest degree for the internal peace of the country, of this criminal design. This is absolute proof that your Highness does not respect the rule regarding the collective and individual responsibility of the Ministers, and that you have not given them the collective and individual confidence which you owe to them. This being the case, I am obliged to resign my office as Minister of the Interior, and I have the honour to place my letter of resignation in your hands.”

As for this mysterious conspiracy, Kiamil Pasha has told us no more about it, though, in his last communication to the Parliament on February 13, he threatened to do so. Many people expected that his story would be a veritable



bombshell in the Committee's camp, but instead of listening to a dark tale about the intrigues of would-be regicides, we were amused by a garrulous and long-winded story of a dinner which the Committee had, it was alleged, forced the *Sadrizam* to offer to the Balkan Committee.

I must say, however, that I never had the slightest belief in the story about a plot. In the first place, I did not see why the Committee should want to plot against a Sovereign whom it held in the hollow of its hand, and in the second place I had come to Constantinople not from England but from St. Petersburg, where I had been personal witness of the fact that this tale had done duty before. For the last day of the second Duma's existence was marked by the excited appearance of M. Stolypin, with an exactly similar cock-and-bull story about an atrocious conspiracy among the Social-Democrats to blow up the Tzar, a conspiracy of which, by the way, we heard very little afterwards.

On Wednesday Kiamil dismissed the Minister of Marine and the Minister of War, and on Saturday the Committee determined to overthrow him. The House was excited, but, though there were many Young Turk officers in the lobbies and though they did buttonhole many of the deputies, there was nothing of that bullying of the Legislature which is represented to have taken place.

It was of course a mistake on the part of the Committee to send military officers to do its lobbying for it, but it was a mistake due to inexperience and nothing else. A more serious mistake was having read before the House the declarations of the naval captains, the commanders of the various Turkish warships in the Bosphorus, the *Messoudié*, *Assari-Tevfik*, *Abd-ul-Hamid*, *Abd-ul-Médjid*, *Fethi-Bulend* and *Berk Stavet*, who all, it will be remembered, repudiated the newly appointed Minister of Marine, protested against the recent Cabinet changes and called on the Chamber "at once to take steps to meet the danger which menaces our country."

Then, again, it was strange to hear the murmurs of placid assent that came from all parts of the House when a young officer, Major Hami Effendi, cried out from the tribune: "Thanks to its soldiers the nation has got a Constitution. The army will keep that Constitution intact, and if any one dares to touch it he will see if our scimitars are sharp and

our bayonets keen. We have all of us sworn to shed our blood for the maintenance of the Constitution, and we are ready to shed it to the last drop."

To a Britisher this would seem unconstitutional, and I can well understand how a stay-at-home Englishman, with all the Englishman's traditional suspicion of militarism in Parliament, would, on coming to this passage, throw down his *Times* and ask with indignation, "Do you call *this* constitutional government?" But we must remember that the Turks are quite inexperienced in the etiquette of Parliament, much more inexperienced than the Russians, one of whose deputies, a Don Cossack, once declared, however, in the Duma that the day would come when the Cossack would refuse to lift his *nagaika* against the people; and, besides, we must never forget that in Turkey it is the army which has, since the time of Mohammed the Second, been uncompromisingly Liberal and the common people that have been Conservative. Moreover, it is only armies that can now make revolutions or that can prevent successful revolutions from being unmade.

On Thursday, Kiamil had been politely requested by Parliament to appear before it on Saturday in order to make some explanations with regard to the dismissal of the Ministers of War and of Marine, but on Saturday Kiamil did not appear. Instead, he sent a letter to the Speaker saying that "the change in the Ministry of War is intimately bound up with the questions of external policy which we are trying to settle just now, and, seeing that your honourable assembly will readily understand all the harm that the sacred interests of the country would sustain by the publication to-day of my explanations, and seeing that, in my firm conviction, all the honourable deputies will consider my explanations as perfectly sufficient, I find myself obliged to put off answering the interpellation till next Wednesday."

Kiamil Pasha has not since explained how Riza Pasha's dismissal was connected with "questions of external policy," but, in any case, the Chamber was not moved by this appeal to its patriotism, and it at once adopted a resolution to inform the Grand Vizier that it would remain in permanent sitting until his arrival, a resolution which was immediately communicated to the *Sadrizam* by telephone and telegraph.

At. 5.30 the Grand Vizier's second letter arrived. He



said, in his somewhat involved phraseology : " The rumours which circulate being devoid of importance, and the public security not being threatened, and, besides, having need of time to prepare my proofs and the details of my explanations, I beg to inform you that I will accept your invitation on Wednesday next."

Ismail Hakki Bey, the member for Bagdad and a very able and patriotic man, of whom we shall hear more when we come to the April Mutiny, pointed out that while in this second letter the Grand Vizier spoke of everything being profoundly peaceful, he had in his first thrown out dark hints to the effect that the country was in danger.

This completed the disgust of the deputies, who at once proceeded to pass a vote of " No Confidence," but before the vote had been taken, an urgent telegram from the Grand Vizier was handed in. It said : " In case the Chamber will not observe Article 38 of the Constitution, and that it will take on itself all the responsibility for what may happen at home and abroad owing to the excitement of the people, I am ready to place in his Majesty's hands the seal of empire at present in my possession. In that case I shall also find myself obliged to communicate to the Press the explanation, which I have, up to the present, been preparing for the Chamber."

This was Kiamil's last shot, and not his worst, for the menace of civil and external troubles might have had some influence on the Chamber had it not by this time lost all confidence in the *Sadrizam*. It does not seem, however, to have even broken the fall of the Grand Vizier, for that could hardly have been worse than it was, the majority against him being 198 to 8.

Now for the last reason I have given in support of the Committee's action.

Long before this conflict had arisen between Kiamil and the Young Turks, many of the latter had told me that they would not distrust the policy of Kiamil so much had it not been for the fact that the *Sadrizam* had always at his elbow his son Saïd. Saïd Pasha is one of those vice-admirals (very numerous in Turkey) who have never in their lives walked a quarter-deck. Having had the advantage of knowing him personally, I can say that he is a charming conversationalist in half a dozen languages, and that, having been educated along with



one of the Sultan's sons, who is also nominally in the navy, and having been an *aide-de-camp* of Abd-ul-Hamid, he is thoroughly corrupt and unprincipled. It is universally admitted in Turkey that when his father was Governor of Smyrna, Saïd enriched himself by an alliance with the local banditti, and it is certain that he had so much to do with the intrigues which brought about the April Mutiny that he considered it judicious to flee from Constantinople before Mahmud Shefket entered it. The wisdom of this step will be manifest when I say that, as Hilmi Pasha, the Grand Vizier, has since assured me, the Macedonians afterwards found in Yildiz documentary evidence proving the guilt of Saïd Pasha, who—now plain Saïd Effendi—has been shorn by the Court-martial of his rank, his titles and his innumerable decorations, has been expelled from the navy, has been outlawed and has had all his goods confiscated. At the moment of writing he is living somewhere in exile with a sentence of penal servitude for life hanging over his head. The dervish Vahdeti, of whom I shall afterwards speak, declared, after his arrest, that Saïd was one of the leading spirits of the Mutiny, having been entrusted with the distribution of the Padishah's money among the mutineers (several thousand pounds of which Saïd kept for himself, if Vahdeti's story is to be believed).

As the Committee distrusted Kiamil on account of Kiamil's son, so it likewise distrusted Kiamil's son on account of the latter's patron and benefactor, Abd-ul-Hamid, the Sultan.

Writing of Saïd Pasha just after Kiamil's fall, but before the Mutiny of April 13, and therefore before it was known for certain that Saïd was plotting on behalf of the Padishah, I said: "In the same way he influenced the policy of Kiamil when the latter became Grand Vizier. The broad lines of that policy he did not perhaps touch, but I have no doubt that he quietly plotted on behalf of his patron the Sultan and got the assistance of his father, though the latter was probably unaware of the ultimate tendency of his son's plans. These plans were to restore to the Padishah the control of the army and navy which would again make him an absolute monarch. That some restless and tremendous force was incessantly working in the background towards the attainment of this object is evident from the fact that the previous Grand

Vizier, Saïd Pasha, had been driven from office on account of his insisting that the Sultan had the right of appointing the Ministers of War and of Marine. Kiamil was driven from office because he made exactly the same attempt, though in a more cautious way. Is it not very suspicious that they should both strike on the same rock, one after the other? Does it not indicate the existence of a strong undercurrent tending to again make the Sultan absolute? As a matter of fact, the Sultan himself is that undercurrent. People in England seem to imagine that this consummate intriguer has now become a model constitutional monarch, but he still remains a tremendous danger to the country and if, in counteracting his intrigues, the Young Turks allow their hands to be tied by Parliamentary precedents or by the letter of a still most imperfect Parliamentary law, they are lost for ever."

That somebody was working in the background, ready to take advantage of any panic that might arise, ready perhaps to even create a panic, was evident from several slight but mysterious occurrences which took place at this time. One of these occurrences had for its scene, on February 13, the Grand Bazaar, that extraordinary market which has the appearance of a subterranean city and whose miles of busy streets constitute one of the tourist's favourite haunts. Towards dusk a man ran swiftly through this Bazaar crying out at intervals: "Why tarry ye here? They are coming," and in the excited state of the public mind, these simple words were enough to cause a veritable panic. Shops were closed, goods were stolen, children were trampled under foot in the rush, but nobody thought of stopping and questioning the mysterious stranger, for whom, by the way, the police afterwards made anxious but vain inquiries.

## CHAPTER V

### THE AHRAR

**B**EFORE leaving the subject of Kiamil Pasha, I should like to say something of the Ahrar (to use the Turkish name of the Liberal Union) and of Kiamil's relations with them, for I shall again have occasion to speak of this party when I come to describe the causes which led to the April Mutiny.

The head of the Ahrar was one of Abd-ul-Hamid's nephews, Prince Saba-ed-din, a politician who occupies in Turkey a position somewhat analogous to that occupied by Lord Rosebery in England, inasmuch as he is a Liberal and is always read and listened to with pleasure, but is never taken seriously, because he is only a phrase-maker, a wealthy dilettante, and not a practical statesman. Consequently he has no followers, though he used to imagine that he had, and when, after April 13, he issued a long series of "open letters" addressed to the Army, the Clergy, the Laity, and the various sections of the Turkish people, and had them printed (doubtless at his own expense) in all the Constantinople papers, nobody took any more steps to act upon them than if they had been fairy-tales. Since the fall of Abd-ul-Hamid he has been living abroad, but so little important is he in the politics of the country that few people are aware that he has left Turkey. It must be admitted, however, that under the old *régime* he did service to the Young Turk cause.

One of Prince Saba-ed-din's resounding phrases was "administrative decentralisation," by which he meant that the police and the general execution of the laws should be in the hands of the elective local councils, which in theory have never been abolished, and he claimed to have on his side all the subject races—Greeks, Bulgarians, Albanians, Arabs, and Syrians—and to head a party which stood in opposition to Turkish Chauvinism.



As a matter of fact there is room for such a party, but it has not yet come into existence, and the collection of loquacious failures and disappointed placemen, representing various odds and ends of disgruntled nationalities which gathered under the standard of Saba-ed-din and Kiamil Pasha, did so not because they loved these gentlemen or the principles for which they stood, but because they all hated the Committee. This hatred was not party but personal hatred, and was largely due to the overbearing manner of some of the Committee leaders. The core of the Ahrar was formed of Young Turks who had failed to get elected to Parliament or to get positions in the civil or diplomatic services and who blamed the Committee for these or for some other disappointments. Some of them were good orators and journalists, so that they speedily made themselves heard, and were quickly joined by Greeks, Armenians and Albanians, all distrustful of the Committee's centralisation policy, especially with regard to the school and language questions. The Ahrar orators let all the world know of the Committee's blunders and pointed out that the new tyranny of the Committee was as bad as the old tyranny of Abd-ul-Hamid. Towards the end of March the popularity of the Ahrar leaders had grown astonishingly, but those leaders were so blinded by hatred of the Committee that they failed to perceive that most of the support which they received came from the Old Turks and the Mohammedan League, which wanted to overthrow both the Committee and the Ahrar.

The Ahrar programme, so far as I have been able to gather from various long conversations I have had with Ismail Kemal Bey, one of its most prominent leaders, was so Liberal that it would simply have produced chaos. The Committee went as far in the way of liberality to the subject races as it could safely go—in fact it crossed the border-line of safety, with the result that the Mutiny of April 13 was rendered possible—and if a mainly Turkish and Moslem association with the Army at its back found it so difficult to carry through the reforms it did without exciting Mussulman susceptibilities, what, may I ask, would have been the chance of success of the Ahrar with its strong Christian element, its fantastically Liberal programme and its lack of support from the armed forces of the empire? What chance of success had a party in which the Greek element pleaded that the Hellenic kingdom

should be allowed to annex Crete, and in which the Bulgarian element probably regarded it as an outrage that Bulgaria should be prevented from annexing Macedonia? The union of Turk, Greek, Bulgar, &c., on perfectly equal terms may come later on, but, for the present, the Ottoman empire's sole chance of success lies in the Turk being predominant in Turkey.

For some reason or other, probably because they professed to support Kiamil Pasha, the leaders of the Ahrar were lionised by the British Embassy and by some of the London papers. After the July Revolution a very prominent London journalist travelled all the way to Constantinople for no other reason than to have an interview with one of those leaders, and I know an English correspondent here who could not go to bed with an easy mind if he had not first seen the same leader in order to get the latter's opinion on the events of the day. Now, that oracle was a spy of the Sultan all the time. His correspondence, which has been seized in Yildiz, proves this beyond the shadow of a doubt. As for himself, he has not been seized, for he left the city a day before the Macedonians entered it, and he is unlikely to return as, after reiterated appeals to come back and stand his trial, the Court-martial has condemned him in his absence.

Another of the leaders of the Ahrar, Ismaïl Kemal Bey, has been declared innocent by the Parliament and invited to return, but even he was over-estimated in England. On the whole I cannot understand why an important section of the British Press should have backed up Kiamil and Ismaïl Kemal and the other patriots who had distinguished themselves by taking refuge in foreign Consulates or by fleeing abroad while the Committee-men had taken their lives in their hands and acted.

The Britishers who were mistaken in the Ahrar might well plead ignorance, but this the Grand Vizier could not do. He was perfectly aware that there was no Ahrar party, yet he coquetted with the leaders of that non-existent party to such an extent that he attended a banquet which they gave in the Pera Palace Hotel on February 9, a great party banquet which the Committee deputies refused of course to attend.

In Turkish politics at this time there was, however, an all-round want of moderation and balance, due, I think, to

two causes—inexperience and temperament. The Committee was too much inclined to believe that anybody who disagreed with it was a thief, a villain, a murderer, a spy of Yildiz and, generally speaking, a desperado of the blackest dye, while all parties contained politicians whose record would horrify even a Tammany “boss.”



## BOOK II

# THE CAUSES OF THE MUTINY

### CHAPTER I

#### THE SULTAN

**O**F all the extraordinary events that have recently occurred in Turkey, the most interesting and the one that stands most in need of explanation is the military Mutiny which took place in Stamboul on April 13. From this Mutiny as from a fountain-head flowed all the other great events which will long make the month of April 1909 a celebrated month in Turkish history. Had not the Mutiny taken place we should not have had the temporary triumph of reaction, the massacres of Adana, the Macedonian march on the capital, the capture of Constantinople and the deposition of Abd-ul-Hamid. Of these events the Mutiny is therefore, in a sense, the most important, inasmuch as it is the cause of them all, but, notwithstanding this, less has been said of it in the Press than of the disasters and triumphs to which it directly led. One reason for this is undoubtedly the fact that the consequences were more picturesque and sensational, as well as more comprehensible to the man in the street, than the cause. Another is that the leading actors in the Mutiny are not very much inclined to talk, and this for the very obvious reason that, on April 13, they were all caught napping—all except the Old Turks, who planned the conspiracy, but who also are not in a position to speak, having all of them disappeared, been imprisoned or been hanged. Still another reason is the fact that the man in the street and the journalist on the spot had had, neither of them, time to recover from the dazed astonishment with which they regarded the Mutiny before their attention was claimed

by other happenings of the most stupendous nature, to wit, the capture of Yildiz, the fall of Abd-ul-Hamid, and the accession of a new Sultan. To show how rapidly events moved, I need only remind the reader that the Mutiny occurred on April 18, that Constantinople was surrounded by the avenging Macedonians on April 20, and that the city fell four days later.

Now that comparative calm has again set in, we ought, I think, to turn our attention to the event which unloosed the storm.

At the very outset we are confronted by a question on the answer to which the whole future of Turkey depends. Was the Mutiny due to the incompatibility of the Sheriat and the Constitution, of Islâm and Parliamentary Government? If so, then Turkey is doomed irrevocably, for what happened to the First Army Corps will happen to all the others, and the Committee's attempt to make the Ottoman empire a constitutional State will be as hopeless an undertaking as an attempt to make ropes out of sea-sand or bricks without straw. Happily, however, the answer to this question is not quite in the affirmative; that is, the matter has still to be decided, for though there was undoubtedly some religious feeling at the bottom of the movement, there was a great deal more of Hamidian gold. This I suspected almost from the beginning, but, knowing the supreme cunning of Abd-ul-Hamid, I feared that the crime could never be brought home to him. It seems, however, that it can, and that, in his old age, the Padishah plotted with a boyish openness and lack of precaution that he never showed any signs of in his youth. On this subject it is impossible to speak with certainty, as the Courts-martial have determined for reasons of State not to publish the results of their investigations in this matter, but enough has leaked out to show that the case against the late Sultan is strong. His second eunuch, Nadir Agha, admits having bribed the soldiers to mutiny. The first eunuch confirms this story, and even better evidence is forthcoming in the shape of the enormous collection of *djournals* which have been found at Yildiz and some of which have already been published in the *Tanin*. Space prevents me from giving a translation of these *djournals*, but I shall present the reader with a few extracts. For instance, Taïar Bey, ex-councillor of State, writes :

“Most of the men belonging to the Constantinople garrison have agreed to mutiny. We can give your Majesty all the documents if you desire to see them. They will march in a short time against the Committee. They have at their head Mevlanzadé Rifaat. In any case blood will flow. My servitude towards your Majesty forces me to say that money must be given, discreetly.”

This demand for money runs through all the correspondence. For instance :

“If your Majesty wants to save your life you ought to know all, and consequently to give money in profusion.”

And again :

“Avnullah and Fethullah cannot have confidence in your Majesty, if your Majesty does not send your servant, Galib Bey, with £T590, for they ask if your Majesty has given money.”

“If your Majesty does not give money, it will be impossible for this slave [*i.e.*, the writer of the letter] to assume any responsibility and to continue his services.”

“If your Majesty does not give money to this Association, [*i.e.*, the Mohammedan Association, with which I shall afterwards deal] the consequences will be disastrous. Your Majesty may rest assured that nobody will ever know that you have given money.”

Tewfik Bey, assistant to the director of the statistical bureau, says in a *djournal* which he contributes :

“Very shortly those deputies who, in the Parliament, have taken up a hostile attitude towards your Majesty, will be swept away. I have just learned this after making inquiries. Your Sacred Majesty may set your mind at rest.”

“But it’s impossible,” I hear some of my readers exclaim, “that the ‘Shadow of God upon Earth’ should have allowed subjects, not of the very first rank, to address him in this familiar manner. These documents are all forgeries.” Such objectors only betray their ignorance of the ex-Padishah’s character, for Abd-ul-Hamid has a habit of sometimes becoming democratic and almost cringing in his relations with subordinates. He frequently invited to the Palace Ali Haydar Midhat, the son of his great enemy Midhat Pasha, and Enver Bey, the *beau sabreur* of the Committee ; and, when the latter was appointed military *attaché* at Berlin, Abd-ul-Hamid detained him so long at the Palace with



affectionate leave-takings that the young officer missed his train. Ismaïl Kemal Bey told me that on one occasion when he failed to attend a dinner which the Sultan gave to all the deputies at Yildiz, the Padishah sent a messenger to his hotel to chide him for not coming and to press him to call at the Palace as soon as possible.

Important points in the above correspondence are the conspirators' craving for money and their hints about the Padishah's life being in danger. It is not quite clear yet whether the idea of the plot originated with Abd-ul-Hamid or with the Mohammedan Association. Dr. Paul Farkas thinks that it originated with the latter and I am inclined to agree with him. In any case the Sultan's dread for his own life, a dread that has made his reign a curse to Turkey inasmuch as it left him no time to think of anything else, was at the root of the trouble. Once reassured as to his personal safety, Abd-ul-Hamid would not have intrigued. But a man with his training and cast of mind simply could not believe that the Committee would spare him, and there seems to have been no lack of evil counsellors to encourage this delusion for their own pecuniary benefit. The whole affair bears the imprint of Abd-ul-Hamid's peculiar genius, and the extraordinary calm which the Sultan manifested when his first secretary brought him the news of the outbreak impressed at least one high Palace official (interviewed in the *Tanin*) with the conviction that his master was a party to the Mutiny, while the promptness with which the guilty soldiers were pardoned must have served to deepen this conviction.

Finally, Abd-ul-Hamid had already exposed himself to suspicion by destroying a previous Parliament. An English jury trying on a charge of forgery a man against whom there was only circumstantial evidence would not be favourably impressed if it found that he had been previously convicted on a similar charge. It might be unable to say "guilty," but it would be morally certain that he was guilty.

On the other hand, however, Kiamil Pasha, whom I interviewed on this subject, is positive that Abd-ul-Hamid is not guilty.

"He was a broken man," said the *ex-Sadrizam* to me, "broken in health and in spirits. I had continual intimate relations with him for many months, and I knew that he

could not have engineered this Mutiny, as he was in extreme fear for his life and would have been very well satisfied if allowed to remain on the throne, no matter how much his power was circumscribed.

“The Mutiny was the result of a ferment in the army, provoked partly by the mistakes of the Committee and partly by the reactionary propaganda of the Mohammedan Association; the dislike which the soldiers entertained for the Young Turk officers; the intrigues of the discharged ‘ranker’ officers; the comparatively overworked condition of the rank and file; perhaps the memory of the old janissary revolts which men yet living have seen; and a hundred other causes.

“If money was found on the soldiers, it was given them by the Mohammedan Association, not by the Padishah; but little money was found, if any.

“The Sultan was more frightened than anybody else when the revolt broke out; and, when Hilmi Pasha handed in his resignation, what could the Sovereign do but appoint a new Cabinet and take that Cabinet’s advice on the question of amnesty?

“The present Government sought in Yildiz for proofs of the late Sultan’s guilt, but, so far, it has failed to find any proofs.”

Some of the Ahrar deputies are of the same way of thinking, Ismail Kemal, for example, and Dr. Riza Nur Bey. “This Mutiny and the assassinations by which it was accompanied,” said, in effect, the latter, “were possibly the result of animosity, of personal hatreds. . . . Besides, nearly all the deputies officially declared that the Constitution had not been violated and the soldiers themselves affirmed to everybody, and more than once to the deputies, that they were not enemies of the Constitution.”

But it must be remembered, of course, that all these authorities felt obliged to argue in this way unless they were prepared to admit that Abd-ul-Hamid had made a cat’s-paw of them.

And against them we have the emphatic statement of Marshal Shefket Pasha, given on two different occasions to the present writer, that there is documentary proof in the hands of the Court-martial that the Mutiny was directly caused by the ex-Sultan’s intrigues. I attach great weight



to this testimony as the Generalissimo impresses me as being very accurate and truthful, even in cases where a slight departure from strict veracity would lead greatly to the enhancement of his own reputation. For instance, the story that the reactionaries had determined to massacre all the Christians in Constantinople on the night of April 24, and that Mahmud Shefket—informed of this design by one of the greatest personages in the Government, who had personally come to visit him for the purpose on April 23 at his headquarters in San Stefano—marched on the city several days before he had originally intended, has up to the present been believed everywhere, and has been quoted as perfectly authentic by the most serious writers.\* It would probably find its way, therefore, into all the histories of this movement, were it not for the fact that Mahmud Shefket himself told me that there is not a word of truth in it, that no important personage visited him with such a tale on April 23, and that, though on the eve of his attack he heard "many alarming rumours from all parts announcing preparations for a reaction in the town," the Courts-martial have since found no trace of any such preparations, save indeed that a conspiracy had been organised with the object of murdering all the Constitutionalist officers who still remained in the city. Mahmud Shefket's severe truthfulness in this instance, where some Christian generals and diplomatists that I wot of would have smiled, looked wise, and left the legend uncontradicted, makes me believe him when he asserts that he is in actual possession of documents proving Abd-ul-Hamid's guilt. He tells me, however, that these documents may probably never be published, and this reticence I can well understand, for the publication of the ex-Sultan's correspondence would probably ruin half the public men and perhaps more than one of the foreign diplomatists in Turkey.

The question of the money found on the persons or seen in the possession of the soldiers is a somewhat mysterious one. That there was money and much money is almost universally admitted and probably there is enough evidence to trace that money to Abd-ul-Hamid's coffers.

In February last a prominent Committee-man, Tewfik

\* This baseless story is very picturesquely told in the *Contemporary Review*, June 1909, p. 751, and by Sir William Ramsay in his "Revolution in Constantinople and Turkey," p. 162.



Fikret Bey, the well-known poet and Director of the Galata-Seraï Lyceum, told me that the Sultan had withdrawn two million Turkish pounds from a foreign bank and that the Committee feared that his Majesty intended to use it in order to stir up trouble against the Constitutionalists in the Yemen. A short time after, the *Serbesti* (which seems to have blackmailed both parties impartially) came out with practically the same intelligence, cautiously worded of course. Then on April 9 the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* published in that paper a sinister and very mysterious warning, of which it would be decidedly interesting to know something more. "How desirable it is," said he, "to judge with reserve incidents like the assassination of Hassan Fehmi Effendi may be gathered from the circumstance that at Constantinople many competent observers have for some time been inclined to attribute the violent campaign carried on against the Committee of Union and Progress by the *Serbesti* and a non-vernacular journal to the influence of financial institutes interested in discrediting the new régime."

Ali Kemal Bey, the editor of the *Ikdam*, of whom I have already spoken in the chapter on Kiamil Pasha's fall, was, I believe, in Vienna early in the year, and it is said that in a letter to a friend in Constantinople from his snug retreat in the Rue Vaugirard, Paris, he admits having got £T10,000 from Abd-ul-Hamid before his final flight from Turkey in the middle of April.

## CHAPTER II

### THE MOHAMMEDAN LEAGUE

IF Abd-ul-Hamid was really guilty, his chosen instrument was the Mohammedan Association (*Jemiyet-i-Mohammedieh*)\* which was founded by laymen a few weeks before the Mutiny but which was no more representative of Mohammedanism than the Orange Lodges of Belfast are representative of High Anglicanism. In a letter which it addressed to the Press on April 19, the Committee of Ulemas—the official mouthpiece, more or less, of the Mohammedan Church †—denounced the *Volcan*, the organ (now extinct) of the Association, “which does not,” declared the *communiqué* in question, “contain good and sincere Mussulmans, but, alas! intriguers who seem bent on exploiting religion.” The ulemas had good reason for making this reproach considering that the *Serbesti*—one of the newspapers of which I shall speak hereafter—actually published a false version of the above *communiqué*, which the ulemas had consequently to repeat.

Disguised as ulemas, many reactionary plotters travelled through Anatolia preaching against the Liberals, but the clergy in Constantinople defeated this game by wiring to the different vilayets. As in St. Petersburg the reactionary Jew-baiting *Russkoye Znamya* tries to pose as the champion of the Russian Church, so in Stamboul the *Volcan* seems to

\* In an official communication to the Press and to all departments of State the Courts-martial sitting at Constantinople announced, some months ago, that “the investigations made up till to-day have proved that the dervish Vahdeti and his acolytes had formed an illicit Committee under the name of ‘the Mohammedan Committee’ in order to deceive the ignorant and instigate them to foment trouble, but as it is not permissible that the name of the Prophet be used in connection with such proceedings, this Committee will be henceforth designated officially as ‘the Volcan Committee.’”

† The ulemas have well been compared to the *noblesse de robe* of the ancient French monarchy.

have tried to pose as the champion of the Moslem Church. Once when the Sheikh-ul-Islâm lost a portfolio containing documents, the *Volcan* announced the fact and added, in an authoritative manner, that the finder must bring it to the office of the *Volcan*; whereupon the Sheikh-ul-Islâm informed the Press that the *Volcan* had had no authority from him to make this statement. It is clear, therefore, that the Moslem Church had had nothing to do with this Mutiny, and Marshal Shefket Pasha bore testimony to this fact when, after his entry into Constantinople, he formally thanked the official clergy for the attitude they had maintained throughout the crisis.

Nor can it be said that the Mutiny was the result of a spontaneous outburst of fanaticism among the lower classes such as occurs sometimes on the frontiers of India, or like that which occurred in the Soudan under the Mahdi's guidance. On the contrary it was almost entirely an artificial and political movement engineered from above. A good many softas took part in it but the softas do not count, being, most of them, lazy or cowardly young men who have assumed the clerical habit in order to escape the obligation of military service, but who have as little of the religious spirit in them as the *soshi* of Japan, whom, as a class, they very much resemble. Had the softas been really inspired by a fanatical attachment to the Sacred Law, they would not have fled in thousands as they did from Constantinople when Shefket Pasha appeared before the walls. Nor would the Macedonian soldiers have treated with such very scant respect those of them whom they captured.

The Mohammedan League or Association was publicly founded a few weeks before the Mutiny, but it must have been guiding events for months before, although the Ahrar thought that *they* were the inspiring spirits. Its founders were the Kis-Agassi or chief eunuch at Yildiz, Nadir Agha the second eunuch at Yildiz, one of the Sultan's sons, one of the Sultan's nephews, the dervish Vahdeti, and several others of the same type. All those I have mentioned lived in Yildiz.

The presumption, then, wildly extravagant as it may seem to people who know not Abd-ul-Hamid, is that the Padishah himself was probably (as Dr. Farkas and most writers who deal with this subject believe) behind this League, though it will perhaps never be possible to prove this in open court.



“Le Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid a un goût prononcé pour les ligues,” says M. Gabriel Charmes when discussing, in his “L’Avenir de la Turquie” (p. 138), “la Ligue Arab,” directed against the French in Tunis, and “la Ligue Albanaise” directed against Greece.

“Ce goût,” continues the same author, “est si vif, si invétéré que les déceptions les plus cruelles n’ont pu jusqu’ici l’en détourner.”

Add to this the Padishah’s craze “de tout ramener à lui, de tout faire de ses propres mains,” a craze which was so strongly developed in him that during the Russo-Turkish War he insisted on directing the military operations of his generals from his own Palace with the result that he ruined all Turkey’s chances of success.

The dervish Vahdeti was the only one amongst the founders of the League who could pretend to any kind of ecclesiastical character. Since, however, he is a *bekdash* dervish it is difficult to see how he could become fanatical on the subject of the Sacred Law, inasmuch as the *bekdash* dervishes are so liberal that they can scarcely be called Mohammedans at all. Intoxication forms, for instance, part of their rite of initiation! Vahdeti acted as editor of the *Volcan* and it must be confessed that the language of his editorials was such as we might expect from a red-hot Moslem prophet. He even declared that he was invulnerable and immortal; but this did not prevent him from hastily quitting the city a few days before the Macedonians entered it. He was captured, however, brought back to Constantinople, and executed.

Pusillanimity, as bad as that of Vahdeti’s, was shown by the hodja Rassim, who, on April 13, forced his way into the Parliament, mounted the President’s chair, and cried out, “We want the Sheriat.” For when, about a month later, Rassim was asked by the Court-martial if he had performed the feat in question, he modestly answered in the negative. I may here add that, after his identification by a number of deputies who had been present on the occasion, Rassim was condemned to life-long detention in a fortress.

Another amateur journalist who belonged to this Mohammedan League was Murad Bey, who, like Nedjib Pasha and other tools of the Sultan, began his public life as a conspirator and exile in Paris. Then he entered the Sultan’s

service, and, when the July Revolution succeeded, he tried to join the Committee of Union and Progress. The Committee refused to have him, on which account he conceived an intense dislike for that organisation and started the *Mizan* (Balance) with the object of making daily onslaughts on the Committee and of calling the attention of all True Believers to every violation of the Sheriat which (in Murad's opinion) it committed.

Soon "the Sheriat" became the popular cry, the spell which was to miraculously cure all the ills of the State, and of the individuals who composed the State, just as "the Constitution" had been the cry and the spell eight months before. The adherents of the Mohammedan League then devoted their attention to winning over the soldiers, exactly as the Committee had won them over previously, to the support of the Constitutionalist movement which had resulted in the Revolution of July.

The Court-martial had before it the names of five hundred and forty-three of the principal agitators belonging to this Mohammedan Association, and of these five hundred and forty-three, eleven were employees in Yildiz, seventeen were journalists, and the remainder were military men and hodjas. The most brilliant of them all, intellectually, was Nadir Agha, the eunuch, who, in the tenth year of his age, that is twenty-five years ago, was bought for the Sultan from a slave-merchant in Egypt for a hundred and fifty francs, and had developed during the last few years into Abd-ul-Hamid's most trusted adviser. The first thing the Macedonians did after taking Yildiz was to fix the place and time of Nadir's execution, but the clever eunuch afterwards made himself so useful to his captors by pointing out to them the places wherein the ex-Sultan had hidden his valuables, that he was soon released. In order to explain his release, the Macedonians circulated pathetic tales of how, after the proclamation of the Constitution, Nadir had patriotically refused to convey to the Sultan any of the secret denunciations and spies' reports that had again begun to flow in, and how the enraged Abd-ul-Hamid inflicted on him *une verte correction*, in the course of which the eunuch lost several of his front teeth. Graf Sternberg declares, however, that Nadir was saved by German influence, because he had previously been in the confidence of the German Embassy.

However that may be, he was soon released, and is now to be seen—a pleasant-faced, very youthful-looking man of slight, girlish figure, and with regular Aryan features and dark Abyssinian complexion—daily promenading the streets of Pera dressed in the fashionable and ultra-European garb affected by his kind. A request on his part to see the present Sultan met, however, with an abrupt refusal and the unfortunate man is likely to die of *ennui* unless he accepts an offer which has, I understand, been made him from Paris to write his memoirs for the French public or, rather, for the public which reads a certain class of French novels.

Of the part played in connection with the Mutiny by Vice-Admiral Saïd Pasha, the son of Kiamil Pasha, I have already spoken, and I only refer to Saïd here in order to quote some important admissions which he is said to have made to a reporter of the *Ittihad* at Smyrna while on his way out of the country.

“Prince Burhaneddin Effendi,” he said, “distributed money to the soldiers in order to make them mutiny. The sergeants received £T15 each, the corporals £T10, and the privates £T5. Burhaneddin worked through the eunuch, Nadir Effendi.”



### CHAPTER III

#### THE "LIBERAL" PRESS

A VERY important part in the general unsettlement of mind which made the Mutiny possible must also be attributed to the agitation carried on by the Ahrar, and especially to the Press campaign which it conducted with unprecedented violence against the Committee and the Young Turk Cabinet.

As is well known, the Turk is accustomed to regard printed words with peculiar reverence owing to the possibility that the name of Allah or some passage from the inspired writings may appear among them. It is an act of piety, therefore, to collect slips of printed paper which one finds lying around (even though these slips are sometimes fragments of *Ally Sloper* and the *Police Gazette*!) A porter who was accused by his employer, an English traveller, of stealing endeavoured to cast discredit on the testimony of his master by assuring the *cadi* that the plaintiff actually used newspapers wherewith to wrap up parcels! Now a country in which the printed word is regarded with such reverence is precisely the country in which the liberty of the Press should be severely restricted. Nevertheless, when Hilmi Pasha's Cabinet announced its intention of introducing a moderate and most necessary Press law, the Ahrar, the Mohammedan Association and the Sultan's spies raised, between them, such a deafening outcry that the people began to suspect that some terrible injustice was about to be inflicted upon them.

It was not the Liberals who objected to the proposed restrictions on the Press. It was the old-*régime* papers—the *Yeni Gazette*, said to be the property of Kiamil Pasha and to be really under the direction of Kiamil's notorious son, Saïd; the *Ikdam*, edited by a gentleman the discovery of whose correspondence in Yildiz has led him to suddenly

seek a change of air ; the *Volcan*, organ of the Mohammedan Association ; the firebrand *Mizan* and *Serbesti*.

It is certain that some of these papers were subsidized by Yildiz ; and, though a journalist myself, I had no more sympathy with their cry of " the Press in danger " than I would have with an anarchist protesting against the intolerable despotism and tyranny of a policeman who prevents him from throwing a lighted match into a powder-magazine. That this comparison is not far-fetched will be evident to any one who examines for himself the tone of these journals just previous to the Mutiny. The soldiers were told that their officers were bad Mohammedans, the civilians were assured that the majority of the deputies were traitors to Islâm. Nothing in fact was left unsaid that could stir up bad blood between rulers and ruled and between the different sections of the community. The *Mizan* accused Ahmed Riza of being an infidel. The *Serbesti* said that the Young Turks, " having, none of them, either faith or religion," were about to force Mohammedans to wear the European hat instead of the fez, and that they were " living in luxury after having made the Army an instrument in their hands." The alleged dislike of the *Times* and the British Embassy for the Committee since Kiamil Pasha's fall was also utilized to the full by the anti-Committee Press. " England declares," said the *Serbesti* on one occasion, " that Turkey will not gain the confidence of Great Britain till the Committee disappears."

This sort of literature was distributed in enormous quantities among the private soldiers. Mr. Frederick Moore and I saw hodjas passing in bundles of these inflammatory newspapers to the handful of soldiers who remained loyal in the War Office barracks on April 13. And one can easily understand the effect on private soldiers, who believe in the truth of everything they see in print, of authoritative articles couched in semi-religious phraseology and denouncing their officers as bad Mohammedans.

But the best proof, to my mind, that the Ahrar Press was corrupt, unworthy of liberty, and probably subsidized by Yildiz, was its tone of triumph after the Mutiny and the disgraceful murders of April 13. The *Yeni Gazette* said :

" We hope that to-day, thanks to the patriotism of our brave soldiers, a Government free and exempt from all occult influence has been given to the country."

The *Serbesti* said :

"These wretches [the members of the Committee] sought to make our holy Army the instrument of their vile ambitions. But the patriots, the ardent sons of the Army, gave them yesterday the lesson they deserved."

The *Mizan* said :

"The Ottoman soldiers, whose bravery is legendary, displayed yesterday a virtue whereof the like has never before been seen in history . . . Along with our readers we embrace with effusion all these brave men, and present our homage to the Ottoman Army."

The Greek Press was in ecstasies. According to the *Neologos* :

"The Army has gained the great prize for patriotism, and April 13, 1909, ought to be henceforth marked with no less splendour than July 24, 1908. The Army was inspired yesterday by its love for the country and by no other sentiment. . . . It simply demanded, arms in hand, the abolition of the despicable *régime* under which the empire groaned, and the establishment of the real Constitution and of liberty."

The *Proodos* said :

"The Army has proved once more that it is worthy of its traditions and that it is dowered with virtues which have been manifested, during the last two days, in a manner calculated to excite our admiration and, at the same time, our respect and confidence."

These eulogies, it must be remembered, were addressed to a gang of murderers who had butchered unarmed men, not for patriotism but for money, though it must be confessed that the European Press in general was as little horrified by the atrocities that had taken place as the Press of the Ottoman Greeks. In fact the *Times* almost rubbed its hands in its satisfaction at being able to say : "I told you so." For some days I and some of my friends in Constantinople waited till somebody would use adequate language regarding the assassinations. At length came the words for which we waited—not from a Christian as we might have expected, but from a Mussulman soldier, from General Hussein Husny, leader of the Macedonian vanguard.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

**N**O doubt Europe thought that the murders of April 18-24 were entirely due to religious fanaticism, and perhaps some of my readers still think that the cry, "We want the Sheriat!" was a genuine cry, a protest from the very heart of Islâm. There was, indeed, some pure religious feeling among the mutineers but it is significant, as I have already pointed out, that on the persons of private soldiers who were wounded accidentally during the Mutiny and were brought to the hospital, sums of money ranging from £15 to £20 were found. Then, when the Macedonians came to San Stefano, representatives of the Salonica troops in the capital visited them to ask pardon and to confess that they had been led astray by money.

Had they been maddened by religious fanaticism the troops would have killed all the Christian deputies belonging to the Ahrar party, but they aimed solely at the lives of the Committee leaders, who are all Moslems. Instead of attacking the Greek newspaper offices, which, a few days before, had bitterly assailed the army, they tried to kill Hussein Djahid Bey, the uncompromisingly Moslem deputy and journalist, who, both in the Chamber and in his newspaper, had so vigorously defended the army against the assaults of the Greeks that the Second Army Corps made him a valuable present in token of gratitude a few days before the Constantinople soldiers sought to murder him.

And why should these uneducated soldiers have demanded as Ministers certain Ahrar statesmen of whom they had never heard before if it were not that the names had been put into their mouths, as the cry for the Sheriat had been put into their mouths, by agents of the Palace accompanying them in civil dress and by reactionary officers who accompanied them in the uniform of privates?

Nothing had impressed me more in S. Sophia's Square on April 13 than the intense anxiety of the soldiers not to injure any European. They repeated the phrase, "We must not touch anybody wearing a hat," as if it were a verse from the Korân. From this circumstance I suspected at the time that, despite the elaborate care that was taken to make the movement seem to originate with the rank and file, the demonstration was carefully worked from above.

I watched closely for any signs of Moslem fanaticism originating with the soldiers themselves and the only signs I could detect were the following: Some of the soldiers objected to Turks wearing European collars, as contrary to the Sheriat. At Couche-Dili, Kadi-Keuy, they knocked down and cut the hair off a Moslem lady on the ground that she was violating the Sheriat by walking in the streets. Finally, several *raki*-shops in Stamboul were invaded by men belonging to the *Tersanelis* (Infantry of Marine), who professed to be scandalized, as good Mohammedans, at the sight of Believers openly breaking the Sacred Law by drinking and playing cards. But these Puritanical Marines were invariably intoxicated themselves, and not much importance is to be attached, I think, to their protests on this point.

At the same time the ease with which the Mutiny was fomented is in itself a disquieting fact. The soldiers must have been ripe for mutiny or they would not have hearkened so quickly to the voice from Yildiz. What brought them to this frame of mind?

In the first place I should say that environment had had a great deal to do with it. Under Abd-ul-Hamid, Constantinople was a reactionary city. It depended too much on Yildiz. It contained too many out-of-work spies, cashiered officers, impecunious hodjas and unemployed prophets.

The July Revolution deprived fifty thousand spies and reactionaries of their main source of revenue, their main occupation in life, and from notes written in November 1908 I find that at that time nothing seemed to me so likely as that these out-of-works would make trouble.

To render the position still worse, the Young Turks foolishly opened all the prisons. This was done because no record being kept of the crime for which each prisoner was incarcerated, political prisoners could not be distinguished from the ordinary criminals, and the only way

to free the political prisoners was to free everybody. The result was, it will be remembered, that a large part of Stamboul was burned down by these released jail-birds. Moreover, the abolition of the passport system for travellers inside the empire led to Stamboul becoming a regular cess-pool for the filth of all the provincial towns.

Then again, not only did the Government lose in prestige, in respect, and in that capacity for inspiring awe which is so necessary to an Oriental administration, but the city mob began to think that *it* and not the Sublime Porte was ruling the country. The *hamàls* or porters—the worst section of the mob to which I refer—had had their heads completely turned as a result of their success in the Austrian strike. They even claimed, I believe, part of the Austrian indemnity, and I should not be surprised if the Government secretly paid them some of it in order to keep them quiet. Another factor encouraging the presumption of the mob and lessening the prestige of the Government was the way in which, since the July Revolution, gangs of ragamuffins carrying flags and uttering patriotic cries had been allowed to serenade the Grand Vizier at the Sublime Porte every time the humour took them. This *canaille* was accustomed to insist on the head of the Administration interrupting his conferences with ambassadors and his other business in order to come forth at the request of hooligans and address a crowd of people outside, or, more commonly, to answer the questions of boys and girls, of twelve or thirteen, whom the mob had dressed up, placed in carriages, and appointed to act as its “spokesmen.”

Though, up to April, these mobs had always been extremely good-natured and well-behaved, I trembled at the imprudence of the Government in allowing such a precedent to be established, and my worst anticipations were realised in March when the dismissed employees of a Governmental steamship line running in the Marmora created a disorderly scene in front of the Sublime Porte, with the result that the police had to disperse them by force.

After the murder of the *Serbesti* editor early in April, a formidable crowd assembled before the Sublime Porte and sent messengers to Hilmi Pasha inviting him to come forth. Hilmi at first refused, but when the crowd assumed a threatening attitude and sent back word that he must appear at the



behest of men who were not dismissed steamship employees but Ottoman patriots, desiring to question him on a matter of high moment, the Grand Vizier had the incredible weakness to yield, to appear in the doorway, and, addressing the people as "my children," to promise that the police would do their best to bring the editor's murderer to justice.

The same mob then visited the Parliament, but though Ahmed Riza spoke to them from the window he said that the rules of the House forbade him to descend.

Another bad influence was Yildiz, which, with its fabulous wealth and splendour and its pampered Guards, must have exercised a most deleterious influence on the minds of the unsophisticated young conscripts from Anatolia.

Old soldiers spoke, too, of the easy times the troops had had before this Parliament came into existence—no drill except for the Selamlik, a day off now and again for bathing or for prayer or for washing soiled linen—none of the ceaseless marching, manœuvring and practice-firing that these detestable Young Turks had brought into fashion. Then the officers of these good old days—they had risen from the ranks, they would let you do almost anything you liked (especially if you gave them a few piastres, a packet of smuggled tobacco or some little *douceur* of that kind). Now they had young *meketeblis* (officers from the military schools), who spoke German half the time, who were apparently more than half *giaours*, who, some of them, instead of decorating the walls of their rooms with holy Islâmic inscriptions, hung thereon (so their *chiaoush* or sergeants would tell the men) picture post cards representing unveiled foreign women.\* "And behold [the veterans might have reflected], these young men are hard as iron, they work us to death, they take no excuse, they accept no bribe."

At this stage the soldiers began to learn from devout hodjas and from large printed papers, written doubtless by very wise and holy men, that these young officers of theirs were bad Mohammedans, and had even formed themselves into a thing called a Committee, which imposed its will on the Padishah, which intended to remove his name from the

\* Afterwards, on plundering the rooms of Liberal officers whom they had assassinated, the soldiers found copies of the *Froufrou* and the *Sourire*. "Behold what our chiefs read!" they exclaimed. "Papers in which they see naked women! Do not such men deserve death?"

evening prayer, and which even harboured the dread design of making all Moslems wear bowler hats. And then the corrupt old "ranker" ex-officers turned up in coffee-houses and in the shady courtyards of mosques with hints and winks and oily explanations and, above all, with—gold.

Lastly, it must be confessed that by April 1909 the people of Turkey in general were a good deal disillusioned with regard to the Constitution, not only because the Constitution worked badly, but also because they had expected it to work miracles.

The main factor in the July Revolution was the educated officer, filled with sincere patriotism and with a dread that the Revel meeting and the continuance of the Hamidian *régime* meant the loss of Macedonia and the practical disappearance of the Osmanli from Europe. Without this appeal to heroism and disinterestedness, there would have been no Revolution.

## CHAPTER V

### THE GENERAL DISILLUSIONMENT

**B**UT besides the patriotism of the educated officers of which I spoke at the end of the last chapter, there were many other contributory causes of the July Revolution. These I divide into two classes: the causes that lay inside the empire, and those that operated beyond it.

Among the latter was the Young Turk League in Paris. Yet though this League supplied some moral spirit, its influence on the course of events has been greatly over-estimated, largely owing to the fact that the Parisian Turks were loquacious, westernized, and had the ear of the Press so that they gave the world the impression that they did more than they really did.

The young Thessalonian officers were, on the contrary, to an almost criminal extent, modest, self-effacing and silent.

Ahmed Riza had been welcomed in the National Liberal Club as Abd-ul-Hamid's conqueror. The Paris exiles had trooped back with the self-consciousness of restored monarchs and had calmly accepted some of the highest positions in their native country. It soon became clear, however, that the Quartier Latin had spoiled them. They had been too long accustomed to pose in brilliant *cafés* and in elegant *salons* as exiles and martyrs, and this occupation is enough to ruin almost any patriot no matter how sincere he may be at the outset and no matter to what nation he belongs, whether to France, Turkey, Ireland, or Russia. Ahmed Riza's snobbish and overbearing manner became a byword. His tactlessness was remarkable. For instance, at a dinner given by the Committee in the Pera Palace Hotel, a few days before the Mutiny, he alluded to his political opponents in the House as "wretches." His Positivism became a menace. In short, the Parisian importations did a great deal more



to bring about the Mutiny than they had done to bring about the July Revolution.

To turn now to the causes that lay inside the empire, there were the educated officers, of whom I have already spoken, also the civilians, and lastly the all-important private soldiers. Without the latter nothing could have been done, though they had only had a very vague idea of what it was all about.

The business people of Salonica had hoped that the Constitution meant peace—an end to the anarchy which ruined their trade. The Christians hoped that it meant justice. But after a while there came that natural swing of the pendulum, that reaction after a sudden advance which is as certain in the progress of civilization as it is in the flow of the tide and which is based perhaps on the very human belief that any ills are preferable to present ills. Business people saw that not much positive progress was being made and that Macedonia and Albania were not perfectly quiet. The various nationalities were disappointed at the old inequalities remaining, and finally the Moslems' enthusiasm for the Young Turk leaders became considerably less ardent, mostly as a result of the very violent and undignified but purely personal quarrel that broke out between the Committee and the Ahrar.

Then, again, the Committee had been somewhat discredited in the eyes of the Old Turks by its tendency in the direction of female emancipation. Ahmed Riza Bey was engaged in establishing a school for Turkish girls at Candilli on the Bosphorus, and in this fatal scheme—which, as we shall see in the next chapter, was a main count in the mutineers' indictment of the Committee—he was enthusiastically supported by Abū-ul-Hamid, who was probably very pleased to see the President of the Chamber shocking the prejudices of the old-fashioned Mohammedans in as many ways as possible. Several Turkish ladies contributed largely to the *Tanin*, and the wives of the Committee leaders held regular *salons* wherein, horrible to relate, they discussed politics with uncovered faces and in the presence of men who were not their husbands. Immediately after the July Revolution several Turkish women had even gone so far as to appear without their veils in the streets, where they had excited as great a hue and cry as the appearance of several advanced

and practically nude Parisian ladies excited in the Champs Elysées on a certain Décadi evening of the year Five.

The soldiers were, however, the most disillusioned of all. To start with, they had and have no more idea of a Constitution than had those Russian soldiers who, at the instigation of the Dekabrists, cheered for the Constitution (Konstitutsiya) under the impression that it was the wife of the Grand Duke Constantine (Konstantin), for whom they had also been told to cheer as their Tzar.\*

They thought that the Constitution was a spell which would again make the Osmanli a mighty people and ensure the regular payment of the troops, plenty of food, drink and warm clothing and, perhaps, even wives, Old Age Pensions and all sorts of other good things. Their discontent, in the early part of 1909—a discontent which was manifested not only in the April Mutiny but, previously, in the revolt of the Turbaned Arabs at Yildiz and in the mutiny of two *redif* battalions at Janina—was partly due to their disappointment at the apparent failure of the Constitution to work any of these sudden changes wrought by the mysterious potency of spells in the “Arabian Nights.”

They felt, indeed, that they had been better off before the spell had been brought into operation at all. What an Oriental soldier loves and prizes exceedingly is leisure. Formerly the Turkish soldier had leisure—if little else. Now his off days for washing and for prayer were abolished and the screw of discipline was applied in a hundred different ways. Even the active young Japanese conscript so detests discipline that suicide in barracks sometimes assumes the proportions of an epidemic. How hard, then, must not the iron yoke of modern war have weighed on the phlegmatic Turk.†

Early in April the disaffection among the soldiers had

\*So runs the story as it is told in the Russian history used in the Government schools in Russia. By the way, the similarity between the Committee-men and the Dekabrists also strikes a Russian writer, Dr. S. Yelpatievsky, author of “Konstantinopolskaya Kontrrevolutsiya.”

†General von der Goltz lays stress on the same point (“Einige Rätsel der Konstantinopeler Revolte”) and also mentions the important fact that the Constantinople troops were discontented at being, under the new *régime*, treated no better than the rest of the army. The Macedonians and Adrianopolitans seem, on the contrary, to have taken kindly to the new discipline since it was accompanied by better treatment.

reached a dangerous pitch, and, contrary to what has been generally reported, the military authorities were quite aware of it. It is doubtful, however, if they took the proper steps to meet the danger. They evidently underestimated it. Instead of condescending to ask the Sheikh-ul-Islâm and the Liberal hodjas to counteract the reactionary agitation of the softas, they ran full tilt against hodjas of all descriptions. General Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the Constantinople garrison, is said to have issued to the troops a General Order forbidding hodjas to enter any military barracks without permission, and forbidding soldiers to associate with hodjas. But this imprudent document raised such an outcry that it was immediately withdrawn. The officers were instructed, however, to neutralize as much as possible, in their communications with the men, the seditious teaching of the mollahs, and some of these officers went beyond their instructions.

“Those fellows in white robes and turbans that you see in the streets, what are they?” asked an officer of his men, a few days before the outbreak. “Are they not hodjas? Well, then, if ever I give you the order you must let these gentry feel the points of your bayonets exactly as if they were mere ordinary mortals.”

On the Saturday previous to the outbreak, the officers called together the troops and ordered them in strong language not to have anything to do with hodjas. “The question of religion,” said these officers, “has no connexion with military duties. The soldiers ought to know only God.”

In the same way, when disaffected hodjas preached reactionary sermons in the mosques, the Government, to the scandal of all True Believers, sent spies into these sacred buildings. On the one hand the military authorities behaved with some of that tactlessness and high-handedness that nearly always characterize the action of sceptical soldiers in dealing with a movement which is, to some extent, religious. And it is possible that (like many of the Young Turk deputies whose carelessness about the ceremonial ablutions and the other observances of their creed gave great offence to pious Moslems) Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha may have been led by his unusually long residence abroad to regard Mohammedan prejudices with contempt and impatience whenever they tended to interfere with military efficiency. On the other



hand, the civil authorities made no preparations to meet the coming storm and when it overtook them they seemed, as we shall see in the next chapter, to fall into a sort of cataleptic trance, just as happened on April 14 in the case of the local authorities in Adana, at a time when a little courageous action on the part of the *Vali* might perhaps have prevented any bloodshed. The same fatal hesitation appeared on April 24 in the case of Abd-ul-Hamid himself. Whether this apathy, hesitation and slackness are the results of climate, race, habit, bad administrative organisation, national decay or the national belief in fatalism, it is impossible to say.\*

\* Of this singular apathy there are so many instances in Turkish history that to give a complete list of them would be practically to rewrite the story of Turkey for several hundred years. I shall give, however, two examples which go a long way towards explaining not only the action of the mutineers on the present occasion but also that of the Grand Vizier and his Cabinet.

In the reign of Achmet III., a fanatic who pretended to be inspired repaired to the market-place in Stamboul with a tattered flag, calling out: "Let all true Mussulmans follow me!" with the result that all the shops were closed and that the Prophet gained fifty followers. These remained all night in the market-place and next day the Grand Vizier, having heard of the matter, came quietly to Constantinople and proceeded to inquire into the affair with such slowness that the rebels grew to two thousand. The report of this affair having spread about, the janissaries, taking advantage of the indolence of the Porte, which was so distressed or so negligent that it could not quell this handful of rebels, seized their arms and joined the Prophet—with the result that the Sultan was dethroned. (See "An Exact and Full Account of the Late Amazing Revolution in Turkey." London, 1730.)

It must be confessed also that the Turkish soldiers have a sort of traditional right, transmitted perhaps through Byzantium from old Roman times, to "reform the Government" and change the Ministry. Thus in "The Dilucidation of the Late Commotions of Turkey" (London, 1689) we read that "the Soldiers having gain'd their Point of placing in the management of publick Affairs Ministers depending on them . . . marched away for *Constantinople* with the firm resolution and most solemn Vow to reform the present Government."

On this occasion Regeb Kaimecam "made shift to give his Prince to understand that the constantly giving way to the temerity of mutinying Subjects was the giving them Liberty and encouraging them to have often recourse to the like disloyal way of proceeding. . . . But such exhortations as these prevail'd little upon the Grand Signior because that fear having possess'd and darkened his understanding, did not suffer him to discern the Clearness of these Reasons."

Later on, the Privy Councillors all met in the Seraglio in order to discuss "the Course they should take to repress the Insolency of the Mutinous Soldiers, but none had the Boldness to speak freely, as not trusting one another, but fearing that having given befitting Council to the Grand Signior,

On the night of the 12th the excitement reached its height in the barrack of the Salonica battalions, who were easily worked up by ex-officers and hodjas to the point of crying out that the land must be freed of those atheists, traitors, enemies of Islâm, who called themselves Young Turks—that, in short, Ahmed Riza and Hilmi Pasha must be overthrown. Towards morning the soldiers rushed on their unsuspecting officers and bound them. The Mutiny had begun.

some Partizan of the Troups would reveal it to the Army, and so they might draw their own Ruin upon their Heads: All knowing, that People arm'd without Law and Authority, give themselves a loose with all manner of Injustice, and Woe be to him that does at that time provoke their anger. Whereupon it was concluded on by the Common Consent, that considering the present posture of Affairs, the Grand Signior had not sufficient power to suppress the Military Arrogancy, and that therefore the most Efficacious Course was Dissimulation."

The result was, of course, bad for every one concerned. The Sultan was deposed and all his councillors lost their lives, while the mutineers began a series of disturbances which lasted for years and only ended, in the next reign, with all of them being exterminated like wild beasts—a course which, if taken at the outset, would have saved the empire thousands of valuable lives and an incalculable loss of prestige.

# BOOK III

## THE MUTINY

### CHAPTER I

#### THE MURDER OF HASSAN FEHMI

**A**FTER the fall of Kiamil Pasha in February 1909, the Turkish and Greek newspapers which supported him attacked the Government and the Committee of Union and Progress with great violence. The *Tanin* and the *Shurāi-Ummet* defended the Committee with equal violence but without conspicuous ability, tact or dignity. The Parliament prepared to pass a Press Law, and, seeing this, the Opposition Press redoubled the violence of its attacks. Personally, however, having just come from Russia where an experience of three years had convinced me that the strength of the language in which an Opposition indulges bears no proportion sometimes to the physical force which it can command for the purpose of overturning the Government, I did not think that there was anything very serious in this wordy warfare, and I repeat that, until the eve of the outbreak, the Young Turk leaders took the same view.

Such, indeed, was the general impression everywhere. Graf Sternberg tells us that on April 12, Rifaat Pasha, the Minister of the Interior, explained, while dining at one of the Embassies, that though the European Press spoke of a feeling of insecurity in Turkey, there had never before been such a feeling of security in Constantinople as at that very moment.

True, there were some ominous indications, but these were explained away or not generally known. For instance, when the Egyptian Prince Azis, who belongs to the Constantinople Corps, dined at the Palace on April 11, the Sultan did not seem to expect anything, but the Prince's



wife received from the imperial harem a warning that something was going to happen and that she should fly from the capital as quickly as possible.

It was not, in fact, until some days after the Mutiny that the Young Turks concluded that the Sultan had been behind the Opposition all the time. Yet early in April there were sundry indications that the campaign against the Committee was not confined to the editorial offices of the *Ikdam*, *Yeni Gazette*, &c. The first of these indications was a public meeting protesting against the proposed Press Law, the second took place when, owing to Hassan Fehmi, the editor of the *Serbesti*, having been mysteriously murdered by night on the Galata bridge,\* a great demonstration of protest—to which I have already referred—was made before the Sublime Porte and the Houses of Parliament.

Considering the supposed callousness of the Turks on the subject of murder, it is very remarkable that a murder figures largely among the causes which led to the Mutiny on April 13, while, as we shall see, another murder, that of the Emir Mohammed Arslan Bey, caused the tide to run in the opposite direction and led the nation to acquiesce in the crushing of the mutineers and the deposition of Abd-ul-Hamid. This is, I repeat, very strange indeed, considering that the whole history of Turkey is little more than a series of brutal murders—by empalement, strangling, drowning, beheading and flaying alive. Out of the thirty-four successors of Othman, only seventeen died a natural death on the throne, and up to modern times it was the rule for every new Sultan to signalize his accession by the massacre of his brothers—Mohammed the Third, a comparatively moderate and tender-hearted man, thus putting to death his nineteen brothers, some of them infants at the breast. Murad the Fourth used to amuse himself after dinner by going out and murdering people in the streets, or by “potting” boatmen or pedestrians who happened to come within range of his Palace, while the summary manner in which Padishaḥs and Pashas used to get rid of the wives and concubines who were unlucky enough to bore them or “to get on their nerves” is too well known to need description.

The first murder was the one I have just referred to, that of the obscure and scurrilous journalist who edited

\* See pp. 23 and 62.

the *Serbesti*. This paper made hosts of enemies by its scurrility, but as it attacked Ahmed Riza with special bitterness, it was generally regarded as an Opposition paper. When, therefore, on the night of April 8, Hassan Fehmi was assassinated, the Ahrar and the Mohammedan League declared with one voice that it was the Committee that had done the deed. Hassan Fehmi was hailed as "the first martyr of liberty" and the Ahrar leaders carefully reminded the public that their own lives were in danger.

Ali Kemal (a spy of the Sultan) declared dramatically to his students in the Mulkié school—a sort of Government University where Ali Kemal seems to have consoled himself for his defeat at the General Election by making political speeches most of the time instead of teaching—that he himself might fall at any moment beneath the assassin's dagger, whereupon the empty-headed but generous-hearted youths to whom he appealed began making demonstrations against the Government.

Three professors belonging to the Committee, Mahmud, Djavid, and Tewfik Riza, thereupon declared that it was impossible for them to work with a man who spent his time stirring up the students instead of teaching them, and finally Ali Kemal had to leave the school. This, however, only made matters worse. For the students, who evidently preferred political harangues to professorial lectures, now threatened a general strike *à la russe* unless Ali were brought back.

Meanwhile Murad Bey, the editor of the *Mizan*, declared with a great show of moderation and judicial impartiality that the Government must, of course, be given time to arrest the murderer, but that if he were not found at the end of a week then the people themselves would take the thing in hand.

The funeral of Hassan Fehmi was made as imposing as possible. In the first place the Sultan's permission to bury the body in the beautiful mausoleum of Sultan Mahmud the Reformer, was easily obtained—for Abd-ul-Hamid was in high glee at the course which events were taking—and this alone marked the burial as extraordinary. Then, thousands of people, hundreds of them ulemas and hodjas, followed the corpse and listened to the frenzied oratory let loose over the grave of a scoundrel whose living hand none

of these maddened orators would have condescended to touch.

Thus it was only after his burial that Hassan Fehmi became really formidable to the Committee which he had hated so much. Disembodied, his spirit seemed to exercise more power over men's minds than when it was in the flesh. On April 7 the Ahrar brought up the subject of this murder in the Chamber, which was then swept by an oratorical tempest such as it had never before experienced. The leaders of the Young Turks now became very uneasy, as is shown by the fact that, on April 12, all the Constantinople newspapers contained a declaration from the Committee to the effect that it had ceased to be a secret association, and had become transformed into an ordinary political party. This step was taken on the advice of Talaat Bey, vice-president of the Chamber, and one of the best of the Committee leaders. But it was then too late.



## CHAPTER II

### TO THE HEART OF THE MUTINY

**W**HILE these events were taking place I was living in the village of Rumeli Hissar on the Bosphorus, and on the morning of April 13, I left my room for the first time after an acute attack of illness in order to walk in the garden. Then a friend and neighbour, Mr. Allan Ramsay, passed on his way to the *scala* or jetty, where he wanted to catch the steamer to town, and I decided that I was strong enough to walk to the *scala* with him to see him off.

On the *scala* I changed my mind and bought a ticket for Stamboul, this alteration in my plans having been brought about by the fact that, while we were waiting for the steamer, an aged Turk who knew my friend, came up to him and, after the usual salutations, said that hell had broken loose in Stamboul, that fighting was going on, and that consequently he would have to go to the city to look after the safety of his property there.

When this information was translated for me I could not have been more astonished than if I had been told that S. Sophia's had disappeared during the night. But the story was confirmed by the ticket-collector, and as my friend gave me to understand that our Turkish informant was trustworthy, I felt that, as a newspaper correspondent, my place that day was in town. I had little time to make up my mind, as the boat had already arrived, but I got on board before it started, and then we—Mr. Ramsay and I—began to interrogate the aged Turk afresh. It was difficult work, for, owing probably to a paralytic stroke, the old gentleman's voice was very indistinct. But there was evidently something in his original statement, judging by the fact that consternation seemed to prevail among the passengers. At the next *scala*, in fact, the latter quietly left the steamer,

which then continued its trip to town, empty and like a thing accursed.

Foremost among the panic-stricken who fled from the steamer were the paralytic Turk, and also the director of the steamship line to which the boat belongs, an elderly, substantial-looking Ottoman, who—clutching firmly a leather bag the small size of which contrasted comically with its owner's bulk—rushed furiously home and, on reaching that secure haven of refuge, instantly dropped dead of heart failure, a disease to which about half a dozen other persons succumbed during the next few days.

Why we all left the steamer it is difficult to explain, but I suppose it was because men sometimes fear vague dangers more than dangers which are well defined. Here, in truth, was a danger of the vaguest possible description, and a steamer that, with the insensibility of an inanimate thing and the heartless accuracy of a machine, proposed, if you please, to carry us straight into it. No wonder, therefore, that, once we fully realized that a catastrophe of some kind lay at our journey's end, we unanimously declined the invitation, most of us to rush back home, some of us (like myself) to collect our thoughts and a little additional information before taking the final plunge.

On the *scala* I could get hardly any additional news, though Mr. Ramsay speaks every dialect of Turkish and Greek, and though there was a constant babble of conversation going on around.

"A military revolt has taken place. The soldiers are fighting among themselves," were phrases which were constantly repeated. We also heard, disjointedly, that "Legislature, Cabinet, Committee of Union and Progress, have all been swept away. The Parliament House and the Sublime Porte are surrounded by troops. Nobody is allowed to enter Stamboul. The soldiers are attacking Pera [the foreign quarter]. They are without officers. Nobody's life is safe."

"Then Abd-ul-Hamid is absolute again," I said, in French. "It's his plot."

But nobody answered me. Thirty-three years of Hamidian tyranny have had the same effect on the character of the Ottoman Turk as over two hundred years of Tokugawa tyranny have had on the character of the once open-hearted and unsuspecting Japanese. It was better to say nothing



just then about the Padishah. Some of his spies might be within earshot. And this strange reticence deepened the sense of mystery.

Among the crowd on the Bebek *scala* was a student from Odessa, who was attending Robert's College, and whom I had met about two years before on board a Russian steamer. He told me that he had been to town but did not land, as a Greek had told him that the soldiers were killing people in the streets. He had seen soldiers crossing the bridge in a disorderly manner in the direction of Stamboul. There were no officers with them.

My polyglot Scottish friend wanted to know if it would be safe for him to travel as far as Beshiktash, the *scala* nearest to Stamboul, and thence go by carriage to his mother's house in Taxim. An old Turk said that it would not be safe. "Your mother will not be molested," he said. "We Turks attack houses last of all, but foreigners passing in the street might easily fall victims."

The only man to strike an optimistic note was a young officer, who said that the Mutiny or whatever it was would be easily suppressed. "In a few hours," he declared, "we can bring twenty thousand men against the mutineers." He did not, however, use such definite words as "Mutiny" and "mutineers," for we had not yet arrived at this stage of clearness in our idea of what the catastrophe was.

A group of Kurdish porters and loungers—the gentry, it will be remembered, who carried out the Armenian massacres for Abd-ul-Hamid thirteen years ago—listened eagerly to this conversation, and when they heard that pillage had begun (it proved to be an unfounded rumour) their eyes shone strangely. They glowered at my companion and myself—the only two "pigs of Unbelievers" who happened to be, at that moment, on the *scala*—with a look of fanatical hate which brought before me again, as in a flash, the black looks I had so often seen, as a boy, in the eyes of Ulster Orangemen on "the Twelfth." Finally they held a consultation by themselves at the far end of the landing-place. When the next boat came in they struck work (such of them, at least, as had work) and went to town in a body (without submitting, I noticed, to the degrading formality of buying tickets), the only other passengers being my friend, several Turkish clerks in Government offices and myself.



The Bosphorus was at its best that bright spring morning, but I was in no frame of mind to pay attention to its beauties, being absorbed in the contemplation of the shore, where I expected to see the smoke of burning Embassies at least. There was no smoke, but the Embassies and Consulates were all flying their flags, a sign of danger, a signal, methought, to Christian Europe—to the fleets outside the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Another sign of danger was the alarmingly small number of people on the Galata bridge, which is invariably thronged in the morning—almost as thronged as the Strand at, say, midday. But the external appearance of the city was little altered. On the steps of the Valideh Mosque (*Yeni Valideh Djamissi*), near the Stamboul end of the outer bridge, was an enormous crowd of fezzed and turbaned natives, perfectly silent and motionless. What they were watching we could not see till we were on the bridge, and then we noticed that across the Stamboul end of it was drawn a line of soldiers, whose bayonets flashed in the sunlight. They had a machine-gun with them but no officer, and in a wooden shed on their left lay the dead body of a captain who had been killed about an hour before while attempting to harangue from a carriage some of the mutineers passing over the bridge, and to persuade them to return to their barracks. A group of men and boys were peering at the corpse through the chinks in the shed. About a fortnight later they were peering with equal curiosity at the bodies of the captain's murderers, dangling from gibbets on the very spot where they had committed the crime.

I afterwards learned with surprise that the troops at the end of the bridge—they could not have numbered more than half a dozen in all—had been stationed there by the military authorities in order to prevent any more mutineers from entering Stamboul. Why they were not more numerous and why there was no officer with them I could not say. When I returned to the bridge, after having had lunch in Pera, they had disappeared, having, I believe, joined the mutineers and brought their machine-gun with them. And it was not surprising that they should do so, for how could one expect a handful of disheartened and officerless soldiers to take on themselves the responsibility of firing on thousands of mutineers in defence of a Government which gave no sign of life and threw up the sponge a few hours later.

This weakness and irresolution on the part of the military authorities impressed me at every step throughout this fatal day, and at the time I quite failed to understand it. The Grand Vizier and the Commander-in-Chief of the First Army Corps have each tried to explain that *he* was not responsible. No doubt there were many mitigating circumstances in their favour, especially in favour of Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, but I have come to the conclusion that to some extent they were both to blame. The Committee of Union and Progress seems to be of the same opinion, for in a proclamation which its central office at Salonica addressed "to all the Ottomans" on the first anniversary of the July Revolution that organisation declares, apropos of the present Cabinet Ministers and with especial reference, I suppose, to Hilmi Pasha, that: "It is the cowardice, indecision and incapacity of these men, who were believed to be able men and who have been in office for a year, that opened in the bosom of the Fatherland those two almost mortal wounds—the Constantinople Mutiny of April 13, and the tragic calamities of Adana." So much for the Committee's opinion of Hilmi Pasha. Of General Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, it has said absolutely nothing; but on August 24 that gentleman left the army and accepted the position of Governor of Smyrna. His case is hard, for he is a man of exceptional resolution and ability, who easily crushed two former movements, one of which took place in the Tashkishla barracks at the end of the year 1908, and the other among the Syrian Zouaves at Yildiz in March 1909. To a great extent he was the victim of his blunder of April 14, when, his house being surrounded by mutineers thirsting for his blood, he committed the fatal mistake of allowing a foreigner, Sir William Whittall, to give him shelter and afterwards to smuggle him in his yacht on board the German ambassador's launch which, in its turn, put him on a German steamer that was sailing next day. Had Mahmud Mukhtar not done this he might possibly have been forgiven by the Committee for his failure to suppress the Mutiny, but then he would have been shot by the mutineers—worse than shot, perhaps, for the mutineers did him the doubtful honour of declaring him to be the only man whom they wished to take alive.

## CHAPTER III

### MAHMUD MUKHTAR'S STORY

**B**UT perhaps I had better let Mahmud Mukhtar tell his story himself. First I might observe, however, that he is a tall, active and powerfully built man of about forty years—more German than Turk in his appearance—with an abrupt, decisive manner and such a limitless capacity for work that when I met him in the War Office he was eating a frugal luncheon which had been carried into his office, and at the same time listening to the reports of the officers who had been engaged in recent manœuvres. He speaks German well, thanks to the fact that he has spent much more time in the German army than Turkish officers generally do. He was considered in Berlin an excellent swordsman, and he distinguished himself at the battle of Larissa. In Germany he had also the reputation of being a fashionable, high-blooded young man, fond of love adventures and exciting escapades. He failed, however, to quell the Mutiny. The man who did quell it was an intensely earnest but very unfashionable elderly person who had, in Germany, the reputation of being a bookworm.

The following story of Mahmud Mukhtar's experiences appeared in the *Yeni Assir* of Salonica a few days after the Mutiny.

“At seven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, April 13, I received from the Minister of War a telegram which had been handed in at the telegraph office at 5 A.M., and which ran as follows: ‘I would advise you to rejoin your post at once.’ Telegrams from the Minister of Police and from Djevad Pasha, commandant of the Second Division of the First Army Corps which immediately followed this despatch, informed me that the fourth battalion of Chasseurs, accompanied by two detachments of infantry, had mutinied, had crossed the Galata bridge early in the morning without officers, and



were assembled in S. Sophia's Square in front of the Parliament House.

"I at once left by the ferry-boat leaving Kadi-Keuy [a village built on the site of the ancient Chalcedon] at 7.30 A.M.\* and on reaching the Galata bridge I went directly to the guard-house of Azizieh [which is situated close to the Galata bridge], summoned the officer on duty and the commandant of the regiment and recommended them to keep a close watch over the discipline of their troops. At the same time I gave orders that a detachment of machine-guns and a battery of cannon should proceed to the Seraskierat [I should explain that this Seraskierat or Ministry of War, as it is called in English, is situated on the summit of the most central of Stamboul's seven hills, about half a mile from S. Sophia's, and is surrounded by barracks, walls and railings, which render it easy to defend], passing the Golden Horn by the Old Bridge [the bridge which bears the name of Oun Capany]. Then I took a carriage, crossed the bridge and arrived, towards 8.30, at the Ministry of War. On the way I encountered Yaver Pasha, commander of the First Division of the First Army Corps, and took him along with me. On my arrival at the Ministry the first and third battalions of *Pompriers*, whose barracks are situated close to the Ministry, were gathered on the parade-ground and part of them were occupied in drill. After having sent for my *aides-de-camp* and my *sergents de suite* and done some preliminary work while at the same time letting the Minister of War know of my arrival, I called out the troops, among whom I had remarked a certain want of *entrain* and I harangued them for a considerable time. I spoke to them of the Mutiny and of the ridiculous causes which had led to it. I thus tried to raise their *morale* by rousing their enthusiasm and appealing to their feelings as soldiers.

"At this moment I received from the Minister of War a letter informing me of the state of mind which prevailed among the soldiers and asking me to meet him, as soon as possible, at the Sublime Porte. He also informed me that he had already ordered the division commanders to occupy their troops with drill and to prevent them from leaving their barracks.

\* Mahmud Mukhtar lives in Moda, near Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus,

“I replied to him saying that I could rely upon the troops, that I was awaiting the arrival of the cavalry, artillery and machine-guns, and that it would be necessary to take the offensive when they arrived. I added that meanwhile my presence with the troops was indispensable, that if I accepted his proposal to join him at the Sublime Porte we would run the risk of being all surrounded there by the mutineers, that therefore it would not be advisable to do as he suggested and that the best step for him and all the other Ministers to take under the circumstances would be to come at once to the Ministry of War.

“Meanwhile Bayazid Square had become literally filled by a mob [of civilians and of mutineers from S. Sophia’s] which had begun to press against the gates and railings. A certain number of the mutineers had even succeeded in getting on to the parade-ground, where they had already won over some of our troops in the name of the Sheriat.

“In order to put a stop to this propaganda, I proceeded personally to the troops in the front line and ordered them to open fire, but they hesitated and, when finally they did fire, nobody was injured [because they had all fired in the air, intentionally]. Seeing that the sentinels posted at the gates and railings were being worked upon by mutineers outside and by reactionaries in false turbans [*i.e.*, wearing false turbans to make them look like imams], I addressed myself both to my troops and to the crowd outside and spared no effort to stop this fatal propaganda.

“Shortly after this, the 2nd battalion of the 1st Regiment, whose barracks are at Fatih [in the west end of Stamboul] forced for themselves with fixed bayonets a passage through the crowd and entered the square by the Bayazid gate with an effective of four hundred men. This was the battalion which I had sent for as soon as I had arrived at the Ministry.

“In the meantime the reports and telegrams which arrived in succession informed me that the 2nd battalion of Chasseurs stationed at Gulhaneh [to the south-east of and quite close to S. Sophia’s Square] was on the point of joining the mutineers, that the commandant of the Tashkishla barracks (at Taxim, in Pera), having learned that a large crowd composed of soldiers and of civilians was evidently on its way to his barracks to persuade the soldiers to join the Mutiny, awaited instructions as to what he should do,



and that finally the 2nd battalion of the 5th Regiment had left Zindjirli Kouyou [to the north of Shishli in the suburbs of Pera, inland] for Stamboul.

"A large crowd composed of civilians employed at the Ministry, military bandsmen and such-like, all unarmed, had also formed by this time on the parade-ground of the Ministry of War, and I noticed that they inclined to the side of the mutineers and that their presence and general conduct were, on the whole, calculated to demoralise our troops. Izzet Pasha, chief of the General Staff, was at this time in the Minister's Cabinet and had succeeded in establishing telephonic communication with the Council of Ministers, which had informed him that the Sheikh-ul-Islâm was *en route* to the Ministry of War in order to calm the mob and the soldiers that had mutinied under the pretext of wanting the Sheriat. Telephonic messages from the Ministry of Police informed me that the battalion of Chasseurs was marching towards the Ministry of War and that the battalions of the 8th Regiment had also mutinied.

"At the same time the *aide-de-camp* of the commandant of the Tashkishla barracks had come to inform me that the commandant had no longer any control over his men and that the officers of the 4th battalion having been arrested by a score of soldiers, the said commandant awaited instructions as to what he should do.

"All my time was taken up in giving instructions and orders right and left and in doing my utmost to dissuade my troops from joining the mutineers and, despite the stratagems and the continual menaces of the insurgents, to prevent the entry of the crowd that wanted to climb over the railings, now giving way under the pressure from without. As a last measure before firing I caused a fire-hose to be brought and, by directing a stream of water on the crowd, succeeded in driving it back a little.

"Towards midday a battery of cannon entered by the gate situated on the Vefa side [to the west] and a detachment of Maxims came from Pera. I stationed these new forces before the Bayazid gate, facing the crowd. A short time after, the 1st brigade of cavalry, which I had asked for by telegraph, also arrived and a charge which they made, starting from the direction of the Ministry of Finance [which is in proximity to Bayazid Square], completely cleared that



Square of the mutineers and of the mob, who all ran away. A little later I also brought to my assistance the 5th brigade of cavalry.

“At this moment Izzet Pasha, who had remained all the time at the telephone, sent a note to inform me that the Sheikh-ul-Islâm had entered the Ministry by the Suleimanieh gate, with the object of calming the insurgents by his exhortations, and also that the battalions of Chasseurs were marching on the Ministry of War. A Religious whom I had, at his own suggestion, sent to seek the Fetva Emini [the Pronouncer of religious decrees], also returned to tell me that the Fetva Emini was on the point of coming. A delegation of ulemas came at the instance of the Sheikh-ul-Islâm and advanced in the direction of Parmak Kapou, declaring that they would quiet the crowd without any shedding of blood and without giving any occasion for military intervention.

“These facts did not fail, naturally, to depress the *morale* of my troops, among whom I had begun to remark a manifest tendency to abstain from active intervention. However, I marched into Bayazid Square the 1st battalion of Chasseurs, in whom I had most confidence, and made them occupy the entrances of the streets debouching on that square.

“With the object of acquiring some information I also sent out reconnaissance parties in different directions. One of these parties, which advanced towards Divan Yolou [a street leading to the Parliament House] under the command of a Greek officer, Spathari Effendi, captain of the 4th detachment of the 1st regiment of Hussars, encountered, near Tcharchi Kapoussi [to the east of Bayazid Square] a detached party of the insurgent battalions of Chasseurs. Spathari Effendi, having called upon the mutineers to obey and submit to discipline, was killed by one of them, whereupon the reconnaissance party which he commanded fled precipitately. Meanwhile I had declared emphatically to the Minister of Finance, whom I had encountered while he was crossing Bayazid Square on his way to the Sublime Porte, that I could easily crush the revolt and that, to do so, I only waited till the Council of Ministers would give me full powers.

“It is certain that the half-hour or so which was lost at this time was very precious, inasmuch as the Government, had it acted firmly in the interval, could have remained

master of the situation, perhaps even without the least shedding of blood. But, as a result of the loss of the critical moments which had just passed, of the material and moral fatigue which I commenced to feel, of the signs of indecision, sadness and despondency which I began to remark on every face, and above all on account of the continual recommendations and orders of the Council of Ministers categorically forbidding me to do anything that would lead to the shedding of blood, I could not assume the responsibility of taking action without orders.

“A little later, *i.e.*, towards half-past twelve, I learned that the 3rd battalion of the 5th Regiment and the 2nd battalion of the 7th Regiment had left Zindjirli Kouyou for Stamboul and that troops continued to traverse the bridge without ceasing [in order to join the mutineers in Stamboul]. In order to prevent this, I had sent to the Galata bridge a detachment of infantry and a company of mitrailleuses under the orders of Commandant Chukry Bey, and forces of equal strength to the Oun Capany bridge under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Mouhiyeddin Bey, but later on the latter forces joined the mutineers. I had also telephoned to the Council of Ministers and to the President of the Chamber to open the bridges [so as to prevent communication between the two sides of the Golden Horn and thus make it impossible for any more of the troops on the Pera side to join the main body of the mutineers in Stamboul] and to decide without loss of time on ordering the offensive to be taken. In reply I was told that the President of the Council, the President of the Chamber and the Minister of War had just resigned and that as these resignations would settle the whole difficulty, I would on no account be permitted to use force. A little later we learned that the Grand Vizier and the Minister of War [Riza Pasha] had gone to the Palace in order to hand in their resignations. The Sublime Porte and the Chamber still continued incessantly to recommend me not to lead out my troops and to assure me that the Sheikh-ul-Islâm and the Fetva Emini would give efficacious counsels to the insurgents.

“I telephoned to certain members of the Chamber, among others to Ahmed Riza Bey, that the consequences of this lack of energy would be very dangerous. I also assured Rifaat Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, that, by employ-



ing force, I could, in a short time, crush this movement. Meanwhile, the Sublime Porte and the Chamber had consulted Izzet Pasha, the chief of the General Staff, asking him if the troops could be relied upon. As Izzet Pasha was not personally in contact with the soldiers, he answered that he could not express an opinion on that subject. For this reason our interlocutors remained undecided and told us that, in any case, it would be necessary to await the return from Yildiz of the Grand Vizier and the Minister of War.

“Towards 4.30 P.M. I received a telegram from the Grand Vizier and the Minister of War, who repeated the emphatic orders which the Council of Ministers had already given me to the effect that I must on no account use force and who commanded me to await the results of the deliberations of a delegation of deputies which the Sheikh-ul-Islâm had accompanied to the Palace. I answered that, though in my opinion the use of force was still indispensable, I would in accordance with their orders remain absolutely passive.

“A telegram from the commandant of the 2nd Division informed me at the same time that the 3rd battalion of Chasseurs had placed themselves at our disposal. [The battalions of Chasseurs referred to in this article are those which had been brought, several months before, from the Third Army Corps in order to prevent all anti-constitutional machinations at Yildiz.]

“During the conversations which I carried on over the telephone with the Sublime Porte and the Chamber, I had been ordered to receive the mutineers kindly if ever they came to the Ministry of War. To this I had replied categorically that the very utmost I could do would be to refrain from marching against them, but that, if they came to the Ministry, I could only receive them in one way, that is, with rifle bullets, and that I had not countermanded the orders on this subject which I had already given to my troops.

“And, in fact, an attack made towards 3.30 P.M. from the side of Bayazid Square by the Chasseurs had been repulsed by a volley fired in the air by the 1st battalion of Rifles. Owing to the reiterated orders which were sent to me, towards 3 P.M., I recalled the detachments that I had sent to occupy the bridges. Besides, I had become anxious as to the fate of these detachments which, separated for a long time from the



bulk of our forces, might easily join the mutineers with their machine-guns.

“ Meantime I had remarked that the infantry detachment posted near the Merdjan gate, in the enclosure of the Ministry of War, showed signs of wishing to approach the gate in order to join the mutineers and that this tendency had communicated itself to the 1st squadron of cavalry posted in the vicinity. As the officers and commandants of these troops commenced to slip away I immediately went among these soldiers myself and, after having made them form a circle round me, I harangued them in such a way that they were reduced to obedience. The Commandant of Division informed me, however, that nearly all the cavalry inclined to the side of the mutineers and asked to be sent back to their barracks.

“ Having entered the private room of the Minister of War in order to rest for a moment, I found there Izzet Pasha, chief of the General Staff, Yaver Pasha, commandant of the 1st Division, Ismaïl Pasha, commander of the cavalry, Saïd Pasha, General of Brigade, Mahmud Pasha, member of the General Staff, Hafiz Zuhdi Bey, commandant of the General Staff, and Captain Mukhtar Bey and Lieutenant Kemal Bey, my *aides-de-camp* and officers of the General Staff. Having learned from these officers that the soldiers murmured, saying that they were no longer being commanded to do anything and that they would like to go home, I at once descended again to the parade-ground and walked through the lines. Previous to this I had had bread and water distributed to the troops. Towards 6.30 I saw that I could not keep the cavalry any longer, but I took the precaution of sending them back in small detachments to their barracks.

“ At the same time Izzet Pasha, chief of the General Staff, telephoned to the Chamber that they ought to at once nominate a new Minister of War. A little later Izzet Pasha was asked by telephone, I don't know by whom, if he would accept temporarily the portfolio of Minister of War. He communicated this offer to the officers present and declared that he would not accept it unless his *confrères* were all of opinion that he should do so. The Pashas present having all advised him to accept the offer, he finally did so. Almost at the same time we were informed by telephone that an imperial *iradé* proclaiming a general amnesty had been issued, that the new Cabinet was on the point of being

constituted, and that we should consequently consider the troubles at an end and send back the troops to their barracks. By order of the Sovereign we were to transmit to the troops the august salutations of the Sultan and at the same time the assurance that henceforth the Sheriat would be preponderant in the Government of the State.

“ Izzet Pasha at the same time informed us that, according to a telephonic message sent from the Chamber of Deputies through Ismail Kemal Bey [the member for Avlonia and a prominent Ahrar leader], it was ordered that the troops in the Ministry of War should be conducted to Sultan Ahmed Square [to the south-west of S. Sophia's Square], where they should make friends with the mutineers, who would present arms to them and whom they would salute in turn.

“ Evidently an army ought not and cannot have two supreme commanders. Moreover, my reason and my conscience forbade me to transmit and to carry out the Imperial order referred to and, above all, the communication of Ismail Kemal Bey. As, moreover, the First Army Corps no longer possessed any value whatever from a military point of view, I immediately resigned and at 7.30 P.M. left the Ministry.

“ This Mutiny might have long been foreseen. To ascertain the secret object of the League constituted under the name of the Mohammedan Association, it was only necessary to know the past history of the men who directed it. It could have been seen for some time before that this League was doing its utmost to annul the influence and the prestige of the officers with the soldiers, by exploiting the religious sentiments of the latter. Against this fatal propaganda I had already given the necessary instructions to the officers and to the imams [or military chaplains], so that the soldiers should be preserved from these insidious temptations and placed in a position to judge of their value. But these events indicate that the educated officers whom I had gradually introduced into the cadres in place of the ‘ ranker ’ officers, did not, unfortunately, make any effort to study the psychology of the soldier and to make themselves appreciated and loved by him and that, moreover, they had been unable to understand the exact degree of importance to attach to external intrigues which injured the *morale* of the men. [Mahmud Mukhtar afterwards denied that he made this statement].

“ The reactionaries, a crowd of egoists who were ready



to sacrifice the most sacred interests of the country to their personal resentments and hates, had united themselves to the intriguers of the Mohammedan Society and had found means to provoke this mutiny, on the one hand, by corrupting certain troops with money and, on the other hand, by calumniating the chiefs and the officers of the army even to declaring them renegades and perjurers.

“The officers who, to the number of nearly fourteen hundred had, on account of their incapacity, been put *hors cadre* since the commencement of the new *régime*, and who still remained in the capital and were for the most part reactionaries, served marvellously well as instruments in the hands of the men who organized this mutiny.

“A movement provoked by intrigues and personal hates should not of course inspire much fear in a Government which is strong and far-sighted. But the Council of Ministers, composed for the most part of poltroons incapable of displaying, in moments of crisis, the energy necessary to accomplish their duty, permitted this agitation to spread enormously and to acquire a great importance when it could easily have been destroyed in the germ.

“If the Minister of War, who had learned at a very early hour of the mutiny of part of the Tashkishla garrison, had at once concentrated on the parade-ground of the Ministry a strong force of infantry, cavalry and artillery; and if, without losing time or immediately after the arrival of the commandant of the First Army Corps, he had taken the military precautions indispensable in such a case, it would have been very easy for him, before the mob had gathered, to surround the mutineers who had assembled in front of the Parliament House. If, on the other hand, the Council of Ministers had not been almost paralysed and incapable of acting according to the circumstances of the case, it would have met in the Ministry of War instead of sitting at the Sublime Porte. In the Ministry of War and protected by loyal troops, it would have been able to examine the situation with a tranquil mind and to calmly take the necessary decisions.

“And in this case the first decision to be taken by the Council of Ministers was of course immediately to proclaim a state of siege and give full powers to the commander-in-chief of the army. The adoption of any other line of conduct whatever was obviously an error.”



## CHAPTER IV

### THE GRAND VIZIER'S VIEW

**A**LTHOUGH Mahmud Mukhtar's statement is an *ex-parte* statement, one cannot but agree with him that strong measures taken very early in the day might have saved the situation. This is all the more probable inasmuch as all the soldiers did not mutiny simultaneously. At nine o'clock in the morning there were only about a thousand mutineers in S. Sophia's Square and the rest of the garrison had not yet made up its mind as to which side it would join. Even as late as 4 P.M., when I visited S. Sophia's Square myself, I found the mob of seven or eight thousand soldiers, which had by that time collected in front of the Parliament House, in such a state of unpreparedness to resist an attack that, on a false alarm being given that the Seraskierat troops were advancing on the other side of the Square, they were thrown into even worse confusion than they had been in before. Many of them rushed hastily into the courtyard of S. Sophia's, evidently with the object of making themselves scarce in case fighting began.

This fact impressed me strongly at the time with the conviction that this mob might possibly have been brought to reason even then, if any body of soldiers could have been persuaded, at that late hour, to use artillery against them. But it is possible that, even in case they cleared S. Sophia's Square, the Constitutionalists might not have been strong enough to crush all the roving bands of mutineers and reactionary civilians in the narrow streets of Stamboul and in the outlying parts of the city, until the latter had committed such atrocities as would force the Powers to send their fleets into the Marmora and to invite the Bulgarians to march on Constantinople.

This view of the matter is shared (naturally enough) by the Grand Vizier, Hilmi Pasha, with whom I spoke on this subject on June 11.

“On the morning of April 13,” said he, “I saw that practically the whole garrison of Constantinople was untrustworthy. I had also to consider the fact that, since July last, some thirty or forty thousand bad characters had drifted into the capital or been released from the local prisons, and were only awaiting the first opportunity to massacre and loot. If, under these circumstances, I had permitted the shooting down of hundreds of mutineers in S. Sophia’s Square, the probabilities are that, instead of restoring order, this blood-letting would have produced chaos. There would have been frightful disorder in every street in the city, and not only would it have been an absolute impossibility for the small body of troops (two or three thousand men at most) at the disposal of the Government, to keep order throughout Stamboul, Pera, Galata, Scutari and the suburbs—which latter are, as you know, thickly inhabited by foreigners—as well as to guard the Parliament, the deputies, the Ministers, the Embassies, the foreign residents, the arsenals, the powder-magazines, &c., but it would have been impossible to keep that small body of troops loyal, especially if it were shown to them that Abd-ul-Hamid was on the side of the mutineers.

“It is true that the Government would soon have got reinforcements from Macedonia, but it is doubtful if these reinforcements would have come before dreadful things had happened in the capital and foreign troops had been landed. On the whole, I thought that the best thing I could do would be to give way, and to wait till a Constitutionalist General, at the head of a powerful Constitutionalist army, came to deal with the mutineers. And the event justified my expectations.”

I did not ask Hilmi Pasha why he had neglected to take precautionary measures. Had I done so, and had he been quite frank, he might have advised me to address that question not to him but to the Committee of Union and Progress, for possibly the curious advisory and controlling rôle which the Committee played at this time *vis-à-vis* of the Cabinet may have weakened the habit of initiative and responsibility in the latter, and tended to make the Grand Vizier place too much dependence on his unknown and apparently omniscient masters.

In the present instance each party—the Government and the power behind the Government—probably relied on



the other to take the necessary measures of precaution, with the result, usual in such cases, that neither of them did anything. I do not say this by way of reproach to the Committee, for, by deciding to be an *imperium in imperio* so long as Abd-ul-Hamid remained on the throne, it probably injured the country less, on the whole, than if, after the meeting of Parliament, it had ceased to be a secret association exercising a powerful influence on the Cabinet. There is always the unfortunate fact that whatever policy the Young Turks adopt in their efforts to regenerate their native land they are bound to encounter almost insuperable obstacles.

One of their greatest difficulties, by-the-by, will be to find a Grand Vizier who is neither too strong nor too weak. Kiamil Pasha was too strong and selfish, so that the Committee overthrew him. Hilmi Pasha has gone to the opposite extreme and, for this reason, the Committee wants to overthrow him also.

“Since February 13, when he came into power,” says one of the leading Committee organs, “the principal, the only, the unique care of Hilmi Pasha has been to abstain from all initiative. He has voluntarily renounced the prerogatives of the executive power, to shift all responsibility on to the shoulders of the Chamber which is already only too willing to get all power into its own hands and to play the *rôle* of a Convention.”

To return, however, to the subject of Hilmi's neglect of precautions on April 13, the Grand Vizier has admitted that he had plenty of warnings about what was coming. Even the leaders of the Opposition gave him hints, and, according to his own statement, he convoked, on April 10, a meeting of “very high personages,” to whom he made known the fear which the popular effervescence caused him, and whom he asked if he could count on the army. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he looked forward without anxiety to any disturbances that might arise, but when on April 13 he learned that the Chasseurs of Salonica had turned reactionary, “he saw clearly that any attempt at resistance would have been madness.”

On the whole, however, and especially when we take into consideration the reputation which Hilmi enjoyed in Macedonia for skill in playing off one party against another, in giving satisfaction to Abd-ul-Hamid while not at the same



time displeasing the European agents, we must admit that he was most probably the worst Grand Vizier that Turkey could possibly have had at such a moment.\*

\* The whole Cabinet, however, was unequal to the situation on April 13. Interviewed the day after the Mutiny in the Pera Palace Hotel, Rifaat Pasha, the ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, betrayed pitiable confusion and ignorance. "I know nothing," he said. "Foreigners come to get explanations, but they are in a better position to judge of the situation than I am. . . . Foreign ambassadors have come to us, but what information can we give them? We are ignorant of everything. We understand nothing of the events which are at present taking place. . . . We have not the least comprehension of these events. I cannot say that the Cabinet has been careless. In my opinion this movement burst like a bomb. My colleagues think so also"—and much more to the same effect.

## CHAPTER V

### IN S. SOPHIA'S SQUARE

WITH regard to my personal experiences in Stamboul on this occasion, I must say that the Turks were invariably very kind to me. The nearer I approached the Sublime Porte and S. Sophia's Square the more earnestly was I entreated not to go farther. Now it is a benign, white-bearded *imam*, who reproachfully says to me: "Thou art young. Why dost thou wish to die?" Then it is a gendarme, or a picturesque and ragged pedlar, whose interest in politics does not prevent him apparently from attending to the sale of his lemonade or his "khalva," or his "Turkish delight." They could not have been more solicitous if they had been near relatives, deeply interested in my personal safety.

There was no risk, so long as I behaved with ordinary prudence. But (especially when mentioned in connexion with a mutiny) the very names Byzantium and Stamboul might well shake stronger nerves than mine, for in no city in the world have street fighting and popular tumults been accompanied \* by such indescribable horrors as in the ancient capital on the Golden Horn. Byzantium's record in this connexion is not only to be found, shrouded happily in the decent obscurity of dead languages, in certain descriptions left us by Pope Innocent the Third and by Phranzes as well as in the neglected pages of the historians who describe the periodical revolts of the janissaries; it is also written indelibly on the minds of the thousands who personally witnessed the Armenian massacres thirteen years ago when, in the short space of three days, five thousand Christians were murdered in these very streets. Paris, it is true, saw a Queen led forth to public execution, but Stamboul—where

\* Not invariably, for on many occasions Stamboul revolutions have been extraordinarily bloodless.

it is a crime for a woman to unveil her face—saw a Queen dragged stark naked from the Seraglio and bowstrung in the public street. Paris saw great incendiary fires but never, as Constantinople did about a hundred years ago, a fire in which, while the city was abandoned to carnage and to the shells of a man-of-war in the harbour, women, children and old people were for four days allowed to perish without a hand being raised to help them.

It was accordingly with the air of an unarmed man traversing the haunts of a ferocious wild beast that I cautiously made my way on this occasion towards the fanatical heart of Old Stamboul. The crowds were, to an almost painful extent, mild and soft-mannered and, in fact, I have seen more "trouble" at a single contested election in Ireland than I saw in Turkey during the Revolution of July and the six months following. Like all Orientals, near and far, the Turk does not know how to "create a disturbance" or to be "disorderly" in the mere police-court meaning of these words. He either sits still with his legs tucked up comfortably underneath him, smoking a *chibouk* and drinking coffee at rare intervals out of a microscopic blue cup with a copper stand, or else he commits atrocities that make humanity shudder. There is no midway course for him.

Some of my readers may, perhaps, feel inclined to ask what the police were doing? In answer, I must admit that there were some policemen here and there, but they invariably looked another way whenever a murder was being committed in their vicinity. On the whole, however, there existed no authority for the maintenance of order. Many police-stations were deserted, so that I could, if I had felt inclined, have stolen everything portable which they contained. Late in the evening, it is true, small patrols circulated in Pera, but as they belonged to the rebellious Salonica soldiers, they inspired more terror than security among the foreign population of that quarter.

And in any case, Turkish policemen are no consolation to the innocent in times of civil strife, for, according to an old Osmanli law, "if any one is apprehended on the spot where a disturbance takes place, he is instantly despatched"—the object being "to terrify the guilty even by shedding the blood of the innocent."

What proved most unnerving to me, however, was the



terrible uncertainty as to what was behind all this movement, and what was going to happen from it. The personal risk to be apprehended from this mysterious upheaval bore the same relation to a definite and explicable danger, such as one is prepared for in war, as the apparition of a malevolent spirit bears to the attack of a footpad. The event proved, however, that, thanks principally to the sobriety of the Moslem soldier, the whole movement was carried through with fewer horrors and with far more self-restraint on the part of the soldiers than the taking of Tientsin by the Christian allies in 1900.

The shops were nearly all closed and the windows shuttered. In some shops the sliding-doors of corrugated iron had been pulled half-way down, and, through the opening thus left, the shopkeeper—one of whose hands grasped the door above his head so as to be able to draw it down instantly on the slightest alarm—peered out at the compact masses of excited men rushing past, with the terror-stricken yet curious eye of a rabbit watching, from the entrance of its burrow, a pack of ravening hounds.

Many of the houses were barricaded and in the streets there was no sign of traffic, no carts, carriages or trams, no *hamáls* (porters) carrying loads of merchandise; only, at rare intervals, tumultuous knots of soldiers hurrying towards Hagia Sophia and drifting crowds of excited, seedy-looking civilians and boys. The almost entire absence of respectably dressed citizens and of women and children made a vaguely uncomfortable impression. During the patriotic rejoicings of the preceding eight months I had seen in the street hundreds of unveiled female faces, but now the bright sun of freedom had ceased to shine, the black tempest of Moslem fanaticism raged once more, and the women of Islâm had again concealed their faces behind the thick *sharshaf* or retired with their slaves to the innermost recesses of the harem.

At the opening of Parliament I had seen unveiled Moslem women on the flat roofs of the houses and even on the buttresses of S. Sophia's, but now I looked in vain at the mysterious latticed windows of the harems for the glimpse of a white face or the flash of a green flowing garment.

But, hush! a rumble of carriage wheels! The unaccustomed sound fills everybody with curiosity. But the vehicle only contains the Emir Mohammed Arslan, the young

deputy for Lattakia (Syria), whose nonchalant attitude and easy senatorial smile shows that he has no presentiment of the awful fate that will overtake him in less than ten minutes.

I found the Sublime Porte so crowded that it resembled a railway-station. Its waiting-rooms and its spacious porticoes were filled with people. Amongst them was a group of extremely well-groomed dragomans from the Embassies, who conversed joyously but discreetly in impeccable French, offered one another cigarettes with charming and delicate gestures, and even condescended, in the joy of their hearts, to talk rationally and unaffectedly with the newspaper correspondents, thereby admitting their kinship with the latter, for whom this day's outbreak also meant work, danger, and a chance of distinguishing themselves.

In the hall contiguous to the Grand Vizerat sat a group of Turks whose sombre silence was in striking contrast to the flippant animation of the foreigners. Among them was Ahmed Riza Bey, president of the Parliament and chairman of the Committee of Union and Progress. Also, biting his finger-nails, the secretary of the Grand Vizier, as well as the Minister of the *Evkaf* and the Minister of Police (whose own department, close by, was deserted, save for three melancholy gendarmes who dozed on stools at the door). The other departments of the Sublime Porte were closed.

Ahmed Riza waited till 2 P.M., and having then learned that the Cabinet would resign, he wrote out his own resignation. An Edmund Burke would, under similar circumstances, have written something that would never die; but, unfortunately, Ahmed Riza's letter to the Chamber is distinguished by the pettiness which has, I regret to say, characterized this patriot since his return to Turkey.\* "Up to the present," he writes, "I have sacrificed my life for my country. In presence of the movement directed against me, and in the interests of the Fatherland, I now hand in my resignation as president of the Chamber of Deputies."

Thus he speaks of a movement directed against him

\* All the people who have had relations with Ahmed Riza since July 1908—Committee leaders, deputies, foreign diplomatists, visitors of all nationalities, journalists, &c.—agree in disliking him. The only exception that I know of was a French lady who came to Constantinople as Ahmed Riza's guest. Dr. Paul Farkas says: "*Seine hoheitsvollen Mienen, seine angeblich eingelernten Posen, seine kurzen Antworten und besonders die autokratische Art seines Präsidierens machten ihm zahlreiche Feinde*" (p. 51).



personally, as if even he were of supreme importance in this great military conspiracy against the whole Liberal idea.

Almost a hundred yards in front of the Sublime Porte, at the corner of a narrow street running down to Hagia Sophia, there was a group of Turks to which I hastened to attach myself. But before I could reach it several shots rang out—they were, most probably, the shots that brought down poor Arslan Bey—whereupon the crowd came rushing like a torrent in my direction. In another moment I was caught up by it, whirled round and round and then carried by a sudden side-eddy into the office of the Turkish newspaper *Servet-i-Funun*, just as the door of that establishment closed behind me with a bang like a pistol-shot, leaving the rest of the human eddy to swirl down the street, after beating violently, but in vain, for a couple of moments against the ponderous portals. This was my first experience of these wild-eyed panics, whereof I was destined to see a good deal in the streets of Constantinople during the next fortnight.

On issuing from my hiding-place I found that the crowd was again gathering in its former position, so that I went and joined it. At the same moment a wild-looking gang of mutineers came along, and a policeman, who perspired with fear in the middle of the road, solemnly saluted them and directed them with trembling forefinger towards S. Sophia's Square, with the whereabouts of which they did not seem to be well acquainted. That salute was significant. It showed that the private soldier was the ruler of Constantinople. The Grand Vizier passed unnoticed in his carriage. The leader of the Great Committee was at that very moment sneaking out of the Sublime Porte by a side door, in order to avoid the attentions of two mutineers who stood patiently waiting for him with loaded rifles at the front entrance. The chiefs of the army were getting rid of their uniforms with as much alacrity as if they were condemned murderers who had escaped in prison garb from Dartmoor. Even the reactionary officers (as has been proved at the Courts-martial which were afterwards held) dressed, by way of precaution, in the uniform of privates. But all eyes were fixed, in fear and trembling, on the man with the rifle in his hand. And, though later information enabled me to see that the private soldier was not acting on his own initiative to such an extent as I had at first imagined, the difficulty of finding the leaders



of the movement and of tracing its preliminary stages makes this Mutiny bear a remarkable resemblance to that unique *coup d'état*, the Young Turk Revolution of July 1908. In both cases, too, as also in the case of the subsequent Macedonian march which this Mutiny provoked, the climax came with a swiftness which we do not ordinarily associate with the phlegmatic East. And in all three cases we had the same extraordinary peacefulness and disinclination to shed blood—features which usually characterize a Turkish revolt.

During the remainder of this day I met scores of such groups of mutineers, some groups composed of a few dozen men, some composed of thousands, but all pouring into S. Sophia's Square, as innumerable rivulets pour into a mountain lake. The small groups came from nine o'clock in the morning till two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and the men that composed them were very excited. The larger groups came late in the afternoon and marched very much as if they were on parade, this difference of demeanour being due, of course, to the fact that, being rebels, the men who came early ran the risk of sudden death while those who came later knew that, thanks to the Sultan's *iradé*, they had nothing to fear.

As might have been expected, the appearance of the men composing the first-mentioned groups was not exactly that of gentlemen quietly sauntering to a fashionable afternoon tea. The perspiration made channels down their dusty faces, and they ran at full speed, looking occasionally behind them and to the right and left, with the air of men who are being pursued for a murder. From the ugly look in their bloodshot eyes—a look that still haunts me in nightmares—and from the way in which they gripped their rifles, I should have said that they were ready to shoot or stab at a moment's notice, so that though, in time of war, I have photographed soldiers in the actual firing-line, I certainly should not have cared to photograph those Turks or to excite their suspicions in any way. That I was not over-cautious in this matter was shown by the fate which overtook Nazim Pasha,\* the Minister of Justice, in the Parliament House itself, when he hesitated for a second to hand

\* The Minister of Justice may, however, have been deliberately killed as a protest against the murder of the *Serbati* editor and the failure of the authorities to bring the assassins to justice.

over his revolver to a private soldier who demanded it, and by several other murders which took place that day.

In the whole scene there was something of the sublime, but in the East you often find the sublime and the ludicrous cheek by jowl. So it was, at all events, in the present instance, for as one of the most dilapidated and desperate-looking gangs of mutineers rushed over the Galata bridge, the effect of their terrible aspect was so entirely counteracted by the appearance of several small, half-naked street-arabs, nimbly turning "cart-wheels" in front of them all the way across the bridge, that a universal roar of laughter arose from the onlookers and even from the mutineers themselves.

Between three and four o'clock I succeeded in reaching the heart of the Mutiny at S. Sophia's Square, in company with Mr. Frederick Moore (who was severely wounded on April 24), and in the rear of a detachment of mutineers, several thousand strong. The sentries prevented us from entering the Square directly, but we went into the courtyard of the mosque and thence found our way into the Square itself, which was at that time filled with seven or eight thousand soldiers, all crying "Death to the Committee!" "Death to Ahmed Riza!" "Death to Hussein Djahid!"

In order to have a good view of what was happening I climbed a tree and from a branch, which I shared with two pigeons, I watched the strange scene below and listened to the infernal uproar, to the shouting, firing, beating of drums and blowing of trumpets. I noticed that the cries for the Sheriat and the Padishah were becoming louder and louder, and hence concluded that despite the occasional cheers for the Constitution the movement was distinctly reactionary. And, as a matter of fact, the setting sun that day found Abd-ul-Hamid absolute again, as absolute as he had ever been, despite the nominal Constitution that still remained.

The great bulk of the mutineers were of course private soldiers, but there were also many hodjas and a few lay civilians. The records of the Courts-martial held afterwards now show who these civilians and who the leaders of the soldiers were. Among those condemned to long terms of imprisonment for taking part in this revolt were Atif Bey, "ex-sub-director of the Archives in the military school"; Ihsan Bey, ex-chief of the Secretariat in the Council



"THE GLORY OF THAT RIDE OVER CLASSIC GROUND I SHALL NOT SOON FORGET



THE MACEDONIAN VANGUARD REACHES THE HEIGHTS OVERLOOKING CONSTANTINOPLE





of the Minister of Public Instruction; Colonel Mehmed Bey and Major Hadji Hussein Effendi, who, though retired, had taken command of a detachment marching towards S. Sophia's, also a "lieutenant and several theological students"; Refik Pasha, "one of the most terrible spies of the old *régime*"; Hodja Akif Effendi, "convicted of having distributed seditious writings to the mutineers and of having encouraged them in their revolt"; Feizi bin Mehmed, "a workman in the Tophaneh arsenal, accused of having, on the day of the mutiny, dressed himself in a military uniform and circulated in the streets, armed with a rifle," &c. &c.

Not only were the ecclesiastics (rendered conspicuous by their turbans and their flowing robes) numerous in the Square itself, but a turbaned head seemed to project out of almost every one of the innumerable little windows in the *medresseh* or ancient theological colleges attached to S. Sophia's. The great bulk of the ecclesiastics present had joined the troops in the Square towards 1 P.M. and their entry had been one of the most dramatic events of the day. First a single trumpet sounded, then began the solemn march of the ulemas, who, starting from the neighbourhood of Sultan Mahmud's tomb, slowly directed their steps towards the mosque of S. Sophia. They marched in a close column, their attitude was imposing, as befitted that of religious chiefs, and they were escorted by troops who paid them the greatest reverence. On the outskirts of S. Sophia's Square another trumpet sounded, whereupon the mutineers prepared to receive the ulemas, who now advanced chanting sacred hymns and followed by the students of the *medresseh* Bayazid and of several other institutions where Mussulman theology is taught.

Most of these ulemas seemed to have come in order to persuade the soldiers to refrain from murder and pillage (at least they said so themselves after Shefket Pasha had captured the city). But being at the time under the impression that they had joined the reactionaries, I was fully convinced that we were witnessing the beginning of the end so far as Ottoman rule in Europe was concerned, and this was also the conviction of all the members of the Committee whom I consulted that day.

"*Finis Poloniæ! Finis Poloniæ!*" was the despairing phrase in which one young Osmanli patriot summed up the situation for me, and undoubtedly it was hard to see a gleam

of hope. If an Army Corps could be debauched so easily and so thoroughly as this, there was no foundation to build on. Mohammedanism was incompatible with civilization and progress. The old *régime* had come back, the old massacres would recommence, the Turk would have to go.

In the centre of the Square was a knot of imposing-looking ecclesiastics in white garments—among them, I think, was the Sheikh-ul-Islâm, a functionary known to our fathers as the Grand Mufti—grouped around something on the ground which I at first took to be some sacred relic of the Prophet but which afterwards turned out to be a machine-gun. Overhead floated a green flag. The presence of these ecclesiastics increased by a hundredfold the difficulties of the military authorities, who were naturally averse to measures that might lead to the accidental shooting down of half the hodjas in Constantinople. Not only the hodjas, but a great many young boys would be in danger, for the Salonica battalions had armed all the pupils of the Tophaneh military school with ancient rifles which some of the lads were hardly able to carry, and marched them along to S. Sophia's.

It will thus be seen that in spite of all their well-meant endeavours the Sheikh-ul-Islâm and his ulemas were only in the way. On hearing the soldiers' grievances the Grand Mufti said that he would instantly go to the Sublime Porte and see the Ministers about the matter, thus giving the mutineers the impression that they were a power to be negotiated with when, on the contrary, they should have been given to understand that they must, under pain of death, go back to their barracks at once.

And now for the demands of the soldiers. There were different versions given, but they all included the four following: (1) dismissal of all officers save those that had risen from the ranks; (2) formal assurances that the Government would act in conformity with the Sheriat; (3) amnesty for those taking part in the Mutiny; (4) the dismissal of the Grand Vizier, the Ministers of War and of Marine, Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha and Ahmed Riza Pasha. In other words, the soldiers wanted to drive the Committee from power.

Certainly the mutineers were not eloquent. None of them could explain satisfactorily why he was there, why he had taken the terrible step of rising in open rebellion. Like the softas who had, in the time of Abd-ul-Aziz, organized a



demonstration before the Palace and who were asked by the Sultan what they wanted, they might have answered: "We don't want anything, but the present Government is no good."

Even when, as sometimes happened, a private soldier talked freely, his discourse threw no new light on the situation, for it was the talk of a very ignorant man whose ideas were all confused. Addressing the crowd, for instance, one of the Salonica soldiers said:

"When we were at Monastir we saw the assassins of our relatives walking about unmolested. We put up with all this as the Absolutist *régime* prevented us from doing anything to remedy it. Our officers said to us: 'Absolutism will disappear. The Sheriat will be applied and all the commands of the Sacred Book will be executed.' We listened to them and thus it came to pass that we established, at the risk of our lives, the Constitutional *régime*. But to-day we see that the Sheriat is far from being carried out. People are killed and the murderers are concealed." This was a reference to the murder of the *Serbesti* editor. "Where is the Sheriat? Why don't they discover the murderer and execute him? Does not the Korân ordain the punishment of death in such a case? It is, then, the Sheriat and justice that we ask for to-day. If we must stay here a month in order to see the Sheriat applied, we will stay. We have enough money to buy food for ourselves"—(here the orator drew from his pocket a handful of gold pieces which, with all due respect to him, I don't think he managed to save out of his pay, while another soldier remarked with conviction that "Our good father will not let us go hungry")—"we are ready to sacrifice our lives for the Sheriat and for justice."

Meanwhile, however, the soldiers cheered for the Constitution, and cries of "*Yashassin Millet!*" ("Long live the Nation!") were sometimes heard amid cries of "*Yashassin Sheriat Peicamberi!*" ("Long live the Law of the Prophet!") and "*Sheriat Isteriz!*" ("We want the Sheriat!")

The mutineers were in a state of perpetual commotion, sometimes owing to officers who came to reason with them being torn from their horses and made to return on foot to those who sent them, and sometimes to the enthusiastic receptions which were accorded to the fresh detachments of mutineers that arrived every few moments. One of these

detachments came even from Scutari in a steam ferry-boat. The 3rd battalion of the 6th Regiment was sent out into the country with the object of preventing it from catching the epidemic of mutiny, but it soon heard the news, abandoned its officers and marched to S. Sophia's Square. The Department of Artillery sent machine-guns to the Constitutionalists who were holding out in the Ministry of War, but the mutineers heard of this, took possession of the guns as they were crossing the Oun Capany Bridge and brought them to the Parliament House. Two other machine-guns and six waggons of ammunition were sent from Scutari, but no sooner had they landed at Seraï-Burna than the mutineers seized them.

I now began to collect some information about the beginnings of the Mutiny and found that at two or three o'clock in the morning two battalions of fusiliers marched, to the sound of bugles, to S. Sophia's Square, where they took up a position in front of the Parliament House. They excited no alarm on their passage for the inhabitants of Constantinople had by this time become accustomed to the tireless and almost desperate energy with which the Young Turk officers were trying to improve the army. People who were awakened by their discordant bugling only said to themselves or to others: "Dear me! how these soldiers are working!" and went to sleep again.

Among the first troops to reach the rendezvous was the Salonica detachment, whose loyalty to the Constitution was supposed to be so far above suspicion that Kiamil Pasha's attempt to send it away from the capital in February 1909 had been one of the gravest counts in the indictment against him. It had now gone over, bag and baggage, to the Sultan.

About six o'clock the 5th, 6th and 7th Regiments of Yildiz went to Stamboul and when they arrived in S. Sophia's Square all the troops collected there fired in the air shouting, "Long live the Army!" Some soldiers fired on the Parliament House, which still bears the marks of their bullets, shouting: "You wretches in there! We're going to settle our accounts with you to-day! To-day we wish that you obey the holy law of the Sheriat. If not——"

At 3.30 P.M. came the *Tersanelis* or Infantry of Marine, headed by a discordant brass band. These lazy and pampered desperadoes, whose one duty in life was to strut before

Abd-ul-Hamid at his weekly Selamlik and whose favourite amusement in summer-time was, while swimming in the Golden Horn, to hang on, naked, to the sides of the caïques or native boats in which they perceived European ladies, whose terror always seemed to afford them an agreeable sensation, enjoyed on the present occasion the distinction of being the only section of the mutineers that got intoxicated. During the next few days they displayed an unexpected commercial acumen by selling their Martini rifles to Greek shopkeepers and by, on one occasion, carrying all the meat out of a butcher's shop without paying for it.

When Shefket Pasha became master of Constantinople he showed his usual good judgment in the way he dealt with these men. He did not molest them until a day after resistance had been crushed everywhere else, and then early on the morning of April 25 he suddenly surrounded their barracks by an overwhelming force of horse, foot and artillery and, having done so, sent them an order to come out and lay down their arms—an order which the whole seven hundred of them very quickly obeyed.

Save Mohammed Arslan, no member of the Committee dare approach the Chamber, so that only about sixty deputies put in an appearance. And before any of these were allowed to enter the Parliament House they were asked by the troops if they were in favour of the Sheriat, and those who answered in the affirmative were permitted to enter and were sometimes greeted with military honours.



## CHAPTER VI

### IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE

I WAS not able to enter the Parliament House itself on this occasion, but luckily I am in possession of an account of what took place there—an account which was written for the *Tanin* of Salonica by Baban Zadeh Ismail Hakki, the deputy for Bagdad and a member of the Committee.

“When I arrived in S. Sophia’s Square,” writes Ismail Hakki, “it was near eleven o’clock in the morning. The troops had surrounded the Square, and every entrance to it was occupied by soldiers with fixed bayonets. After having had some difficulty in making these troops understand that I was a deputy, I was finally permitted to pass and cross the Square under the suspicious and inquisitive scrutiny of the mutineers who stood beside their rifles. The latter, resting on their butt-ends, leant against each other, forming bundles that resembled a long series of ricks of new-mown grain running down the dusty Square. From the overcoats that were hung up in the dressing-room of the Parliament House, I saw that only a very small number of deputies had arrived. In fact there were only twenty-five members present, and they had chosen as their president Mustapha Effendi, the deputy for Aleppo.

“When I entered the Committee-room wherein these deputies were assembled, I perceived there five or six soldiers who, with cartridge-belts strapped across their shoulders and with rifles in their hands, were in the act of stating their grievances; and the sight instantly reminded me of the janissaries—those causes of numberless misfortunes to our dear country. This delegation, which was doubtless composed of the *élite* of the mutineers, stood in a strange, half-frightened, half-menacing attitude and attempted to explain, with embarrassment and in such a way that they only

succeeded in making themselves incomprehensible, demands which were, after all, very simple. . . . When the soldiers had finished and had left the room, Mustapha Effendi invited the deputies to express an opinion. I was the first to rise. After having pointed out the terrible danger which menaced the country, I explained that to acquiesce in the soldiers' demands meant the ruin of the empire, but at this point a colleague, whose name I do not now remember, kindly touched my arm and whispered into my ear: 'What are you saying? Don't you see that one of their men is here?' And, indeed, I had not remarked that the Sheikh-ul-Islâm and a ulema who had come in the name of the army were amongst us.

"When I had finished speaking, Mustapha Effendi spoke in opposition to me, saying that this was not the moment to think of the future, that we must first of all get rid of the present danger, and save the capital from fighting and carnage. Another deputy, Vasfi Effendi, held the same opinion, and declared that acquiescence in the demands of the soldiery was the sole plank of salvation.

"At this moment we were told that a delegation of ulemas had arrived to state some grievances. They were asked to wait and the discussion continued. But the extreme agitation which prevailed made it impossible for us to carry on anything like a regular debate. Other deputies having arrived in the interval, it became inconvenient for us to remain any longer in the Committee-room, so we passed into the Chamber.

"We then numbered about forty members, but we were not alone in the hall, for some soldiers came in and wanted to take part in the discussions. Yussuf Kemal Bey and myself had great difficulty in making them understand that their intervention was illegal, but finally we succeeded and they left. Then arose the question whether, not being a quorum, we could transact business. On this point Ismail Kemal Bey, who happened to arrive just at this moment, had no doubts whatever. 'To-day,' he said, 'there is no other power in this country than the handful of men assembled in this hall. It is in them that all the national sovereignty resides. Consequently let us take the power in form as we have it in reality. Let us assume the responsibility and let us deliberate.'

“ But, naturally, the circumstances under which we deliberated made all calm discussion impossible. In the first place our nerves were unstrung by the certainty that the empire stood at the very brink of a bottomless abyss. In the second place we were profoundly disturbed by the strident blasts of the trumpets, those sounds of sinister augury which never ceased to resound throughout S. Sophia’s Square.

“ It was decided, however, to at first ask the Government by telephone what was the actual situation and what were the measures which it had taken. Ahmed Nissimi Bey was accordingly sent to the telephone, and he learned that the Grand Vizier had gone to the Palace with the Minister of War. We then entered into communication with Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, who made known to us the strength of the forces which he had at his disposal.

“ It was Ismaïl Kemal Bey who proposed with most insistence a vote of want of confidence in the Cabinet. Going several times into the tribune, he explained at great length that there was no other way to save the country. Many of the deputies then thought that it would be well to send a delegation to the Palace in order to make known to the Sultan the decision of the Chamber and to point out to him the necessity of forming a new Cabinet, but Halajian and Vartkes Effendis protested against this, as did also Bovajis.

“ While these discussions were going on, the military deputation entered the hall, despite the protests that were made to it, and one of its members said in a menacing tone : ‘ Several of our comrades have been killed at the Ministry of War. Blood has been spilt. If they attack us here, more blood will flow. Come to a decision at once, or we cannot answer for the consequences of your delay.’

“ Finally, yielding to the prayers and the entreaties of the deputies, the soldiery quitted the hall. In S. Sophia’s Square there were assembled at this moment several hundred hodjas and two or three thousand soldiers. On the least sign, at the slightest tumult, these thousands of armed men became agitated, their ranks undulated like waves, their faces grew pale, their bodies trembled like leaves, they clenched their teeth, and the whole armed mob seemed ready to commit the greatest of crimes against our religion and our fatherland. Despite all this ferocious exterior, my own conviction, however, is that two battalions—disciplined, energetic, loyal,



and kept well in hand by their officers—would have sufficed to disperse this horde of rebels who had nothing military about them save their uniforms and their rifles. But time passed and the revolt spread. Strangely enough, it was on the advice of a member whose name I cannot at this moment recall, that the House proposed to ask the Ministry of War *not* to attack S. Sophia's Square.

“ At this moment we were reminded that the deputation of ulemas was still waiting, and we at once gave orders for them to be shown in. They came, and with them came some fifteen soldiers armed to the teeth, who posted themselves before the imperial tribune. The Fetva-Emini had preceded them, and among them I recognized Ahmed Rassim, professor of theology in the *medresseh* attached to the mosque of Sultan Bayazid, and Kaidar Effendi, a member of the Court of Cassation. Rassim Effendi seemed to be the spokesman of the party, for, mounting the tribune in the name of the ulemas and of the troops, he made a speech to us.

“ I find myself unequal to the task of describing the effect produced on the deputies by this discourse, whose every word was painful as a bayonet-thrust and whose every phrase was an appeal to sedition and to crime. They did not want the Girls' School which the Committee was about to establish at Candelli on the Bosphorus, because, forsooth, the establishment of a school for girls was contrary to the Sheriat. They had no fault to find with the Chamber, but the deputies must take care to be more religious. The articles which Hussein Djahid, one of the Committee members, had written on the Sheriat in the *Tanin* were objected to. In the Chamber of Deputies there were a great number of scoundrels whose names had been taken down, &c. &c. &c.

[I may here mention that Rassim Effendi probably repents at this moment that he ever made this little oratorical effort ; in fact, he told the Court-martial which soon afterwards tried him that he did not enter the Chamber at all on the occasion in question. To continue, however, the narrative of Ismail Hakki Bey :]

“ As the Chamber had decided beforehand not to interrupt the discourse of Rassim Effendi, there was no interruption ; and, when he had finished, the soldiers, who had previously made to the Chamber a rambling and incomprehensible communication of their own, cried out : ‘ That's what we want.’

It was evident, therefore, that Rassim Effendi was the spokesman of the mutineers.

“ But the men who had violated the sanctuary of the Assembly had not yet done with us. An old white-bearded major, whom I had not noticed in the room before, climbed a bench and, in vulgar language such as one hears ordinarily in the streets, threatened the deputies and excited the soldiers so that the former began to weep. This orator—[whose body, I may here mention, *par parenthèse*, dangled from a gibbet in front of the Parliament House about a fortnight later]—this orator declared that, despite his great age, he was ready to sacrifice his life for the Sheriat. ‘ Let us sacrifice all for the Sheriat,’ he cried, ‘ not only in word but in deed.’ But, a few moments later, this would-be martyr made it clear to us that, in putting himself at the head of the mutineers, he had not acted out of love for the Sheriat alone, for he terminated his discourse by saying that he had been placed on the retired list, that he was the father of a family, and that the injustice of which he was the victim was contrary to the Sheriat. [In other words, he was one of the “ranker” officers who have, for the last score of years, been the curse of the Ottoman army, the pets of the Sultan, the tools of reaction and the *bêtes noires* of the Young Turks, whose policy, since July 1908, of retiring them as fast as possible was one of the causes that led to the Mutiny.]

“ Everybody wept, the soldiers with emotion, the deputies with rage and despair. The soldiers did not want to leave the Chamber, but, happily, Tewfik Effendi, the member for Kenghri, said to them several times : ‘ If you have confidence in us, leave us ! If not, take our places and we shall go out ! ’ and finally succeeded, after many entreaties, in persuading the ulemas and the soldiers to take their departure.

“ The Fetva-Emini declared that it was absolutely necessary to acquiesce in the demands of the soldiers. ‘ Great evils are imminent,’ he said ; ‘ there is nothing to be done but to grant what the soldiers demand.’ Then the question of a vote of No Confidence was put to the Chamber.

“ Yussuf Kemal Bey explained that the carelessness of the Cabinet which had provoked this movement was enough to justify a vote of No Confidence. Talaat Bey, the member for Angora, said that as there was no quorum the Assembly could not pass a vote of No Confidence. ‘ Besides,’ he added,



don't hurry yourselves needlessly. I have just learned that Hilmi Pasha has gone to the Palace to offer his resignation.

"Lufti Bey proposed the following solution: 'Let us notify the Cabinet that it is necessary for them to resign.'

"I said, in my turn: 'If we pass a vote of No Confidence in the Government, which has no material force at its command, its moral influence will be destroyed so that the country, deprived completely of a Government, will be delivered over to anarchy. If we desire to get rid of the present danger, let us confine ourselves to communicating to the Cabinet the demands that have been presented to us.'

"But everybody seemed to have lost his head, and the majority finally decided to ask for the Cabinet's resignation. Among those who, with me, opposed this decision were Halib Effendi, Vasfi Effendi and several others. A commission composed of the Sheikh-ul-Islâm, Ismaïl Kemal Bey, and a few other members, was instructed to communicate this decision to the Sovereign, but this deputation had to return without having been able to pass through the lines of the soldiery.\*

"I also committed at this time a strange indiscretion, for I went to the telegraph office of the Chamber and, in a loud voice, ordered one of the clerks to ask Hilmi Pasha in what way he purposed getting rid of these rebels. The clerk tendered me a telegraphic form, saying, 'Write out the telegram yourself'; and, leaning down at the same time, he whispered into my ear: 'These two soldiers behind you are asking Abd-ul-Hamid to come here.' I then understood what a great personal risk I ran by sending such a telegram, and consequently refrained from sending it. Besides, we twice heard the rumour that Abd-ul-Hamid was arriving. The troops presented arms, the bands played, the servants hastened to clean the imperial tribune. But nobody came and nobody went.

"At half-past seven or eight o'clock, Turkish time, the trumpets all sounded together, and we all ran to the windows. A large crowd was advancing into the Square from the Sultan

\* The soldiers stopped them and at the same time began firing wildly in all directions, so that the terrified deputies threw themselves flat on the ground in order to escape the bullets. Rifaat Bey, a deputy, and his son Sulhi Bey, who happened to be in the Chamber at this time, were so frightened by the fusillade that they both threw themselves out of the window, with the result that they were badly injured.



Ahmed garden ; and, thinking that the regular troops were marching from the direction of Bayazid, in order to clear S. Sophia's Square, I was filled with joy. But soon the small dimensions of the advancing crowd made me see my error. This mob came nearer, and a struggle of some kind seemed to be going on in the centre of it. Finally there appeared in front, a bare-headed man who was being maltreated by the crowd. My first impression was that it was a foreign correspondent, and that on his account our country would again have to suffer humiliating foreign intervention. Ever since morning, indeed, this fear had been gnawing at my heart.

“ The man whom I had taken for a foreign journalist now received from right and from left fisticuffs and kicks, but he advanced, staggered, fell, got up again. At the entrance to the Square he was met by several soldiers who had run out to meet him, and who beat him so savagely on the back with the butts of their rifles that he span round like a top. At length he arrived at about a hundred paces of the Parliament House. Becoming animated under the fear of death and gathering together his ebbing strength, he suddenly darted towards the entrance-gate with all the quickness of which his legs were capable. But a group of cowardly scoundrels who saw him run, and who looked as if a treasure were escaping from their hands, seized their arms and, from the entry of the street leading to the Top-Kapu Palace [that is, a few yards from the entrance to the Houses of Parliament], a rifle-shot rang out.

“ ‘ Bravo ! he's hit ! ’ they cried, and instantly thousands of balls whistled through the air. One would have said that it was a veritable battle, the repulse of an enemy's attack. The man, whom I could not even yet recognize, fell to the ground.

“ The deputies, who had followed this tragic scene from the windows, understood that their own lives were in danger, and, in fear lest the soldiers who were demonstrating outside might invade the Chamber, they all ran to the upper story, which is occupied by the Senate. The servant of Ahmed Riza Bey opened for me the door leading to the Ministry of Justice. The place was deserted, and as I entered it I heard a voice behind me say, ‘ Come, Bey, get out of this, you also ! ’ and then learned the dreadful news that the man whom I

had seen murdered was Djahid Bey. Bursting into tears, I rushed to the window and leant out, whereupon a kind-hearted individual whom I happened to know by sight cried out to me :

“ ‘Unfortunate man, what are you doing? Don't let anybody here see your compassion for Djahid Bey.’

“But it was more than I could do to follow this well-meant advice, for below the window I saw, stretched at full length on the pavement and with nobody near it, the body of the man who was supposed to be Djahid Bey. Just at the moment when I was about to almost swoon with grief, a rumour went round : ‘It's Arslan Bey that has been killed. They mistook him for Djahid Bey.’ This rumour became more and more persistent, and at length I became convinced of its truth. On that day the unfortunate Arslan Bey had, despite the repeated entreaties of Djahid Bey and Djevad Bey, insisted on going to the Chamber, and had fallen a victim to his temerity. I cannot restrain myself from here invoking the malediction of Allah on his assassins.”

[I might here remark that my friend Suleiman El Bustani, the celebrated Arab *littérateur*, who was a member of the Turkish Parliamentary deputation that visited London in the summer of 1909, and who is now the second Vice-President of the Chamber, assures me that Arslan Bey was killed, not in mistake for Djahid Bey but because he was one of the twenty Young Turk deputies—Suleiman El Bustani himself being another of the twenty—whom the mutineers had received instructions to murder.

The member for Bagdad concludes his story as follows] :  
 “As for myself, it was impossible for me to return to the Chamber, for the door was closed and the entrance to the Ministry of Justice was blocked with soldiers and ulemas. I examined the walls. They were very high. I tried a door which opened on Kaba-Sakal. It was guarded by sentries. Finally, confiding myself to the protection of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate, and accompanied by a single friend, I departed by the door which opens on S. Sophia's Square. I turned by Kaba-Sakal, and, after having crossed Sultan Ahmed Square, I got into a carriage at the Thousand Columns, and finally reached in safety my father's house at Suleimanieh.”

Having given the story of Hilmi Pasha, Hakki Bey,

and Mahmud Mukhtar, I shall now give in conclusion that of an independent witness, Lieutenant-Colonel Faïk Bey, who happened to arrive at Constantinople on the day the revolt took place. His story is in effect as follows :

“ I learned at the quay that certain soldiers had mutinied, but I could not believe that any danger threatened me personally, so that I went first of all to the office of the *Shurâi-Ummet*, one of the Committee's papers, which I found, however, to be deserted. After leaving the office I learned that the situation was serious, and accordingly went to the Sublime Porte, which had not, I discovered, a just idea of the danger that threatened the country, and which was wasting time discussing the best means to use in order to coax this handful of rebellious soldiers to go back quietly to their barracks.

“ I saw Hilmi Pasha, but he did not think that the Mutiny was dangerous. I took a different view of the matter, however, and, getting into a cab, I drove to the Ministry of War. I found it impossible to enter by the front gate, as the sentinel said that he could not open for fear of the mob getting in also. I then went to try another gate, but was recognized on the way by some individuals in the crowd, who cried : ‘ It is Faïk Bey. Kill him ! ’

“ Seeing that the mob was about to attack me, I said :

“ ‘ If you wish to kill me you can easily do so, for I am unarmed and cannot defend myself. But you want to take my life in the name of the Sheriat. Now, I am a Mussulman like you, and I ask you if our holy laws permit one Mussulman to kill another without just cause ? ’

“ My words produced a certain effect on a part of the crowd, and some people began to discuss the matter. But others, who were dressed as hodjas, cried : ‘ Do not believe his words. Kill him ! ’

“ I profited, however, by the momentary confusion, and by the assistance of some members of the crowd who had been impressed by my remarks, in order to escape into a side street. I then believed that I was safe, when suddenly a Kurd came behind me and planted a knife in my back. The next thing I remember was recovering consciousness in the police-post of Hassan Pasha, where a doctor was attending me. He told me that I would have to go to the hospital, but I refused, saying that I preferred to die in the police-



station than to be torn in pieces by the mob on my way to the hospital. But soon after this, I again lost consciousness and was carried in that condition to the Gulhaneh Hospital. I had had the presence of mind, however, to tear off my epaulettes before I fainted, so that I was not molested by the mob and was taken, in the hospital, for a private soldier."

At four or five o'clock Mr. Moore and I left S. Sophia's Square and directed our steps towards the War Office. There were not very many people on the streets but, close to the Seraskierat, we found a knot of sightseers gathered round a house, on the front and gable of which there were the marks of about a dozen bullets, which had evidently come from the War Office barracks. At this point, we were told, five of the mutineers had been killed. But when we reached the War Office, everything was quiet. The gates were locked, but, as a large section of the iron railing had been torn away, any of the garrison who liked might walk out. In the gap thus made in the railings stood about a dozen unarmed soldiers talking amicably to a few score of hodjas and street Arabs outside. On the spacious parade-ground inside, several squads of soldiers were drilling phlegmatically. There was no excitement and there were no preparations for resistance, for by this time all the edge had been taken off the situation by the resignation of the Ministry and the Sultan's grant of the soldiers' demands.

Walking round the Seraskierat, we noticed in one place a group of hodjas preaching energetically to a crowd of soldiers, who pressed their faces close to the railings in their anxiety to catch every word. The hodjas supplemented their seditious discourses by passing in through the bars large bundles of newspapers, copies, I suppose, of the reactionary and anti-Committee journals to which I have already referred.

As night was now coming on, Mr. Moore and I decided to return home. Taking a route by side streets, we found in many of them gangs of *hamàls* and various other roughs, evidently waiting for the slightest excuse to begin looting and murdering. I regarded this as the most risky part of our journey, but we reached home in safety.

There we learned that at 4.30 in the afternoon, Djevad Bey, the First Secretary of the Sultan, had entered the

Parliament and read to the deputies there the following imperial *iradé* :

“ His Majesty the Sultan has accepted the resignation of the Cabinet. A new Cabinet is being formed. Everything will be done to promote the happiness of the country ; and finally, none of the soldiers or other persons who have taken part in this day’s meeting will be in any way held responsible for doing so, owing to the imperial amnesty that has been granted to them. As our State, thank God, is an Islâmic State, his Majesty the Sultan has ordered anew that for the future much more attention be paid to the ordinances of the Sheriat, which will last to the consummation of the world.”

Thus, amazing to relate, a Turkish Government fell because of its reluctance to shed blood, a reluctance which would never, I think, be entertained for a moment under similar circumstances by any of the Christian or Buddhist Governments of the world, not even by the Government of Mr. Asquith nor by that of President Taft. This catastrophe was largely owing to the unexpected way in which the Government was assailed. If the demonstrators had been civilian reactionaries and people belonging to the old Palace gang with, say, Izzet Pasha at their head, no mercy would have been shown them, and there would have been no reluctance to shed blood, but they were the soldiers, the pets of the nation, the men who had brought about the July Revolution. One can well understand how, under these circumstances, the Government shrank from any hasty action that might, for all they knew, enrage the soldiery all over the country. Another reason which made it almost impossible to attack the mutineers was this—they revolted on religious grounds. Had it been anything else—food, discipline, unpopular commanders—the Government might have accepted the challenge, but religion—no !

The situation, though terrible, was not without a certain grim, redeeming humour of its own. The Committee had managed to get Abd-ul-Hamid into a position resembling that occupied by Louis XVI. just before he actually became a prisoner, but suddenly the decrepit old Padishah had turned the tables on his young and confident opponents with a swiftness and a completeness that have few parallels among the *coups d'état* of history.

When the Bastille was taken there were ten thousand troops on the Champ de Mars and thirty thousand at Versailles, but the King dared not make use of them lest they should join the revolutionists. In the same way, on April 13 the Committee had at its disposal, in and near Constantinople, a considerable number of soldiers who were supposed to be on its side, but it dared not make use of them lest they should join the reactionaries. The parallel cannot, however, be carried any further, for "*Schefket Pascha*," as Graf Sternberg dryly remarks, "*ist aber eine andere Natur als Ludwig XVI. es war, er ist ein Mann der Tat, der die Klugheit einer Schlange mit der Energie eines Löwen vereint.*"



## CHAPTER VII

### THE NIGHT OF HORROR

**W**HEN I heard that the Sultan had granted all the soldiers' demands, I expected that we would have no more trouble, but in this I was deceived, for the worst was still to come. I mean that night of horror, the night of April 13, the succeeding day, and the assassinations which marked the following week and might have gone on systematically for months had not the arrival of the Macedonians put a stop to them.

It was eleven o'clock at night when the troops in S. Sophia's Square decided to go back to their barracks, and as they began to do so, headed by brass bands which, with a delicate irony that we should not have expected of these half-savages, played the "Constitutional Hymn," they started firing their rifles in the air, thus setting an example which was followed by all the troops in Constantinople till two o'clock in the morning, and which, recommencing with daybreak, lasted almost all the succeeding day. As a result of this barbarous method of rejoicing, about a dozen people were killed and several hundreds wounded, while about a million and a half rounds of ammunition were used. The whole city was terrorized, and the foreign population was panic-stricken, as well it might be, for we seemed on the eve of events as much more terrible than the events in Peking during the Boxer outbreak as the fanaticism and the military power of the Osmanli are greater than the fanaticism and the military power of the Chinese.

When the first outburst of rifle-firing began, the foreign residents in Pera concluded that the troops from Adrianople had arrived and that a battle between them and the mutineers was in progress. But though many foreigners had visited Stamboul during the day, I do not think that there was one bold enough to visit it that night.

For by night the blood-stained history of this hoary and iniquitous city rises up in a manner calculated to unnerve any one who is at all imaginative or superstitious. Wandering among the dark and deserted streets, one feels as the foreign divers at Seraglio Point felt when, a few years ago (so the story goes), on diving to a vessel that lay sunken at the bottom of the Marmora, they found themselves among a multitude of human skeletons, standing upright and with their legs and arms being moved gently to and fro by the varying currents.

If, by reason of the crimes committed there for dozens of centuries at a stretch, any one portion of the earth is nearer to the infernal regions and is more frequented by lost souls than the other parts, that portion lies surely in Stamboul. I was not surprised, therefore, when told the other day by a Constantinopolitan who, though a very hard-headed and successful man of business, dabbles a good deal in spiritualism and occultism (and it is surprising, by the way, what a large number of local residents do dabble in these forbidden sciences, to which, as is well known, the rulers of Constantinople have been passionately addicted from the days of Julian the Apostate to those of Abd-ul-Hamid), that nowhere in the world can better and more prompt results be obtained by the spiritualist than in Stamboul.

However this may be, no foreign residents of Pera went over to Stamboul on the night of April 13 in order to see what was wrong. Some of them went to the Galata bridge at the very moment when, over that crazy structure, in impenetrable darkness, rushed a horde of armed savages howling: "*La ilaha illa-llah!*" "*La ilaha illa-llahu Mahomed rasulu 'llah*" ("There is no God but God and Mohammed is the Prophet of God!")—cries which, simple and even banal if we judge them only by their literal signification, become the most dreadful sounds that ever issued from human lips once we recall to mind the days—not so far remote—when they curdled the blood of Christendom. These were the cries which, on the night of May 28, 1453, resounded all round the beleaguered city from Blachern to the Golden Gate, and which were feebly answered from inside by the lugubrious "*Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison!*" of the Greeks.

A jet-black banner flapped close to me like the wing of an enormous raven and, even in the darkness, I could see that

it bore in gold lettering a text from the Korân. At sight of it, a grey-moustached Englishman beside me, a veteran of the Soudanese Wars, stepped back sharply and rubbed his eyes. "Good God!" said he, in a startled undertone, "it's the flag of the Mahdi!"

Very few foreigners ventured down as far as the Galata bridge, but a good many of them walked about the streets of Pera and drank coffee in the one or two restaurants that remained open. A considerable number of *habitués* were gathered in Tokatlian's, the best and largest restaurant in Pera, when suddenly an officer came in and briefly advised them to drink up and go home as quickly as possible. Upon this there was a veritable *sauve qui peut*, and in ten minutes there was nobody in the Grande Rue de Pera save the *bekeji* or night watchmen who, armed with long, iron-shod staves, wherewith they beat the pavement at regular intervals, announced, without conviction, that all was well.

A few newspaper correspondents were also in the streets as, after ten o'clock at night, the telegraph office had consented to receive messages on condition that they referred to the outbreak as a "military movement" and not as a "revolt" or a "mutiny." Near the Yenijami telegraph office stood a stout black eunuch, elegantly dressed, and going, solemnly and tirelessly, through all the movements which a soldier carries out with his rifle, save that, instead of a rifle, he was armed with a walking-stick. Forgetting the dangers of the night, a large crowd had collected in front of this portent, blocking the narrow street and preventing several carriages from passing. It was, however, an awe-stricken and reverential crowd, which, instead of treating the Nubian to a shower of sarcastic observations, as a Cockney crowd might possibly have done under the circumstances, looked on in silence as if at a dreadful herald sent by Allah to warn them of evils imminent.

This unfortunate eunuch was not the only person that lost his reason during this night of horrors. In Shehir-Emini, Stamboul, Abdurrahman Effendi, a sanitary inspector, went mad when he heard the first fusillade, and doubtless there were other victims whose names have not been recorded. But the amount of suffering inflicted on the aged and on women and children by this extraordinary demonstration is not to be calculated by a list of deaths from heart-disease and of



cases of insanity. In all Constantinople I do not think you could find a single person who slept a wink that night. In their darkened rooms, behind their closed shutters, the Constantinopolitans, and especially the Christians, listened till dawn for the coming of the murderous soldiery. One typical case of which I have personal knowledge is that of Mrs. Alexander Ramsay, an old widowed lady from the Highlands of Scotland, who lives with her two young unmarried daughters in Taxim. The mother suffers from heart trouble, so that the daughters feared that she might go off at any moment, as they sat together on their staircase throughout this interminable night. They sat all the time in total darkness, save when the reflections of the rifle-explosions flashed like lightning on the ceiling, listening to the deafening, incessant volleys from Taxim barracks, fifty yards distant, and to the falling bullets rattling like hailstones on the iron-sheeted roof.

Since there was no man-servant in the house, they could not obtain any information as to what was going on, and they concluded, not unnaturally, that a general massacre of foreigners was in progress. As happens not infrequently in such cases with persons of delicate nervous organization, these unhappy ladies fancied that they distinctly heard the screams of women and children mingled with the crash of musketry and the roar of "*La ilaha illa-llah!*"

They also thought that they could detect by the ear the progress of the massacre from one foreign house to another.

"Now," they said to one another, "they are attacking the French hospital. . . . Now the turn of the German Embassy has come. Notice how much louder the firing has grown in that direction! That rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat comes from a machine-gun. That boom! boom! boom! comes from cannon. They're using artillery against the Embassy so that it can't hold out more than a few minutes. Then they'll turn their attention to us."

\* \* \* \* \*

On April 13 and 14, says Dr. Farkas, Abd-ul-Hamid spent a million and a half of cartridges in terrorizing the capital; but though this is the general opinion among the Young Turks, I do not believe that the Padishah really caused all this firing, for we find the same love of noise on great occasions among the Chinese and the modern North Americans. The day

Mahmud the Fifth ascended the throne I saw the same sort of celebration beginning, but happily it was stopped by Shefket Pasha and his officers after a few hundred cartridges had been burned. And in her "High Albania" Miss Durham tells us that when the Constitution was proclaimed in Scutari of Albania there was "more than fourteen hours' solid firing."

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE MODERATION OF THE MUTINEERS

**N**EXT day things were not quite as bad as people had expected, but in sooth they were bad enough, for the firing continued worse than ever, and the whole city was apparently at the mercy of a horde of crazy soldiers, who, their faces streaming with perspiration, traversed it in bands, blazing away in the air as hard as they could. I met hundreds of these bands during the course of the day, and they all seemed very much alike. They did not cheer or shout, their faces were stupid-looking, the eye was lustreless. They walked quietly in the middle of the street and molested nobody. The only signs of excitement which they showed were their incessant firing, the profuse perspiration that ran down their cheeks, and a certain dull, bovine exaltation in the face.

Considering that they were absolute masters of the city, their moderation is one of the most marvellous things in history, and has not often been surpassed, under similar circumstances, by Christian troops.

I have already pointed out that this singular moderation and self-restraint was as remarkable as was the moderation and self-restraint of the Japanese troops during the advance of the Allies on Peking in 1900, and I think that in both cases it was to a large extent due to abstention from intoxicating liquors. On the present occasion the Turks were all sober, all except the bluejackets, and, though not an advocate of total abstinence, I must admit that things would have been worse in Constantinople on April 14 if the mutinous soldiery had been subject, like most Christian soldiers, to the vice of drunkenness.

In other respects also the mutineers were well behaved. They did not assault any Ottoman civilian, any foreigner, or any woman, and they did not loot, although the tempta-



tion to do so was strong. On April 13 some of the mutineers forced the soldiers guarding the Ottoman bank to come with them to S. Sophia's Square, but they did not steal a piastre from that institution, though they might have had millions of pounds for the asking.

In the same way no soldier touched, at this period or during the capture of the city eleven days later, any of the priceless treasures of the Old Seraglio. A few determined men, of the type of those who repeatedly carried out such colossal robberies of Government treasure in St. Petersburg, Siberia, the Caucasus, &c., could easily have secured, in a few moments, jewellery worth a king's ransom, assuming that they escaped being scared out of their wits by the dreadful Madame Tussaud collection of dead Sultans, which is kept in one of the halls of this ancient Palace.

Even the number of people accidentally or purposely killed or injured during the first day of the Mutiny was surprisingly small. Only about half a dozen officers were assassinated in Stamboul, and, if we add the murder of Arslan Bey and the Minister of Justice, we find that not more than a dozen Young Turks lost their lives on April 13. It is almost inexplicable, too, how so few people were killed by the falling bullets on April 14, for at some moments on that day it might almost be said to have rained lead.\*

\* This unexpected moderation and self-restraint in some matters has often been a characteristic of the Turkish soldier in time of revolution. The calmness of the disbanded bashi-bazouks in Constantinople after the signing of the Peace of San Stefano amazed M. Gabriel Charmes, but we find the same phenomenon in earlier times as the following extracts will show :

"What is very commendable in these commotions of the Mahometans is that there is generally but little blood shed, as happened in this rebellion as well as that of 1703, where the Janizaries never offered the least molestation to the Foreign Embassies or any of the Franks but suffered them peaceably to enjoy the same liberty as at other times, and as soon as they had revenged themselves upon their indolent and cruel monarch and his corrupt ministers, very quickly laid down their arms." ("An Exact and Full Account of the Late Amazing Revolution in Turkey," London, 1730.)

"It is a matter Worthy of Reflection, that a few Squadrons of Mutinous Soldiers should be sufficient to bring about the Changing of an Emperor by so long a train of years rooted in the Command of so great and populous a City, without the least Combustion or Disorder attending such a Revolution, and without meeting Opposition and Resistance, and this case seems to renew the ancient practice of the *Roman* Soldiery, who at their pleasure Elected their Emperours, and by barely appearing at the Walls of *Rome*, forced the People to concur with their Opinion." ("The Dilucidation of the Late Commotions of Turkey," London, 1689.)

Even when the mutiny was at its height, the soldiers in S. Sophia's Square, fearing that evil-minded persons should take advantage of the general confusion in order to start plundering, sent out patrols under the guidance of police-officers to keep order in Stamboul, Galata and Pera. And, though these patrols of mutineers somewhat frightened the law-abiding citizens at first, they probably did good work by intimidating the disorderly civilian element, especially during the night of April 13.

During that day the mutineers in Sultan Ahmed Square heard that two *hamàls*, Muharem and Ibrahim, were boring a hole in the wall of the Central Prison with the object of bringing about the release of the prisoners, whereupon they ran to the spot and arrested both the malefactors, whom they immediately handed over to the police. In the same way, when some of the prisoners, wishing to profit by the general confusion, attempted to force the doors, and, failing in this, set fire to the jail, the mutinous soldiers surrounded the prison, called on the mutinous convicts to surrender, and, on their refusal, fired on them, wounding two or three, with the result that the convicts quieted down and even assisted the soldiers to extinguish the conflagration. Next day the majority of the prisoners sent a letter to the Press, indignantly denying the accusation that they had attempted to escape and dissociating themselves in the most emphatic manner from the handful of unruly persons whose action had, they declared, cast a slur on the entire prison. Among the persons that signed this document was Nedjib Pasha, then on his trial for torturing prisoners in Yildiz during the old *régime*. Nedjib had been asked by many of the prisoners to escape, and if he had tried to do so he would probably have succeeded, as the soldiers would hardly have arrested an old servant of Abd-ul-Hamid, but he showed his wisdom by refusing to leave the prison, where he was, as a matter of fact, much safer this day than he would have been in the streets of Stamboul.\* What I do not understand, however, is why the ex-

\* Dr. S. Yelpatievsky tells us in his *Konstantinopolskaya Revolutsiya*, how, while attending the funeral of a Greek officer who had been murdered by the mutineers on April 13th, he saw a Greek priest killed, a few steps off, by a stray bullet. He adds that fifty bullets struck the Russian steamer *Nicholas II.*, while two struck the mast of the *Oleg*, at the moment of her arrival in the harbour. While I myself was in Pera a child playing in the street was killed by a stray bullet and at the same time, near the entrance to



functionaries of Yildiz confined at Prinkipo in the Sea of Marmora did not take advantage of the confusion in order to get aboard some passing steamer.

One's opinion of the moderation shown by the soldiers is all the greater when it is considered how completely the city was in their hands. They seemed to discharge all the functions of Government. When the shopkeepers of Galata began putting up the shutters, the mutineers said to them: "Keep your shops open. You have nothing to fear from us, and if anybody else steals your goods, please tell us and we'll shoot them." It is even said that the mutineers sent a deputation of private soldiers to the foreign Embassies, asking them not to be alarmed. On April 15 I saw with my own eyes on a Bosphorus steamer a crowd of armed soldiers, one of whom stood up, rifle in hand, at every *scala* at which the boat touched and, addressing the public in the tone of a magnanimous conqueror, begged them to be calm, as the soldiers had no intention of doing them any harm.

The mutineers even discharged the *rôle* of Press censors, for when, on April 13, the *Sabah* published an article under the heading of "The Military Mutiny," the soldiers were with difficulty dissuaded from wrecking the printing-office because of the word "mutiny," against which they entertained as violent an objection as the Russian army censors in Manchuria, during the Russo-Japanese War, entertained towards the word "retreat" in the despatches of the war correspondents.

When Edhem Pasha, *aide-de-camp général* of the Sultan, was made Minister of War, he tried for half an hour to persuade the Yildiz soldiers to return to their barracks, even going so far as to say that "no measure would be taken which was not to their advantage," but though the men listened to him with enthusiastic cries and *jeux de joie*, the scene reminded one more of Hyde Park than of Aldershot. We are told, for example, that "a sergeant who was in the audience assured Edhem Pasha that the army had in view only the salvation of the country, the maintenance of the Constitution, and respect for the Sheriat."

the Tunnel, a falling bullet struck an Armenian *hamâl* on the top of the head and came out at the chin. Scores of bullets were picked up in the American Embassy garden, and in Taxim the children amused themselves by collecting handfuls. There is scarcely a house in Constantinople that has not its own tale of narrow escapes on this occasion and that cannot point to its own special collection of flattened or embedded Mauser bullets.



One private soldier belonging to the Salonica Fusiliers afterwards called on the Minister of War in his office and "begged him in the name of his comrades to act for the good of the soldiers and of the nation," but, instead of kicking this impudent fellow downstairs and having him afterwards court-martialled for his insolence, "the Minister," we are told, "reassured the soldiers' delegate, told him that he would do his utmost to merit the confidence of those who had been the cause of his nomination, and terminated his discourse by the following words: '*Evel Allah, fikrinis idjra olunajak*' ('By Allah! your request shall be granted')."

Meanwhile the soldiers paid no attention to Edhem Pasha's gentle hints to them about getting back to their barracks and ceasing to fire in the streets, and they did not quiet down till a deputation of sergeants and privates from the Salonica detachment had gone round the city to remonstrate with them.

It might be thought that under these circumstances and in view of the fact that, unless this sort of private-soldier rule were speedily brought to an end, the Turkish empire would soon come to an end, a stern disciplinarian and patriot like Edhem Pasha, who had, moreover, no particular reason for loving Abd-ul-Hamid, would secretly assist the advancing Macedonians. Shefket Pasha himself has told me, however, that he got no assistance whatever from Tewfik Pasha, Edhem Pasha or any of the other great officials in the capital. "On the contrary," said the Generalissimo, "their appointment was meant to stop any movement from Macedonia. I must say, however, that they took steps of their own initiative to prevent any more blood being shed in Constantinople."

In all probability Edhem would have opposed Shefket Pasha by force of arms had it not been for the fact that he was dazed and confused by the Mutiny, and still more by the phenomenal rapidity with which the Macedonian leader advanced on Tchataldja. When the key to Constantinople had been seized, and when the Sultan and the officerless soldiers of the capital had become paralysed with terror, Edhem finally abandoned all idea of resistance, but the credit lies with Shefket, not with Edhem.

"As for Edhem Pasha's acceptance of the position of War Minister," said the Generalissimo, "circumstances forced

him to accept. He only consented to take the portfolio after several Ministers had pointed out to him the great service that he might thus render to the empire at a critical moment. . . . In the name of the army I regret seriously the attacks that have been made on Edhem Pasha."

In the same way, when Edhem was accused of having had a hand in the Mutiny, Shefket Pasha came chivalrously to his rescue. "Edhem Pasha had nothing to do with the Mutiny," he said. "For a long time past he has been known as a man of honour. During the Greek War he was commander-in-chief of the army of Thessaly and won a brilliant victory. After the war he was made vice-president of the Military Inspection Commission, and despite his relations with the Palace, every Liberal admits that he acted with perfect correctness. I personally have long been under an obligation to him, for at that time he protected and defended me."

## CHAPTER IX

### THE REIGN OF TERROR

IT needed no great penetration to see that the moderation shown by the soldiers at the outset of the Mutiny could not have lasted long, especially in view of the eulogies that were showered on the mutineers by the Press, the Parliament and the Cabinet Ministers.

From the very beginning of the outbreak the privates had treated their officers in a way which, if not put a stop to, would have infallibly ended in the break-up of the army and the empire within a few months at the utmost. On the 14th a group of eight Salonica fusiliers, who noticed an infantry officer sitting in a tramcar at Tophaneh, dragged him from the vehicle, beat him and took his sword from him. On the same day a Salonica fusilier approached an officer in front of Tokatlian's restaurant, struck him in the face and snatched away his revolver.

This contempt for officers soon reached the dimensions of a reign of terror which had much in common with the Armenian Massacres of 1895, and which would, perhaps, have been quite as bloody were it not for the approach of the Macedonians. The true cause of the massacres in both cases was probably Abd-ul-Hamid—his own history and the history of his House make that a not extravagant assumption—but in both cases that wily old gentleman behaved with such consummate circumspection that it will never probably be possible to bring home these murders to him.

"*Es scheint,*" says Dr. Paul Farkas, "*dasz der eigentliche Plan des Sultans eine gründliche Ausrottung aller jung-türkischen Offiziere war. Der Plan war fürchterlich aber logisch. Abdul Hamid hatte die richtige Ansicht von den dynamischen Elementen der Freiheitsbestrebung.*" In other words, the Young Turk officers were the mainspring of the liberal movement, and once *they* were removed, the



Sultan could afford to laugh at the civilian members of the Committee and even at the patriots from Paris. Had he been finally successful he would probably have allowed the Parliament to continue a make-believe, Duma-like existence for years, for it will be remembered that after he had emasculated his first Parliament by exiling Midhat Pasha, he had graciously allowed the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies to continue their illusory deliberations for some months.

The first warning foreign residents got of the awful work that was going on was the appearance in the Pera Palace Hotel, on the afternoon of April 14, of a young officer, a lieutenant of the 2nd cavalry regiment. He rushed into the elegant portico of that establishment, white as a corpse, breathless, with torn clothes, and told the excited group which quickly surrounded him that all the other officers of his regiment had been murdered the previous night and that he alone had escaped. Later on, similar tales were told by similar refugees. The soldiers of the "Ertogrul" cavalry regiment had collected all their officers in a room and held over them a sort of Court-martial at which ulemas and hodjas assisted. Finally they were brought out to the parade-ground and butchered like cattle.

Readers who are anxious for more details with regard to these murders will find what they want in the official records of the Courts-martial. According to these records, (to take one example from them at random), two cavalry sergeants, Abdullah bin Ali and Hussein bin Osman, belonging to the above-mentioned Ertogrul crack cavalry regiment, were executed for having on the morning of April 13 murdered in the barracks four young officers of their regiment, Mukhtar Bey, Yussuf, Ihsan and Nureddine Effendis, and seriously wounded two other officers, Ali and Fehmi Effendis. According to the evidence the prisoners not only killed the officers in question but afterwards insulted their corpses.

The most shocking of these murders was that of Ali Kabuli Bey, captain of the cruiser *Assari-Tewfik*, who was accused of having refused to cry "God save the Sultan!" and of having asked a gunner to fire on Yildiz, but whose crime was that he was a member of the Committee. Acting under outside influence, the crew of the *Assari-Tewfik* rose on their captain and, despite the opposition of some blue-jackets and non-commissioned officers (afterwards thanked

by the Macedonian Court-martial), who remained loyal to their commander, bound him and brought him in a steam-launch to the Admiralty. From the Admiralty he was conveyed in an open carriage to Yildiz, his passage through the streets producing an indescribable panic, for it is not every day that the commander of a warship is brought in an open vehicle through the streets of a great capital tied up like a refractory pig on its way to the slaughter-house. What happened afterwards at Yildiz has since been told by Nadir Agha, the second eunuch.

“The rumour ran in the Palace,” said Nadir Agha, “that the Sultan was going to the Mabein (harem), whereupon all the *aides-de-camp* and the Palace functionaries hurried after him. We found him before the window, which the first secretary had opened for him. Outside, on the gravelled path, stood Ali Kabuli surrounded by bluejackets. When the bluejackets saw Abd-ul-Hamid at the window, two of them, one armed with a rifle and the other with a bayonet, advanced towards the window, out of which the Padishah leant from his waist upwards and began at the same time to ply the men with questions, according to his habit. We did not hear all he said, but I succeeded in catching the following words: ‘Did he charge his cannon? Did he take aim?’

“As soon as the Padishah left the window, a sort of ripple ran through the crowd, whereupon Abd-ul-Hamid looked out of the window a last time and then retired precipitately, for that look had shown him that poor Ali Kabuli had been assassinated. Abd-ul-Hamid issued no order, however, for the arrest of the criminals. He preserved a glacial silence, and, when the first *aide-de-camp* came to tell him in detail what had happened, the Sultan turned his back and fled.”

On being asked if Abd-ul-Hamid had ordered the execution of Ali Kabuli Bey, Nadir Agha answered:

“I don’t know. I did not hear him give the order.”

Nadir thinks that no other murders were committed in the precincts of the Palace. “I believe,” he added, “that two officers who were pursued by soldiers that wanted to assassinate them took refuge in the Palace, and I know that an order was issued to expel them from the building. Luckily this order was not executed. If it had been executed, both



of these officers would have infallibly been murdered by the soldiers outside."

Before taking leave of Ali Kabuli I might here mention that, when Constantinople fell and the hanging of the mutineers began, his eight murderers had the honour of being strung up in a row, the very first.

It is said that six or seven Young Turk officers were murdered in the barracks attached to the Palace, but neither these murders nor those that occurred elsewhere throughout the city had any effect on the Sultan, whose lust of blood had (though it took a different direction) become as much of an insanity as it was with Murad the Fourth, who became so fond of murder that "at night," we are told, "he would rush through the streets, cutting down all whom he met." If it had any effect on him, it was a soothing one, for all accounts of his demeanour at this time unite in saying that he was surprisingly calm, self-possessed and affable. This bears out in a remarkable manner the statement of one of his biographers (Georges Dorys) that "not only does the life of a man whom he hates cost the Sultan nothing, but spilt blood seems to calm and rejoice his sick nerves, always strung to the breaking-point. 'Before going to sleep in the evening,' says one of his chamberlains, 'he likes to have somebody read to him, and his favourite authors are filled with nothing but stories of assassinations and executions. The preliminary accounts of crimes excite him and prevent him from sleeping, but when the reader reaches a passage where there is effusion of blood, the Sultan at once becomes calm and gradually falls into a gentle slumber.'"

"Abd-ul-Hamid," said Nadir Agha, "had a stone in the place where his heart ought to be, and innocent blood flowing in floods had no effect on him whatever.\* His first secretary recommended him to send to the different barracks several ulemas and marshals with a Hatt Humayun declaring that the assassinations were contrary to the Sheriat and should be reprobated. The Grand Vizier, Tewfik Pasha, saw the rough draft of this imperial rescript and approved of it, but Abd-ul-Hamid tore up the paper when it was presented to him and issued no order to put a stop to the massacres. In

\* "It is believed by sane and careful observers," says Sir William Ramsay, "that his [Abd-ul-Hamid's] orders have been responsible for the death of half a million of men."



fact, no massacre would have happened if the Sultan had not wished it."

When asked why Abd-ul-Hamid had not given an order to suspend the massacres, Nadir Agha answered as follows :

" Abd-ul-Hamid detested the members of the Committee of Unity and Progress and all enlightened Ottomans because they were the declared enemies of despotism. He was consequently overjoyed to see them being assassinated."

Boat-loads of officerless soldiers now visited all the warships in harbour and called on the crews to hand over their officers to them. In one case the crew refused, in another (that of the *Assari-Tewfik*) they complied, while in all the other cases they were spared the trouble of coming to a decision by the simultaneous flight of all their superiors.

On this subject Arif Hikmet Pasha, ex-Minister of Marine and Senator, addressed to the Chamber at this time a letter in which he declared that, having been accused of a fanatical longing to make the soldiers wear European hats, and finding that his konak in Evenkeuy was surrounded in consequence by " persons wearing military uniform and by vagabonds," he had judged it prudent to take to flight with his brother, Galib Bey, and that he had encountered the captains of the cruisers *Abd-ul-Hamid*, *Fehi-Bullend* and *Peik-Cheoket*, the captain of the torpedo-boat *Urfa*, as well as the naval officers Vassif, Arif, Reuf and Jevad, who had also fled so as not to share the fate of the unfortunate Ali Kabuli.

Of all the mutinous troops the most troublesome were the Infantry of Marine, of whom I have already spoken. On the 14th three hundred of them met to demand the retirement of several captains of warships. They also broke open the arsenals and supplied themselves with arms which, however, they threw away later on, or sold to the Galata shopkeepers for a few piastres each. Had it not been for this carelessness and lack of discipline on their part, they might have proved very dangerous and have repeated those scenes of carnage which Constantinople witnessed so frequently in the days of the janissaries. For while the other mutineers had some respect for their religious chiefs and for the Padishah, the Infantry of Marine cared for neither God nor man, and when an imperial *iradé* sanctioned the appointment of Rear-Admiral Emin Pasha to the Ministry of Marine, the bluejackets objected to this appointment, stacked their rifles on the Admiralty

Square and demanded the nomination of Admiral Arif Hikmet Pasha to the vacant post. The fact that Arif Hikmet was a Liberal who had fled the city in order to escape the fury of the mutineers does not prove that the Marines were Liberal: it simply bears out what I have already said about the bulk of the mutineers not knowing what they wanted. The Marines liked Arif personally, and they said, "We'll make him Minister." They were persuaded not to insist on this point but, even if their demands had been complied with, they would probably have got tired of Arif in a week and asked for some one else.

I have already told how a few days after the Mutiny a band of officerless soldiers surrounded the residence of General Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, who afterwards, disguised as a Greek sailor, escaped to Athens on board a German Lloyd steamer. Mahmud Mukhtar is, by the way, responsible for the statement that during this Reign of Terror thirty-six officers were killed and over fifty wounded. These are probably the correct figures. It was afterwards stated that two hundred and twenty officers were put to death, but this statement was no doubt based on the discovery of a list of proscribed officers which contained two hundred and twenty names. As is well known, however, not all of the proscribed were put to death. By far the greater number of them fled and joined the Macedonians.

Hundreds of Young Turks, including amongst them Princes of the Blood, Pashas by the score, and Ministers of State, took refuge in foreign Embassies, Consulates and houses, and an interesting book could be written about the disguises they assumed, the risks they ran, and the expedients to which they were reduced, were it not for the fact that now they all seem (without any reason, I think) to be ashamed of having gone into hiding, and are very anxious that nothing be said about their adventures. Djahid Bey, the editor of the *Tanin*, got off to Odessa. Prince Azis of Egypt, a young man of Liberal ideas, who is serving as an officer in the Turkish Army, rushed on board his own yacht, dressed as a stoker, and so effectively covered his face with coal-dust that when his pursuers came aboard they failed to recognize him. Some of the younger men—Reschid Bey, for example, son of the well-known Fuat Pasha—escaped in the dress of European ladies!



The foreign editor of a local Levantine newspaper, whose extremely violent attacks on the Government and the Committee were probably responsible to some extent for the Mutiny, jeered in the bitterest way at the refugees, but, a week later, this gentleman was himself a refugee. At all events he seemed to vanish from off the face of the earth. Meanwhile, in exact proportion as the Macedonian Army came nearer, his paper, like all the other anti-Committee papers of Constantinople, underwent, in its references to the Committee, a gradual change of tone which reminded me very much, at the time, of the remarkable change that came over the *Moniteur* during the period extending from the day Napoleon landed in France on his escape from Elba to the day he entered Paris. That great warrior was, if I rightly recollect, described at first as a "wild beast," but afterwards referred to in language that grew less virulent in exact geometrical proportion as the distance between him and Paris diminished, until at last, when he rode into the Tuileries, we find him alluded to with most profound respect as "His Majesty, the Emperor." But I am anticipating.

Sometimes officers tried to defend themselves, whereupon they were attacked for doing so by the lickspittle Levantine Press. The owners of the *Ikdam* published at this time a French edition called the *Indépendant*, which indignantly announced one day, during this reign of terror, that "Muhied-dine Effendi, lieutenant of artillery, *dared* to fire yesterday on a soldier," as if the unfortunate officer in question had been guilty of atrocious insolence in trying to defend his life and his honour.

In Bebek, on the Bosphorus, two soldiers waited patiently for several days outside the house of a military surgeon; and when some foreigners remonstrated with them and asked what the man had done, they said that they didn't know, but that they had orders to shoot him. From this reply it is evident that the reactionaries were determined to assassinate all the Committee leaders whom they knew, and it must have been a cause of profound regret to them that the Committee had not taken the reiterated advice of the *Times* about coming out into the open, ceasing to be a secret society, and manfully publishing the names and addresses of all its members.

At Arnautkeui, on the Bosphorus, a Young Turk



descended one day from a ferry-boat, but had not gone more than a few yards when a soldier shot him dead and then walked off quietly, with the air of a man who has done his duty, while the police looked another way and the Greek shopkeepers made the usual wild rush to put up their shutters, which must, by-the-by, have gone up hundreds of times during the ten days that this crisis lasted.

Similar assassinations took place at many other places, and no effort was ever made to arrest the murderers. When the offices of the two Committee papers, the *Tanin* and the *Shurai-Ummet*, were wrecked, as I shall afterwards describe, the names of many contributors to these papers were ascertained, so that the number of terror-stricken refugees became still greater. Among the contributors to the *Tanin* is a remarkably able and beautiful young Turkish woman whose husband, like many Young Turk husbands, allows his wife to see visitors—a circumstance that explains how the present writer came to make her acquaintance. On receiving word that the *Tanin* office had been wrecked and that her own life was in danger, this young lady fled to Scutari. There she took refuge for a time in a foreign college, and she was afterwards able, thanks to the assistance of some European friends, to get on board an English steamer without a passport, wearing an extra thick yashmak over her face and walking in the manner of a very old and feeble woman. She was even able to take her two children with her for, thanks to the little monastic dresses lent them by the Howling Dervishes of Scutari, they looked as if they had come from the monastery of these kind and liberal-minded men.

Of this *sauve qui peut* I saw something, only as a spectator, but for the reasons already given I am unable to make use of the information I thus acquired. I may say, however, that the scenes I witnessed during these terrible days reminded me of what I had read of Ireland after '98 or Scotland after the '45. One day, for instance, a countryman of mine resident on the heights south of Therapia received a note from an important Turkish functionary occupying a great house on the banks of the Bosphorus, about a quarter of a mile below, and, in obedience to the request contained in this note, he called along with myself at the house in question. The door, which was very carefully opened for us, was watched by some nondescript individuals who may have been

spies. Immediately after, when we were ushered into a room beneath whose open, uncurtained windows the great blue Bosphorus heaved and throbbed, we perceived that a *caïqueji* or boatman had, for no reason that we could imagine, taken up his post in the stream a few score yards from the shore. From that point he could observe the whole front of the house and even look into the windows of the room in which we sat.

Our host told us of the murders that had been committed and of the extreme danger in which he himself stood, for he is one of the leading members of the Committee. He said that he had given up the important position which he had previously held in Constantinople as he knew that he would be shot if he continued going to town every day; nevertheless, he feared that an attempt might be made on him at any moment in his own house. In case such an attempt were made he asked my friend for permission to take refuge in his (my friend's) residence on the hill above.

The permission, which was asked for without any loss of dignity on the part of the brave old Turk,\* was instantly granted but, as I remarked a few minutes after to my friend, while we both climbed the steep hill on which his house was situated, it was perfectly certain that if our poor Turkish acquaintance were attacked he could never by any possibility reach us. He is an elderly man somewhat inclined to corpulency and would not have stood much of a chance of out-distancing in a run uphill young Turkish soldiers, armed, moreover, with long-range rifles.

But, meanwhile, in order to be ready for all emergencies, my friend's wife got ready the British flag, and I bought another packet of revolver-cartridges at an ammunition store in Stamboul, where, by the way, business was as brisk on this occasion as if a great bargain sale were in progress, though as a matter of fact the shopkeeper had repeatedly raised his prices.

The only buildings destroyed during the Reign of Terror were the offices of the Committee and those of the *Tanin* and the *Shurâi-Ummet*, besides the Mussulman Ladies' Club in front of the Ministry of Police. On April 14 a crowd, led

\* But of course I was much more impressed by the conduct of some Committee-men personally known to me, who scornfully refused to take any precautions for their own safety. Among these were Keramet Bey and Fikret Bey, the celebrated Turkish poet.

by a hodja armed with an axe, surrounded the offices of the Committee. The hodja broke in the door while the mob smashed the windows with stones, and then, entering the building, broke to pieces or destroyed everything it contained—the furniture, the library, the gas-pipes and, in some rooms, even the ceiling. The crowd cheered frantically when a young man appeared on the balcony and cut the telephone-wire connecting the headquarters of this famous association with the Sublime Porte, for there seemed to them to be something significant in this action.

The crowd then attacked the office of the *Shurâ-Ummet* next door and treated it in a similar fashion. Lastly they wrecked the office of the *Tanin*, sparing, however, the excellent printing-presses which at great expense to himself a patriotic Turkish gentleman had procured for that paper, and selling them for a song to some shopkeeper in Galata.

Meanwhile a wave of reaction ran through the provinces. Over twenty thousand Armenians were massacred in the Adana district, *i.e.*, in Tarsus, Mersina, Antioch, Alexandretta and Alepo, and massacred amid circumstances of such unspeakable brutality that the whole world was shocked.



## CHAPTER X

### HOW THE GRAND ASSASSIN OVER-REACHED HIMSELF

**A**BD-UL-HAMID thought that these murders would rid him of the Committee leaders, paralyze his enemies, restore him his autocratic power and safeguard his life. On the contrary they destroyed, in twenty-four hours, all his well-laid plans. His blood-thirstiness proved his ruin. He overreached himself and over-estimated the callousness of his people in the matter of bloodshed—when it is Moslem blood that is spilt. He found that in Turkey the murder of a Mohammedan—even when that Mohammedan has been officially excommunicated and cursed and denounced as an atheist—is a very different matter to the murder of a Christian.

Before these assassinations began and despite the declarations of the Ismail Kemals, Ali Kemals, Murads and other Opposition leaders (who were so blinded by their hatred of the Committee that if Satan himself came to rule over them they would uphold him as infinitely preferable to Ahmed Riza) that the Constitution was intact, an uneasy feeling grew up in the ranks of the Ahrar that, in order to exorcize a small evil, they had called in a much greater evil which, having done its work, would not go out again.

Serious Constantinopolitans were by no means pleased at the complete dislocation of business and at the terrible series of frights they had had since the 13th. As a matter of fact they were rather disgusted with the Padishah and anxious for his disappearance, not because he had violated the Constitution, but because he had, in their opinion (and I have elsewhere pointed out that in this opinion they were quite wrong), ordered the soldiers to terrorize the city on the 13th and 14th by firing off more than a million rounds of ammunition, with the result that numbers of innocent people,

including children, were killed and wounded by the falling bullets.

The Armenians were naturally horrified when they saw in the saddle again the author of the Armenian massacres. The Greeks became anxious when they saw a Greek officer and a pope murdered in the streets by the mutineers. The telegrams from Adana and the persistent report that the reactionaries were thinking of massacring all the Christians in the capital convinced Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, and Christians of all denominations that even the rule of the Committee was preferable to the continuance of a nightmare like this.

Signs of this disapprobation of Abd-ul-Hamid's radical methods were evident even among the soldiers and sailors almost from the beginning of the counter-revolution. An under-officer of marine expressed his sympathy for Ali Kabuli, even while the latter was being murdered and, as he could not save him, remained by his side to the last in order to hear his dying words and wishes. When a Young Turk officer of whom I have already spoken was shot and left lying in the street at Arnaoutkeui, a grey-bearded under-officer belonging to the same regiment approached and on recognizing the corpse stopped short, gave it the military salute, and then said in a loud and firm voice a prayer for the departed soul.

Outside Constantinople the reaction against the Reaction was a hundred times stronger. Arabia was mad with rage on account of Arslan's murder. Salonica was mad with rage on account of the violated Constitution and the assassination of the Young Turk officers, while Albania and the backward parts of the empire were momentarily stunned by the roar for vengeance that went up all over the country. The Adrianople Corps, as I shall point out later on, would probably have declared for Abd-ul-Hamid had it not been for these massacres.

I attended the Selamlik that was held the Friday after the Mutiny—it was the second last Selamlik that Abd-ul-Hamid ever held—and of the three Hamidian Selamliks which I have been privileged to witness, it was in some respects the most remarkable. Never before did I see such a crowd of ulemas, hodjas, dervishes and softas. Many members of the Mohammedan League were present and the whole garrison had turned out. But the blood-curdling feature of the display was the almost entire absence of officers. The

Salonica Chasseurs were led by under-officers only. Blear-eyed and unbuttoned, the once brilliant cavalrymen of the Ertogrul regiment looked as if they had been hastily awakened while sleeping in their clothes after some awful debauch of blood. Many private soldiers climbed the railings behind which I stood with other foreign visitors and flatly refused to obey the officers of the Household, who begged and implored them to get down. Abd-ul-Hamid passed very close to me as he drove to the Mosque, and I thought that I had never seen his eye so bright and animated, especially as he bestowed a long, appreciative look on the officerless Thessalonians in front of me. The shout that greeted him on his return to the Palace was as wild and fanatical as his heart could desire. Moreover, a ulema added a new feature to the ceremony by raising his voice and praying aloud for the Caliph—the soldiery responding with several thunderous “Amens.” The whole scene—the crowned murderer, the soldiers fresh from the butchery of their officers, the officers almost as dreadfully conspicuous,—to my imagination at least—by their absence as if they had been present in their blood-stained shrouds, and finally the fanatical mollahs—made on my mind an impression which was not lessened by my conviction that we all stood on the brink of a precipice.

As to whether Abd-ul-Hamid had or had not any connexion with the Adana massacres, it is impossible to make any definite statement one way or the other. Even if we admit that the ex-Sultan’s insane craving for blood was as bad as this would imply, the tools of whom Abd-ul-Hamid may have made use on this occasion have, so far, been silent and could not be trusted implicitly if they talked.

Whether Abd-ul-Hamid was connected with the massacres or not, it seems probable, from the testimony of the foreigners who witnessed them, that in many cases the local *valis* knew what was coming and if they did not actually approve, took, at least, no measures to prevent what happened.

In some cases the *valis* became, according to all appearances, paralyzed with fear. At Konia, for example, according to the testimony of an American missionary, “the *vali* kept to his house for six days, not even going to the *konak*” (Government offices), and there would probably have been a massacre had not the Tchelebi Effendi, the head of that very



liberal organisation, the Mevlevi Dervishes, delivered a public address in which, according to the same American missionary, he declared that all men are the children of Allah and that the Turks must not, therefore, rise against their brethren.

In Erzeroum there was no massacre but there took place among the troops a reactionary movement which might easily have meant war between Anatolia and Roumania, especially if Abd-ul-Hamid had hurried to Erzeroum and raised his standard there.

Youssouf Pasha, a General of Division, had been named military commandant of Erzeroum in February, but scarcely had he reached his post than he began reactionary intrigues, for he was one of the Sultan's ablest adherents and he saw his interests menaced by the new *régime*. He gained over the sergeants and the garrison and some of the subaltern officers, and at his instigation the 2nd battalion of the 26th Regiment met with arms in their hands on April the 20th in front of the Governor's *konak* in order to repeat the Constantinople drama of a week earlier.

No resistance was offered to the mutineers, on the contrary Youssouf Pasha made use of them in order to exile fifty-three Young Turk officers under the pretext that the soldiers insisted on this being done. Happily several functionaries of the local telegraph office, who were members of the Committee of Union and Progress, informed Mahmud Shefket Pasha of what was going on, and the result was that the Macedonian leader ordered Marshal Ibrahim Pasha, Commander of the 4th Army Corps, to arrest the traitor. This was all the more easily done as Abd-ul-Hamid had fallen in the interval and as the reactionaries of Erzeroum were consequently panic-stricken. Youssouf was sent to the capital under a strong escort in order to be tried by the Court-martial.

At El-Shukurd, Veil-baba and Kara-Klisseh, a similar movement took place and blood was even shed. That a dozen great massacres did not occur in Asia Minor last April instead of one or two is due to the efforts of the Young Turk officers, who, in order to overawe the reactionaries, forged official telegrams from Constantinople and even announced the dethronement of Abd-ul-Hamid before that event had actually taken place. As one of these officers afterwards put it, "We had not got a single card, but we bluffed mag-

nificantly"—an avowal which is, by the way, of more than passing interest, for it shows that, though Asia Minor is distinctly reactionary, it is also very naïve and very much afraid of Constantinople.

It must not, by the way, be imagined that these young Mohammedan officers were inspired in these efforts by any pity for the Armenians. They would sooner see an Armenian dead than alive at any time, but in the present instance they felt that the prestige and perhaps the territorial integrity of their country were at stake. They acted, in other words, out of policy and fear, but as theologians tell us that fear comes before love, so, in Turkey, as forty years ago in Japan, fear of Europe may end in love, or at least toleration, of the native Christian.

Beyruth was one of the towns where the telegrams were falsified and, when these telegrams remained unconfirmed, the Committee, acting in accordance with the favourite Turkish device of setting a thief to catch a thief, enlisted in their organization all the worst characters in the town, swore them on the Korân, gave them the white and red ribbon of the Society, and then made them policemen charged with the maintenance of order. This bold plan—for an account of which I am indebted to Mr. Allan Ramsay of Constantinople, who travelled in Asia Minor soon after the massacres—was successful and no massacres or reactionary movements troubled Beyruth.

A massacre was being arranged in Alepo but it did not come off, owing (according to Mr. Catoni, the British Consul at Alexandretta) to the fact that, on the eve of the outbreak, the military commander went to the civil governor and said: "Your Excellency, I hear that a massacre has been planned for to-morrow and I have come to warn you that, if it comes off, I'll take part in it and I'll begin by massacring *you*." On hearing this the *vali* collapsed and remained in that condition until all danger of an outbreak was past. Meanwhile the military chief stationed patrols in all the streets, with orders to instantly arrest any one that showed the slightest signs of wanting to start a massacre. But the terrible slaughter that took place in the vicinity of the town terrorized Alepo for fifteen days. Sometimes an abrupt gesture on the part of a man in the street would cause shops and bazaars to close all over the city with the speed of lightning, Christians and Mussulmans barricading themselves

with feverish haste in their houses. More than three hundred families left the town and fled to Mount Lebanon. Many of the inhabitants took refuge in large stone houses and in the foreign Consulates, eighty persons finding an asylum in the French Consulate alone.

It seemed doubtful at this moment if Turkey would be able to pull through without foreign intervention. Consular telegrams announced that the situation in some of the provincial towns was "critical and abnormal." The Kurds were on the war-path at Diarbekir. The Turks were reported to have sustained a defeat in Albania. Issa Bolatine was entrenched at Shepissan in the Ipeck district, fighting was going on in Arabia, the Druses were said to have revolted, and Macedonia was anything but tranquil. In Constantinople itself the situation seemed to be most disquieting. The city was in the hands of mutinous soldiers, there were rumours of a general massacre of Christians being in preparation, and everybody was buying arms with a feverish haste that did not say much for his belief in the prospects of peace. The Armenian Secret Societies in Constantinople were especially well armed and besides revolvers they had an enormous supply of bombs, the discovery or accidental explosion of which might be the match in the powder-magazine.

If the communications that went on at this time between the different Embassies and their respective Governments could be published, it would be seen that foreign States were as perturbed about the situation in Constantinople as any of their nationals in that city.

In Bulgaria the alarm of the people was not untinged perhaps with hope that at last the time had come for seizing Macedonia, at least, and the *Den* of Sofia actually announced that the Servians had entered the Sandjak of Novi-Bazaar. "*An der Grenze,*" says the Austrian military contributor to *Streffleurs Zeitschrift*, "*stand das schlagfertige bulgarische Heer, immer bereit, aus jeder Konstellation praktischen Vorteil zu ziehen.*" Officially Bulgaria's attitude was very correct but it was reported, despite official denials, that King Ferdinand's troops had been sent to Sarembey on the Turkish frontier, and several newspapers in Sofia attacked the Government violently for assisting with folded arms at the events in Turkey instead of profiting by such a favourable opportunity for crossing the frontier.



Even the semi-official *Vreme* feared that "the Turco-Bulgarian *entente*, almost concluded, may never come to anything by reason of the new movement in Constantinople," and said that "it is, then, the duty of the Bulgarian Government to get ready for any eventuality that may arise." In Sofia it was "stated in responsible quarters that should the unsettled condition of Turkey lead to further delay in the recognition of Bulgarian independence, the Government will find itself confronted with the gravest decisions."

On April 14 the Government of King Ferdinand admitted that they were feeling "great anxiety," and one member of the Government informed the *Neue Freie Presse* correspondent that mobilization was not out of the question and that "decisions should now be expected, not in days, but in hours." A denial was given to the statement that the British Minister at Sofia "had taken steps with the object of assuring himself of Bulgarian intervention" in Turkey, but the mere fact that such a rumour got into circulation was significant, especially in view of the fact that a similar rumour regarding Lord Salisbury's offer in the year 1900 to pay Japan's expenses if she sent a relief expedition to Peking when the Legations were besieged was also denied at the time, though it afterwards turned out to be well founded.

The Sultan seems to have now become alarmed at the turn affairs had taken and to have directed all his efforts towards restoring quiet. The Ottoman Theological Association met on the 16th and named several groups of members to visit all the barracks and all the vessels of war in order to advise the soldiers and marines "to respect the law and obey their superiors, in conformity with the Sheriat," also "to have the greatest regard for the Constitution." At the same time patrols began to disarm soldiers and sailors who, refusing to return to barracks, still persisted in wandering about the streets with their loaded rifles. One such instance occurred almost under my nose at the corner of Brousse Street, opening off the Grande Rue de Pera. Three Salonica soldiers chased a marine who refused to return to his barracks and overtook him at the point indicated which, always a very busy quarter, was at that time unusually crowded with people returning from the Selamlik. Suddenly the marine turned and prepared to fire on his pursuers. The latter, with admirable presence of mind, threw themselves flat on the ground so that the mutineer's bullet flew over

them and killed a Greek hairdresser. A few moments later the soldiers shot the marine dead.

But, despite these belated measures of severity, the discipline of the Constantinople garrison at this time was hopelessly gone. An English contractor who had sold a consignment of saddles to the War Office and had been told, previous to the Mutiny, to come to the Seraskierat on April 15 to see the saddles examined and passed, had a striking example of the utter lack of discipline which prevailed even in the General Staff. One of the few officers who remained there had the greatest difficulty, first of all, in rousing one of the soldiers from sleep, and when one was finally awakened he proved boorish and impolite. He said that it was washing-day and that he could not attend to any saddles. Besides, he did not know where they were anyhow, and, if he did, he could not get men to help him. The men were all asleep and they would not get up. Finally, after the officer had in vain coaxed and cajoled him and even implored him not to disgrace the Turkish army before strangers, the Englishman overcame the man's reluctance by dragging in some of the bags of saddles himself and opening them, whereupon the soldier was shamed into lending a very ungracious hand. By-and-by another yawning and partially dressed private strolled casually in and amused the company by telling of the fun he had had the day before. "I never had a cartridge in my hand till yesterday," said he, "but yesterday I had as many as I could fire in a week. And I fired, fired all day."

"And what did you fire at?" asked the Englishman, who speaks Turkish.

"I fired at the Galata Tower," quoth the soldier. "I wanted the foreigners to see what a bullet was like. I also fired in the direction of Yildiz so that the Sultan might also see what a bullet was like."

"And were you not afraid that those bullets might kill somebody?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said the soldier with a laugh; "let them kill."

For such utter demoralization there was no remedy in Constantinople. But, luckily for Turkey, a very efficacious remedy was at that very moment rushing with the speed of the eagle from distant Salonica.

## BOOK IV

# THE TOCSIN SOUNDS IN SALONICA

### CHAPTER I

#### THE SULTAN'S PLANS

**A**BD-UL-HAMID'S grand coup of April 13 was not the throw of a desperate gambler, on the contrary it had a reasonable chance of success. And if it did succeed, there was every probability that the Sultan's enemies would bicker so much among themselves, and would disagree so much about the best methods to adopt that they would do nothing. Hatred of the Committee had converted some promising Young Turks into paid spies of Yildiz. Jealousies inside the Committee would bring all the Young Turks to Abd-ul-Hamid's feet.

Of a truth, the Padishah seemed at first to have everything in his favour. The people and the army were discontented. The Committee was in bad odour, so far as Constantinople was concerned, and it had never been in good odour throughout Anatolia, Arabia and Syria. The soldiers of the garrison had been worked upon with astonishing success, and the news from the provinces was of the most cheering description. The Adana massacres were being prepared and the help of the Arabs seemed certain. The Arabs are religious fanatics, whose hatred of the Infidel seemed infinitely more likely to carry them in one mad, armed wave to Constantinople for the defence of their faith and their Caliph, than love of French revolutionary theories was likely to carry thither the men of Salonica.

Then, many of the leading agents of the Sultan in pre-revolution days had been Arabs. Izzet was an Arab, Nedjib Pasha was an Arab, and his trial in Constantinople had



caused great agitation among the tribes, especially in Lebanon and in the vale of Hermon, and had led to many threatening despatches being sent to his judges.\*

Again, Arabia had been comparatively well governed under the old *régime*. Damascus owed many fine streets and buildings to the notorious Izzet. The Mecca railway was his work. Beyrouth remembered with gratitude the name of Nedjib. Abd-ul-Hamid's Panislamic leanings had naturally made him cultivate the Arabs throughout his entire reign, so that he was personally popular with them.† The Arabs had not, on the other hand, been fairly dealt with by the Committee at the Parliamentary elections, and since the elections a great number of Arab officials had been dismissed. Finally, the murder of the *Serbesti* editor, who was an Arab, though a disreputable one,‡ did not increase the Committee's popularity in the Mysterious Peninsula.

When the critical moment came, however, Abd-ul-Hamid lost the support of the Arabs. This was owing largely, as we shall see later on, to what his Majesty must have considered a very small and insignificant fact, namely, the murder of Mohammed Arslan Bey, who was not only a deputy representing the almost exclusively Arab constituency of Lattakia, but also a distinguished Druse Emir of high family and powerful connexions in Syria. What still further incensed the Arabs was the neglect of the Government to punish the murderers and their effort to make light of the whole "incident" and to prevent the body of the Emir from being carried back to Syria. It is true that trouble did break out later on in the Yemen, but that was after Abd-ul-Hamid had fallen.

The Padishah had always favoured the Albanians quite as much as he had favoured the Arabs, and his body-guard was partly composed of Arnaouts. These Arnaouts had, it is true, revolted against the Young Turks at the end of March and been sent to Monastir, but even in Monastir they might be of more value to their Sultan than they had

\* Which probably accounts for the fact that, after having undergone a nominal term of imprisonment, Nedjib is now free, in favour, and still a Pasha.

† See Gabriel Charmes: *L'Avenir de la Turquie*, p. 25.

‡ It is also said that he was an Albanian.

been in Yildiz. They had reached Salonica on April 11 in such a dangerous frame of mind that two Constitutionalist battalions had to be sent to overawe them before they got on the train which was to take them into the Interior. It was not improbable that these men would poison the minds of their comrades in every barracks they were sent to, and that all of their excessively sensitive, proud and warlike fellow-clansmen would feel deeply hurt at their degradation, and would regard it as an insult to all Albania.

As for the Albanian tribes generally, the Padishah could depend almost with certainty on their making such a disturbance in the north as would prevent the Thessalonians from marching on Constantinople.

But Mahmud Shefket was too quick for both Arabs and Albanians, whose tribal system, moreover, made swift, joint action impossible, as it almost invariably did in the case of medieval Ireland and Scotland, and of ancient Gaul and Britain.

Moreover, when the critical moment came in Albania, there suddenly appeared there a most formidable obstacle to the Padishah's influence in the shape of a young man of barely thirty years of age—Major Niazi Bey, the hero of the July Revolution. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the damage which Niazi did to the Padishah's cause in Albania, and I would not be disinclined to believe the story that Abd-ul-Hamid sought to win over the young patriot, as he had already sought to win over Enver Bey, by offering him in marriage the hand of an Imperial Princess. But not thus was Niazi to be seduced. He declared against the Caliph, and on hearing of this the Arnaouts who had already risen for Abd-ul-Hamid changed their minds and declared for the Constitution. "Since we cannot honourably put back our swords," said those fierce warriors, "let's follow Niazi Bey."

Lastly, Abd-ul-Hamid could reckon to some extent on diplomatic assistance and encouragement from, I think, all the foreign diplomatic body in Pera. Owing to his friendly relations with Wilhelm II. he might confidently depend on the assistance of the German Ambassador, if the latter got the slightest excuse for intervention. And I must say that, towards the end, all the other Embassies, especially the French, English and Russian, began to take an almost tearful

interest in "poor old Abdul," an interest which, by the way, I still find in a section of the British Press, and in some of the books on Turkey that have been published in England since last April. But here again the swiftness and the absolute correctness of the Macedonians blighted all the hopes and falsified all the calculations of Yildiz.



## CHAPTER II

### THE OLIVER CROMWELL OF THE TURKS

IT is evident from what I have said in the previous chapter that the plans of Abd-ul-Hamid were well thought out. The Padishah ran a risk, of course, but Nicholas the Second had run a similar risk when he dissolved his first Duma, and had been brilliantly successful. Why should not the Padishah's success be equally great? Unfortunately for Abd-ul-Hamid, Turkey possessed at this moment what Russia evidently did not possess in 1906—a statesman and soldier whose hatred of autocracy—as strong as that of John Hampden—was matched by a genius in the field as irresistible as that of Oliver Cromwell—in short, a gigantic figure such as does not come once in a hundred years. And, thanks presumably to the foresight of the Committee, which probably knew the exact value of their man at a time when the rest of the world did not even know his name, this heroic leader was stationed just at the point where, in case Constantinople proved traitorous, he could strike at the capital with the most crushing effect.

There is no point on which all the Young Turks are so thoroughly agreed as on this, that if Marshal Mahmud Shefket Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army Corps at Salonica, had not acted with the swiftness that he did, all was lost. Ebuzzia Tewfik, one of the Committee deputies, says that "the Constitutional *régime* would certainly have been overthrown if Salonica, the cradle of liberty, had hesitated for a single instant. . . . Mahmud Shefket Pasha, a general who had, the day before, been almost unknown, proved himself to be not only a man of action but also a tactician of the first order and, above all, a man who feared to assume no responsibility. It was the rapidity of the concentration at Tchataldja, it was the march on Constantinople, it was the firm direction, the energetic impulse which

the Generalissimo gave to all those who surrounded him, that saved the Constitution."

Foreigners, and especially the greatest military experts of the Continent, were unanimous in taking the same view. The Austrian military officer who wrote about "Die Militär-Politischen Ereignisse in Konstantinopel," in *Streffleurs Militarische Zeitschrift* (Vienna) for August 1909, says: "*War das jungtürkische Komitee und seine zahlreichen Anhänger in der Armee auch sofort und unermüdlich tätig, die physischen und moralischen Kräfte zu mobilisieren, die den Gegenstos auf Konstantinopel ermöglichen sollten, so wären wahrscheinlich alle Anstrengungen erfolglos geblieben, wenn den Jungtürken nicht in der Person des Kommandanten des III. Ordu und Generalinspektors der Reformvilajete Mahmud Shefket Pascha ein unermüdlicher und hervorragender Helfer erstanden wäre.*"

Naturally enough, the Committee sometimes tries to take all the credit for the southward march, but as a rule the Committee-men do not for obvious reasons speak very much of the frightful abyss that would have yawned before them in case Mahmud Shefket had temporized or had refused to move. In that case a subordinate general would have been placed in command, with the result that jealousies would have been excited and a certain *débâcle* prepared.

A sudden panic had seized on all the Government employees in Constantinople as a consequence of the Mutiny, and if the Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army Corps had not acted at once, that panic would quickly have seized on all officialdom. Hilmi Pasha and the other old-*régime* statesmen who have passed all their lives in playing a double game, if not in actually kow-towing before the Padishah, would have rallied to the Sultan's side, there would have been a rush of sycophants towards Yildiz and, once the rush began, all the hopes of the Constitutionalists would have been blasted.

Born in 1857 (according to a biography of him which has appeared in Turkish and which has been recommended to the present writer for its accuracy by no less an authority than the Marshal himself), Mahmud Shefket was the son of Kethuda Zadé Suleyman Bey, the Governor of Bassorah. In 1870 he came to Constantinople and entered the Primary School of Atlama-Tashe in Scutari. He next entered the Secondary Military School of Kouléli, from which he passed, in 1878,



to the Higher Military School (Harbieh), which he left in 1882, the first of his class and with the rank of captain of the General Staff. A short time after, he left for Crete in order to accompany the military expedition projected against Arabi Pasha in Egypt. He remained a year in Crete, and only returned to Constantinople when the idea of this expedition was finally abandoned.

In Constantinople he was again attached to the General Staff, but in a few months he was appointed professor in the Higher Military School, where he first taught algebra and then, after General von der Goltz had been made inspector of this military school, the theory of artillery-firing.

On the recommendation of General von der Goltz he was next nominated a member of the commission charged with taking delivery of a consignment of Mauser rifles, after having supervised and studied their fabrication in Germany. He therefore left Turkey and passed nine years in Germany and in France, discharging, in the meantime, many commissions for his Government in connexion with the purchase of cannon, rifles, *tours blindés* and smokeless powder, and devoting himself with intense earnestness to the scientific study of military questions.

On his departure for Germany he had been named a commandant of the General Staff, and on his return in 1896 for reasons of health, he had already obtained the rank of General of Brigade. The ardour with which he had worked and studied while abroad had brought on an attack of neurasthenia, and his medical advisers had forbidden him at this time to engage in any very severe mental exertions, a prohibition which accounts for the fact that he did not take part in the Turko-Greek War. On the conclusion of that war, Sheket Pasha was attached, with the title of Assistant President, to the service of the Grand Master of the Artillery, under whom he was soon afterwards named President.

In 1901 he was charged with a delicate mission which had previously caused great difficulties, namely, the prolongation of the telegraphic line between the two holy towns of Mecca and Medina. The steamer in which he went to the Hédjaz was called the *Muruwet* (Generosity), and it was filled with five or six hundred political prisoners destined to be imprisoned in different fortresses. The sight of these men and their con-



versation made a profound impression on Shefket Pasha, whose respect for the Padishah had already been undermined by his studies and his experiences in France and Germany.

The nine or ten months which he passed in the Hédjaz were destined, moreover, to inspire him with an abiding hatred and contempt for the reactionary and obscurantist type of Moslem fanaticism. The pig-headed opposition of the Sherif and of Ratib Pasha, then Governor of that province, finally forced him to return to Constantinople without having been able to discharge his mission. These two experiences—that on board Abd-ul-Hamid's good ship, the *Generosity*, and that in the Hédjaz, where, owing to the rabid intolerance of the natives, his life was frequently in danger—were neither of them lost on Shefket Pasha. He remembered them both when, eight years later, the time came to strike simultaneously at the Caliph and at the mutineers who wanted the Sheriat.

At Constantinople he resumed his former functions, but in 1906 he was named Governor of Kossovo, in which post he remained till August 1908, just a month after the Revolution of July.

At Kossovo it was said of him in official circles, "*C'est un brave homme, mais tellement mou qu'il ne fait pas un bon gouverneur*" ("He's a brave man but so soft that he doesn't make a good governor"). Mercilessness was evidently the most important point of a civil governor's character in the eyes of the men accountable for this remark. Mahmud Shefket was at this time rather listless and despairing, for though he disliked intensely the manner in which the country was ruled, he saw no way of improving matters. One of his pleasures was to receive foreigners and to talk with them in French and German on the only subjects that a Turk was then permitted to discuss—science, literature and military questions.

When, in November 1908, Hilmi Pasha left Salonica in order to take up the post of Minister of the Interior, Shefket Pasha became Inspector-General of Macedonia while still retaining his post in the army, so that he has had administrative experience that will probably qualify him for the post which he is, sooner or later, bound to fill, the post of Grand Vizier.

For a long time he had belonged to the Young Turk party

and when the Revolution of July 1908 came it found him ready. He had known of the resolutions taken at Pirouzkuey Verisovitz by the Albanian chiefs in the memorable meetings held from July 16 to July 22, 1908, and he had advised Yildiz to employ leniency towards these Albanians. When the standard of liberty was at length unfurled on the night of July 23, 1908, he, the Governor of the Province, was the first man at Uskub to salute it. His example was followed by all the local notables, and when the news of this occurrence reached Salonica that town followed the example of Uskub and of the Army Corps there.

In August 1908 he was called by the Young Turk Government to the command of the Third Army Corps at Salonica, and from that day till the following April he worked unceasingly, not only in improving that army from a military point of view but in inspiring it with his own lofty liberalism. How well he succeeded is shown by the enthusiasm with which his officers and soldiers followed him in the march on Constantinople.

In conversation with the present writer, Shefket Pasha has given the following account of how he came to undertake the famous march :

“It was on April 14,” he said, “that I first learned of the military insurrection in Stamboul. On the same day I sent a telegram of protest to Constantinople in the name of the Third Army Corps, and also sent the necessary telegraphic instructions to the battalions I had decided to bring with me on the march to the capital. Learning on the evening of the same day that the officers under my command had met together in the military club, I went thither in order to inform them of the decisions I had taken and in order to advise them to keep cool. I spoke to them somewhat as follows : ‘The telegrams from Constantinople seem to indicate that the despotism has been re-established there. If this is so, I shall not regard the Government as a legitimate one ; and I have warned the authorities in the capital that if the news is confirmed the Third Army Corps will march at once on Constantinople with all its forces in order to wash out the stain imprinted on our military honour by the Mutiny of April 13<sup>7</sup> and, cost what it will, to restore the Ottoman Constitution. All the necessary measures have been taken to this effect. I am devoted, body and soul, to the cause,<sup>8</sup> and,



in order that I may succeed in my task, I ask of you absolute obedience.'

"Thereupon my officers solemnly swore to obey me. It was a moment of intense impressiveness."

When I asked the Marshal if this was the first pronouncement by a superior officer on the events of Stamboul, he said that it was. "My discourse was at once printed and distributed all over the country," he added.

The newspapers of the time say of this epoch-making speech that "every one who heard it was moved extremely and the audience burst into thunders of applause." Well they might be "moved extremely," for the speech was a declaration of war against Abd-ul-Hamid, aye, against a greater far than Abd-ul-Hamid, I mean against the pernicious doctrine that all is permitted to him who declares himself a champion of the Sheriat. On this point Mahmud Shefket and his lieutenants left no room for doubt. "The aim and duty of the beseiging army," said General Hussein Husny Pasha, the leader of the Macedonian vanguard, in his manifesto to the people of Constantinople, ". . . is to prove that there exists not, and that there cannot exist, any law or any power above our Constitution."

Next day, thanks to the telegraph, Shefket Pasha's bold challenge rang all over the Ottoman Empire like the clanging of a tocsin. On reactionary Constantinople, where the *Niri Hakiket* was the only newspaper which had the courage to publish it, its effect might perhaps be better compared to the effect of a bombshell. Meanwhile, having thus crossed the Rubicon with a vengeance, Shefket Pasha set to work on the gigantic task of throwing his whole army corps against Stamboul in the shortest possible space of time. The London *Times* scoffed at the idea of his completing his task "in less than three weeks," and declared emphatically that even then Edhem and Nazim Pashas would never allow the Salonica troops to concentrate within striking distance of the capital. Shefket Pasha came in three days, and, when he came, Edhem and Nazim Pashas did not dare to oppose him. To describe in great detail how he carried out this herculean task is, however, beyond the province of the present work, and lies rather in the sphere of the military expert. Even non-military readers, however, will appreciate the judgment shown by Shefket Pasha in at once seizing Tchataldja, to



which vital point in the defences of Constantinople he must have sent troops on his own responsibility as, indeed, he told me he did) within a few moments after he had got his first news of the Mutiny.

At first, it must be confessed, the expedition of Mahmud Shefket seemed a very hare-brained enterprise, and it is not to be wondered at that the *Times* denounced it. In reality, however, the Macedonian leader had, after the fashion of all great military captains, taken all possible precautions and left nothing to chance. Having decided on the march, one of his first steps was to make sure that his rear and his flanks would not be exposed to attack. With that object in view he made arrangements with the Albanian tribes (through Niazi Bey, as I have elsewhere pointed out), and with the Greek and Bulgarian bands, even enlisting in his expeditionary force three thousand volunteers belonging to these races. By this step the Generalissimo showed at one and the same time his freedom from religious prejudice, his broad-mindedness, his good sense, and his deep craft. He did not absolutely need the services of these men. Nearly all of them were little better than professional bandits. But he did not want them to ravage Macedonia in the absence of all the regular Turkish troops, and, furthermore, he judged it politic, for obvious reasons, to gratify at this critical moment the Greek and Bulgarian communities inside Turkey, as well as the Greek and Bulgarian nations outside.

But for fear of offending Turkish pride, Mahmud Shefket could not, of course, admit this himself.\*

"During our preparations for the march," said he to the present writer, "ten thousand Bulgarian and three thousand Greek volunteers offered their services, but as these volunteers, being irregulars, might give rise to incidents in Constantinople, we only accepted three thousand of them,

\* In all my conversations with Mahmud Shefket, I found him very diplomatic, very mindful of the general interests of Turkey. This must be remembered in connexion with his eulogy of Edhem Pasha and of the Constantinople ulemas. Even when, afterwards, he seemed to lose his head, as, for instance, when he talked of marching on Athens and when he behaved with some rudeness towards the Greek Patriarch, he was acting with the greatest deliberation and had complete control of himself. His object on these two occasions was to make the Powers believe that, in case Crete was given to Greece, a Græco-Turkish war was inevitable, and that object he attained.

and these we scattered among the different Turkish battalions."

He showed most favour to the Bulgarians, however, since Bulgaria was the neighbour whom he was most afraid of, and on this account the Greeks sent very few and the Servians no volunteers to his army. But he was successful in his main object, and on the 15th he knew for certain that his rear was safe.

As for the other Turkish Army Corps, the 5th (Damascus) Corps was reactionary, and though the 4th Corps (Erzizingian) at first declared itself ready to send troops against Constantinople, it afterwards became reactionary also. These distant corps did not matter so much, however, as the 2nd Corps at Adrianople. The attitude of this Army Corps was of vital importance at this moment, though I do not remember that the subject was ever seriously referred to in any of the newspapers at the time, or that it has been discussed in any of the books that have since been published on this question.

It seemed almost certain, indeed, at the outset that the Macedonians could only enter Stamboul over the dead bodies of the Adrianopolitans. In the first place, the power of the Committee had never been great in the 2nd Corps, whose former commander, Nazim Pasha, no friend of the Committee of Union and Progress, had sternly refused to allow his officers to join any political association, or to mix themselves up in any way with politics. In the second place, it was possible that there was a feeling of antagonism between the two corps on account of the action of the Salonica officers, who, in February, had induced the Parliament to overthrow Kiamil Pasha because (as enemies of the Committee might put it) that statesman had made Nazim Pasha Minister of War. In the third place, every one knew that the Adrianople Corps was numerically superior to the Salonica Corps.

For some time, therefore, it was doubtful whether the Adrianople army would join the Macedonians or would march to protect Constantinople against them. Early on Sunday the capital was full of a rumour that the Adrianople men had fallen on the Thessalonians at Kuleli-Burgay and defeated them. Even the names of the fallen officers were given. But, as I have already pointed out, the murder of the Young Turk officers in Constantinople not only deprived Abd-ul-



Hamid of the support of the 2nd Army Corps, but threw that corps into the arms of the Macedonians. The Adrianople officers could not be certain that Abd-ul-Hamid had really caused the massacres, but, as the agents of the Committee were careful to point out, it was certain that he had profited by them, and that, instead of punishing the murderers, he had addressed them in loving terms. Under these circumstances there was only one course for the Adrianople officers to take, and, after some slight hesitation, they took it.

Shefket Pasha did not ask them, however, for much material help, as he saw that the Adrianople Corps would be needed to guard the Bulgarian frontier in the far from impossible event of a Bulgarian irruption. It sent him, therefore, only an infantry and cavalry brigade, but it also sent him, what was infinitely more important, assurances that it would guard his flank and that it was with him heart and soul.

The rear and flanks of the expeditionary army thus secure, there remained nothing else, the reader may think, but *en avant!* Unfortunately there still remained to be reckoned with an enemy twenty times more dangerous than Albanians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, Adrianopolitans and Constantinopolitans combined. This was the latent fanaticism of the private soldiers in Mahmud Shefket's army—a fanaticism which might at any moment be turned, like a wild beast, against Mahmud Shefket himself if the Sultan's spies only got an opportunity, such as they had had in Stamboul, of sapping the discipline of the Macedonian troops.

Against this terrible antagonist, the Thessalonian leader took the greatest precautions by sprinkling plentifully among the rank and file officers in the garb of privates—many of them Young Turk officers who had fled for their lives from Constantinople—"charged," to use Shefket Pasha's own words to the present writer, "with the task of preventing any harmful propaganda from being carried on among the troops."

"A great number of officers," says the author of "Die Militär-Politischen Ereignisse in Konstantinopel," "were dressed up as privates and scattered at random among the common soldiers. This precaution was enforced with especial care in the case of the troops that went off first and of all the soldiers of the 2nd Corps, the object being, of course, to



prevent any emissary of the Sultan from getting into communication with the rank and file. In the gendarmerie half-battalion which formed the vanguard there were more than fifty officers thus disguised as privates."

While appreciating to the full the invaluable services which Mahmud Shefket Pasha thus rendered to his country at this crisis in her history, we must not forget that he was powerfully assisted by his brother generals, by his officers and, of course, by the Committee of Union and Progress, which immediately after the Mutiny transferred its central seat to Salonica.

It is also important to remember that all the excitement about the violation of the Constitution was not a mere military matter. On the contrary it affected Turkish civilians almost as much as, say, the Great Civil War in England affected the civilians of England. On the evening of April 14 there was held on the parade-ground of Salonica an enormous meeting of citizens, who not only indulged in fiery oratory but also enlisted in thousands as volunteers. The same thing took place all over Macedonia.

### CHAPTER III

## THE "HEROES OF LIBERTY"

**M**EANWHILE, from north, south, east and west the leaders of the Young Turks converged on Salonica. The most important of these leaders, not so much on account of their military capacity as on account of their tremendous popularity, not only with the soldiers, but also with nearly every section of the civilian population, were the famous "heroes of Liberty," as the Ottomans delight in calling them, Enver and Niazi Beys.

To these two young men Turkey owes an inestimable debt of gratitude for having, in July 1908, been the first to raise the flag of insurrection; and the fact that their work proved easy does not take away in the least from the audacity and the generous self-sacrifice which they both displayed on that occasion.

Niazi Bey was born and received his first education at Resna, a town which he was destined to render so famous afterwards. At Monastir, where he also studied, his teacher was an officer who read with the Bey the history of the French Revolution, a subject which left an indelible impression on the child's mind and determined his whole future career. Ardently desirous of embracing the profession of arms, Niazi entered, at the age of fifteen, the military school of Pancaldi in Constantinople—the school which on April 24, 1909, his companion, Enver Bey, captured at the head of his men. On leaving this school he was sent into Thessaly with the rank of sub-lieutenant, took part in the war against Greece and distinguished himself at the Battle of Besh-Binar, on the heights of Volo.

After this battle, the Generalissimo sent him to Constantinople to escort the Greek prisoners who were to be presented to the Sultan. This commission brought the youthful sub-lieutenant into close touch with Yildiz, and the experience

made him more desirous than ever of bringing about a change of *régime*. He saw the Palace swarming with favourites of Abd-ul-Hamid—favourites who, at the age of twenty-five or thirty, wore the uniforms of admirals and generals. There also he had exceptional opportunities of observing the tortuous intrigues that formed part of the Palace system. Finally, his self-respect and sense of justice were alike wounded when the marshal of the Court solemnly offered him, in the name of the Sultan, the sum of two hundred and fifty francs for his services at the front, while at the same time Kiazim Pasha's son, a child of thirteen years of age, was named *aide-de-camp* of the Sultan and presented with a gratification of five thousand francs for *his* services at the front.

We next find Niazi back in Resna at the head of a detachment of fusiliers, and with orders to keep an eye on the Bulgarian bands. He had frequently to visit the *quartier-général* of the Third Army Corps at Monastir, and could not help noticing the wretched condition of the soldiers, and the corruption that went on in connexion with the Commissariat and with every other department of the army, so that when he was approached by agents of the Young Turk party, he proved a ready disciple. The story of how, on July 4, 1908, he took to the hills at Resna with only eighteen soldiers has been told so often that there is no need to repeat it here.

Niazi is one of the finest figures, not only of the Turkish Revolution, but of modern times. He was the first to revolt. He became a national hero, but nothing would induce him to accept any reward for his services, and he still remains in Monastir, a simple major. He has recently spent a great deal of his own money and a great deal of time on a new school which he has founded in his native village of Resna, with the object of encouraging mixed, or rather inter-racial, education, and thus removing that disunion which is the hardest problem before the Young Turks.

Enver Bey's services were quite as brilliant as those of Niazi Bey; nevertheless it would be a mistake to imagine, as many foreign newspapers seem to imagine,\* that between

\* For instance, the *Saturday Review* of May 1 says in a leading article: "Even if Enver Bey were a democratic Sulla and could afford to lay down his power after he had readjusted the political conditions of the State. . . ." Thus the *Saturday* seemed to regard Enver as not only leader of the whole expedition, but dictator of Turkey as well. The humble position which Enver really held in that expedition will be evident from a glance at the



them Enver Bey and Niazi Bey carried through the July Revolution and the march to Constantinople. As I have already remarked, they were, to some extent, on both these occasions, mouthpieces of the Committee, handsome figure-heads who were made use of because they would look well in pictures. In conversation I have always found Enver Bey rather banal and limited, probably on account of his youth and inexperience. When, immediately after the July Revolution, he was asked a number of questions by a journalist of my acquaintance he wrote the questions down, brought them to some of the wise, elderly men who were behind the movement, and came back next day with his leader's replies. He has always given me the impression of a person in leading-strings—a generous, self-sacrificing extremely brave person it is true, but nevertheless in leading-strings so far as questions not purely military are concerned.

Since the fall of Abd-ul-Hamid, Enver Bey, now the Turkish military *attaché* in Berlin, has made several attempts to speak for himself, but has only succeeded in reminding the public that he is still very young. His conversation, for example, with a German journalist about the necessity of Turkey stationing an army corps south of the Caucasus, in order to hold Russia in check, betrays great inexperience of diplomatic ways.

On the other hand, Enver spoke on the occasion of the Constantinople Mutiny like one inspired. He pointed out that Salonica would put things right in about a fortnight, he flatly accused Abd-ul-Hamid of having been the author of

appendix, where it will be seen that his name is not even mentioned among the officers of the various detachments which captured Constantinople on April 24. As a matter of fact he held a subordinate post in the Taxim detachment, which was commanded by Major Mukhtar Bey.

If the reader compares with this stupid and dogmatic article in the *Saturday Review*, the letter which General Von der Goltz published on the same subject in *Die Woche* of April 24—an article in which he says that the only hope of the Young Turks is to strike hard and strike quickly, and in which he prophesies that Mahmud Shefket Pasha will do both—he will be able to understand why Germany has regained her influence in Turkey at England's expense. I may add that while the *Times* was scoffing at the idea of Shefket Pasha reaching Constantinople "in less than three weeks," the *Neue Freie Presse* of April 18 published a long and masterly study of the military situation, in which it pointed out that 15,000 Macedonians might be put in position before Constantinople by April 21,

the Mutiny, and he foretold Abd-ul-Hamid's fall a fortnight before it actually took place.

Ibrahim Hakki Bey, the military *attaché* at Vienna, also a very young man who had distinguished himself in the July Revolution and who was to take part in the advance on Constantinople, showed similar prescience. To a representative of the *Neue Freie Presse*, who met him as he was leaving for Salonica, Hakki Bey foretold

“A very short duration for the movement which has taken place in the 1st Corps.”

He based his assumption on the fact that

“The Committee has at its disposal two army corps, commanded by experienced generals and intelligent officers who have the troops completely in hand. The rebels can oppose to this army only a few divisions commanded by under-officers. The Young Turk Committee is, therefore, in a position to act quickly and decisively. Its success is certain.”

When the reporter asked if the Committee would really strike, he was, we are told, answered by “a peremptory ‘yes.’”

This decisiveness, confidence and clearness of thought, this perfect grasp of the military situation, raises one's opinion of the Young Turk leaders, especially when their forecasts are contrasted with those of so well-informed a paper as the *Times*, which declared that if Enver and Hakki Bey “succeed in passing the frontier they may find that ‘officers without troops’ are a still more negligible quantity than ‘troops without officers,’” and whose Constantinople correspondent wired, on April 17: “I learn on high authority that the officers of the Third Army Corps have telegraphed from Salonica threatening to attack the capital unless Hilmi Pasha and Ahmed Riza are restored within twelve hours. In official circles this is regarded as ‘bluff’ on the part of the Salonica Committee; but should any such hostile movement be attempted, Edhem and Nazim Pashas will certainly not permit the concentration of the Committee forces within striking distance of the capital.”

Besides Enver and Niazi Beys there was another Young Turk officer, also an *attaché* in a European capital, to wit, Paris, who at a later period rendered considerable service to the cause by gracefully and diplomatically removing Abd-ul-Hamid to Salonica, and afterwards by acting for some time as his jailor there. This was Fethi Bey.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE MARCH BEGINS

**G**REAT excitement reigned in Monastir, and from its eagle's nest amid the Albanian mountains that city sent a telegram to the Ministry of the Interior declaring that "the events in Stamboul have produced a very bad impression on the army and the population, and have caused general agitation. The soldiers, the Albanians, the Christian and Mussulman population, are at one in their determination to resist what they regard as a great blow to the Constitution. . . . In case they are not informed by wire that the Chamber continues its sittings under the presidency of Ahmed Riza Bey, and that a new Cabinet has been formed constitutionally, they have all sworn to march on Stamboul. They demand an urgent reply."

Pantcheff Doreff Effendi and the other deputies for the vilayet of Salonica received the following telegram, signed by representatives of the Committee of Union and Progress, the Bulgarian Club, the Albanian Club, the Greek Club, the Vlaque Club and the Servian Club :

"To preserve the Constitution, all the population is ready to shed its blood and to die together. Inform us immediately of the actual political situation."

On April 15 and 16 meetings were held everywhere. On the morning of April 16, and again in the evening, the Salonica troops left for Tchataldja, and their place was taken by a National Guard which was formed in a few hours. Meanwhile, volunteers poured in from Thrace to offer their services in the march on the capital, and the young students of the Hamidieh and Idadieh schools at Adrianople took up arms for the same purpose. The Armenians of Rhodosto, Sivas and Baghthejik, the Greeks of Serres, Drama, &c., and the Slavonic hillmen of the Bulgarian border, all sent contributions to the advancing avalanche.\*

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To give a more technical account of the Macedonian advance, on April 16 the first troops (about one hundred officers and one thousand men) left Salonica and Adrianople and, reaching Tchataldja on the 17th, occupied the Middle Forts without opposition, after which they threw forward an advance-guard to Spartakulé. How the Tchataldja-Hademkoy district came to be chosen as the rallying-point for the Young Turk legions is clear, for that district, which lies from 50 to 60 km. west of the walls of Constantinople, just beyond the bifurcation of the Salonica and Adrianople railway-lines and within easy striking distance of the capital, has been known ever since the last Russo-Turkish War as the Key of Constantinople. It is protected, moreover, by the extensive fortifications of the Tchataldja line, and the barrack accommodation is exceptionally good.

This bold plan—the seizure of Tchataldja—had one disadvantage, and that was that the troops at Hademkoy belonged to the First Army Corps and might very possibly refuse to give up their barracks to the new-comers, with the result that fighting would begin, and fighting at that stage might have been fatal to the success of the Macedonian march. Now there were one thousand soldiers in Hademkoy, and six hundred of them were reactionary. Their officers, Young Turk to a man, persuaded these six hundred to go in a body to Constantinople in order to enjoy themselves by cheering for the Sheriat and firing shots in the air. The six hundred took this advice, and, as soon as they had evacuated their barracks, the Salonica troops quietly took possession, Hifzi Pasha surrendering to them, with a knowing smile, all the military stores, a step which greatly facilitated the further advance.

On the 16th the mobilization of the Second and Third Army Corps was completed, Mahmud Shefket himself supervising the mobilization in Salonica; Fahrid Pasha, the Governor-General, in Monastir; and in Adrianople, where the mobilization took place on the 15th, the corps commander Salih Pasha. Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, the refugee commander of the First Army Corps, was in Salonica during the mobilization, and, later on, accompanied the combined corps on their march, but in neither case did he take any active rôle.

Most of the mobile troops came from the vilayet of Salonica, most of the volunteers from the Albanian districts,

Monastir, Ohrida and Resna. In Salonica, Enver Bey and Niazi Bey formed the volunteers into battalions and equipped and armed them out of the *redif* depots. Reserve ammunition and tents (each tent serving for ten men) were carried on mules' backs. I might here remark that, as a result of my observations on a previous occasion in the interior of Turkey, I am convinced that the Turkish soldier, by reason of his few wants, his genius for getting mules to carry all sorts of equipment for him, and his ability to negotiate his own abominable mountain roads, would be able to offer serious resistance to any army attacking him from the land side, Austria through the Sandjak of Novi Bazaar or Russia through the Caucasus.

Each man carried two hundred cartridges on his person and biscuits for four days. Bread, biscuits and forage were forwarded in military trains to Tchataldja, and on the 21st, by order of the Minister of War, the Commissariat in Constantinople sent out large quantities of supplies to the "guests."

Hurschid Pasha, the Grand Master of Artillery, reached Tchataldja on the 17th, at the head of a Government Commission, and this visit produced the impression that the Government would treat with the Macedonians and oppose no obstacles to their advance. That the Macedonians did not, however, slacken their efforts on this account is shown by the fact that on the very day that Hurschid Pasha was talking soft platitudes in Tchataldja there was formed in Salonica and sent to the front a division of sixteen batteries, two squadrons, one machine-gun detachment, two mountain-batteries and twelve field-batteries, and that steps were taken to form a second division out of further detachments of the Second and Third Army Corps and a third division out of volunteer battalions. For the control of the railway transport an official was appointed this day in Tchorlu with orders to let no rolling stock pass on to Constantinople, and to take possession of all trains coming from Constantinople to Kütchük-Tchekmedjé or Adrianople and use them to facilitate the transport of the troops. It may be remarked that the Orient Railway Company took some risk when it placed its trains at the service of the Thessalonians, for, in case the expedition failed, it might have some difficulty in getting reimbursed for its expenditure in that connexion.

On the 18th, Kütchük-Tchekmedjé (14 km. from Constantinople) was occupied by a half-battalion of gendarmerie—six officers and three hundred men. The vanguard of the invaders was now at Spartakulé, the main body was concentrated in the Tchataldja-Hademkoy region.



## BOOK V

# CONSTANTINOPLE BEFORE THE ATTACK

### CHAPTER I

#### FUNERAL OF THE MURDERED EMIR

**F**ROM April 13 to April 24 the great city of Constantinople was in an anxious state of mind. On the 13th and 14th, we were sure that Abd-ul-Hamid had got back into power again and that the Committee was crushed. On the 16th, there was a rumour that Salonica was not exactly pleased with what had taken place, and that there had been a great meeting of protest and even threats to march on the capital. I went that night, well armed, to visit one of the Young Turk leaders, but neither he nor his companions attached any importance to this news. "The army has done nothing," they said; "it was only a meeting of volunteers, and they dispersed on receiving assurances from Constantinople that the Constitution had not been violated."

This disheartening news was confirmed by a telegram dated Salonica, April 16, which appeared in the *Yeni Gazette* next morning, and which ran as follows: "On receiving assurances that the Constitution does not stand in any danger, the troops who had left here for Constantinople have returned. The volunteers have dispersed. Everything is again quiet."

Another telegram stated that, on April 15th, the Salonica troops reached Luleli Burgas, where they found the Adrianople soldiers, whose military imams or chaplains afterwards persuaded them, however, to return to Salonica as the Constitution was not in danger.

On the 17th, the outlook was therefore very bad, for it seemed as if Abd-ul-Hamid had succeeded in his great *coup*

and as if the July Revolution had really been nothing but a gigantic "bluff" on the part of a few Europeanized officers. And even if the Committee were still strong but so mean-spirited as, in accordance with the advice of the *Times*, to bow its head humbly to the storm, recognize accomplished facts, and forget its martyred followers, then there was no hope either for it or for Turkey. "*Il ne faut pas trop faire de révolutions,*" says a very restrained and moderate French writer, M. Gabriel Charmes, with reference to this very weakness of the Turks in enduring tyranny too patiently, "*mais il faut être capable d'en faire pour avoir un gouvernement qui ne les rende pas nécessaires.*"

On Sunday, April 18th, I was still, on the whole, depressed, though the population oscillated violently between the opposite extremes of panic and perfect confidence. In the morning everybody believed that the Adrianople Army Corps had routed the Salonica troops. Towards evening most people were convinced that there would be no trouble. The peaceful manifesto of the United Parties (whereof I shall speak presently) had been published, the newspapers were extremely hopeful, the Grand Vizier, in a public audience, ridiculed the idea of civil strife, and the representatives of several European banks had sent reassuring messages to their head offices.

But my depression did not last long, for on Sunday night there came sure and certain tidings that on the afternoon of the 16th, two military trains, composed in all of forty-seven carriages containing officers, soldiers, horses and baggage, had arrived at Tchataldja, only 72 kilometres from Constantinople, that one of those trains had gone on to Spartakulé, that other trains were *en route* both from Adrianople and from Salonica, that a great Constitutionalist army was assembling in the environs of the capital.

Meanwhile the contemptible Rump Parliament in S. Sophia's Square resounded to the cry of "*La Patrie est en danger!*" The Chamber had been sitting ever since April 13th. The attendance was so poor, however, that, as recorded in one of the numbers of the *Yeni Gazette* of this time, a local archæologist went to great pains to discover the exact whereabouts of a secret passage, running in Byzantine times from what is now the Old Seraglio to the great theatre, which then occupied the place of the Sultan Ahmed mosque. The idea was that the members might be able to enter the Chamber



without fear and that there would be no longer any difficulty about getting a quorum.

Meanwhile the remnant of the Parliament tried hard to throw dust in its own eyes and to persuade itself that the events of the last few days had been perfectly regular. "The Parliament," it was argued, "had called on the Cabinet to resign. Then an imperial *iradé*, issued in conformity with a vote of the Chamber, had accorded a general amnesty to those who had taken part in the demonstration, and all the soldiers had returned to their barracks with joy and confidence, thus giving a proof of their order and discipline."

Some cantankerous deputies—such as you find, unfortunately, in every legislative assembly—had insisted, however, on brushing aside this pleasing fiction and telling the brutal truth. On the 18th, for example, Niazim Mazliah Bey, the deputy for Smyrna, denounced in violent language the wreck of the offices of the *Shuraï-Ummet*, "which had for twenty years defended, in exile, the cause of freedom."

"The Parliament," continued Mazliah Bey, "has deceived the nation by issuing lying proclamations. How dare we, with our colleagues in flight or in momentary danger of assassination, tell the country that the Constitution stands in no danger? Not a single one of you has ventured to tell the truth. . . . You enjoy neither liberty of action nor liberty of speech, yet in answer to the telegrams of inquiry which we have received from the provinces you want to say that all is well. In truth, I regret to the utmost degree that I form part of such an assembly."

And it certainly could not be denied that things were not quite regular with the Chamber, for had not a communication been received from Adil Bey, the Minister *ad interim* for the Interior, addressed in a vague and general way to the *Secretariat* of the House (for there were at that time no officials to whom the letter could be addressed directly), saying that "he had the honour to send a copy of the resignation of the late President of the Chamber [Ahmed Riza Bey], of which resignation he had read the text in the newspapers"?

On the 14th, 15th and 16th the Parliament was dominated by Murad Bey, editor of the reactionary *Mizan*, who stalked about the lobbies, the man of the hour. (Murad Bey is now, I might add, stalking around his narrow cell in the old castle of Rhodes, where he is serving a sentence of imprisonment for



life passed on him by the Court-martial for his seditious writings.)

Murad assured everybody that the Constitution was "not at all compromised, and that all the parties in the Chamber ought to amalgamate."

On Saturday, April 17, such of the members as were left tried at first to preserve an appearance of dignified calm, and when Pantcheff Doreff Effendi, a Bulgar deputy, asked for permission to read just one or two of the fiery telegrams he had received in dozens from rebel Salonica, the majority of the conscript fathers frowned on the request and said that they had first to elect a successor to Ahmed Riza, to discuss the Budget and to do quite a lot of important routine business.

When the ballots were counted it was found that the late president of the Chamber had only two votes. Then the discussion of the Budget was commenced and, about four o'clock, several telegrams were read from the relatives of the unfortunate Mohammed Arslan Bey, who had been murdered on the threshold of the Parliament House only four days earlier. Arslan Bey was a Druse but he represented in Parliament the proud and warlike tribe of the Nuṣiri, blue-eyed Bedouins who, when the Arabs conquered Syria, pushed down to the sea at Lattakia, the ancient Laodicea, in the mountains above which town they still practically retain their independence. Naturally enough, the messages from these fiery mountaineers and from the murdered deputy's relatives were couched in anything but conventional terms. Of his son, Mohammed's father spoke sorrowfully—and with generous ideas about the age of childhood which accorded well with a patriarch living in a Biblical land—as "a child scarcely thirty-four years of age who left Lattakia in order to serve his country and whose corpse is now on its way back to us," and wound up with a curt and haughty demand that his son's murderers be instantly handed over to him.

The telegram contained no threat, but all the members present knew that, if his demand were not complied with, the warlike Druses would descend on Beyrouth and the chiefs of the Nuṣiri would soon lay waste the Syrian valleys. Riza Bey, the deputy for Beyrouth, proposed that an answer be sent to the family to console them, and that in order to tranquillize public opinion the Sublime Porte be asked to send to the Vali of Beyrouth a detailed statement on

the causes of this assassination, "committed by a regrettable error."

And here I shall take the reader back a few days in order to show him what a formidable danger this dead body of Arslan Bey had become, not only to the Rump Parliament, but to the mutineers and even to the Sultan himself.

Abd-ul-Hamid had also wished to dismiss the murder of the Syrian Emir as "a regrettable error," and to bury the corpse as speedily and as unostentatiously as possible. In other words, he was determined to treat the remains of Arslan Bey as King Charles had treated the remains of Sir John Eliot, who was buried in the Tower despite the petition of his son, who wanted the burial to take place at Port Eliot.

But Arslan's people insisted on the remains being sent back to Beyrouth. This request disturbed Yildiz very much, for it meant angry demonstrations of Arabs and Druses and universal sympathy for a murdered Committee-man. Telegrams from all the Syrian towns showed that public opinion was fiercely against the mutineers. Thereupon a hint went forth from Yildiz that all possible obstacles were to be placed in the way of the Druses and Nu'siri who wanted to carry the dead man home. Difficulties were raised in the hospital. Difficulties were raised about the embalming. The soldiery were instructed to declare that they would oppose by force the removal of the corpse to the harbour, and that if it were taken on board the French steamer on which a passage for it had been secured, they would fire on the steamer if necessary sooner than allow the body to be carried off. But this still more embittered the Syrians, who quickly gave Yildiz to understand that if the dead Emir were not at once brought back to Syria, Syria would come to Constantinople in order to take him back by force. This threat had immediate effect, and, as if by magic, all difficulties melted instantly away.

On April 17, at ten o'clock in the morning, the last rites of Islâm were performed over the murdered deputy in the hospital of Gulhaneh; and under the acacias outside that building there was assembled, for the first time since the Mutiny, a great crowd of representative Committee-men, every one of them there at the risk of his life.

Present also were practically all the deputies, the Grand

Vizier, several Cabinet Ministers and more than eighty officers.

With cruel irony, and also, perhaps, with the object of intimidating would-be demonstrators, the Government had sent to the hospital an escort of "honour" composed of a company of the very Salonica Light Infantry who had murdered Arslan Bey. The soldiers who now presented arms before the blood-stained bier had probably done the occupant of that bier to death, three days earlier. At the beginning of the funeral ceremony the attitude of these Salonica ruffians was designedly truculent and menacing to the last degree.

But, as we shall soon see, this attitude had little effect on the officiating ecclesiastic, the aged Syrian Sheikh, Abdullah. The Moslems are very particular about washing the bodies of their dead and then wrapping them, an exception being made, however, in the case of those who fall in battle and whose salvation is consequently certain.

When the attendants proceeded to prepare Arslan Bey's body for the "lotion," as the ceremonial lustrations of a corpse are called—though only water is used—the Sheikh sternly interrupted them.

"Wash not the body," he thundered, "for it is the body of a martyr and his blood is 'lotion' enough! 'Bury them as they are, with their clothes, wounds and blood; do not wash them.' Thus saith our Lord Mohammed (upon whom be peace!). And, lo! I declare unto you, O Followers of the Prophet! that the spirit of Mohammed Arslan Bey has joined the Legion of Believers who fell at the fatal Battle of Uhud!"

The body was then laid out in its blood-stained clothes before the assembly and, in accordance with Islâmic law, the Sheikh placed himself before the breast of the corpse "as being the seat of the heart and of the lights of the Faith."

Then arose that terrible, triumphant and menacing chant of "*Allah'u Ekber! Allah'u Ekber!*" ("Most High God!" &c.) which makes so impressive and even awe-inspiring the funeral of a Mussulman, no matter how humble the position which that Mussulman occupied in his life, no matter whether he was an easy-going Malay syce or a peaceful Ceylonese "Moorman" or a naked African negro.

At the end of the ceremony, the Sheikh turned towards



those present, in order to speak of the crime that had been done. Beginning calmly and deliberately and in the midst of a silence so death-like that those present seemed turned to stone, he told of the heinousness of the murder that had been committed, of the contemptible cowardice that had committed it. Every word fell like a coal of fire on the heads of the soldiery in front of him, but they all looked on the ground and made no movement. The climax of this extraordinary oration was reached when, with upraised arms and eyes blazing with prophetic fire, the Sheikh declared that, before many suns had set, the avenging hand of God would smite the men who had spilt that innocent blood.

To say that the mourners were profoundly moved is to use a banal expression. When the Sheikh ceased speaking, they gasped as if they had seen the Prophet and tears ran from the eyes of some. Then, mindful of the prophecy with which the ulema had concluded, they raised a loud, triumphant "*Amen! Amen!*"

Suleiman El Bustani, a Syrian deputy, next spoke, and then the bier was taken up, Mohammedan fashion, on men's shoulders and the sad *cortège* went forth—the turban of the deceased being placed as usual at the head of the coffin. The passage through the narrow lanes of Stamboul to Sirkedji on the Golden Horn, where the body was placed in a steam-launch, which conveyed it to the French steamer *Khédivial*, en route for Syria, was accomplished with the rapidity and the dead silence insisted on by the Prophet, and it was unmarked by any incident save one. That one was, however, significant.

At the corner of one of the streets running down to the Golden Horn a young student stopped the Salonica guard of honour with an angry, authoritative gesture, and, speaking in a loud voice, told them that Niazi Bey had reached Tchataldja. To one unacquainted with the magic of that great name, it is difficult to give an adequate idea of what a bomb-shell this simple remark was for the mutineers. As well mention Napoleon's name to Wurmser in 1796, Washington's name to Cornwallis in October 1787, Cromwell's name to the routed Cavaliers of Naseby, save, however, that in all these cases the terror inspired would not be accompanied by the consciousness of guilt and the fear of vengeance which now paralysed the Chasseurs of Salonica. The mention of Sir

Colin Campbell's name to the mutineers of Lucknow would, perhaps, be a better comparison.

The whole funeral procession came to a stop, as abrupt as if a chasm had opened before it. Meanwhile the student continued: "What will you answer him," he said, "when he asks you where are your officers? What *can* you answer him?"

The bystanders trembled for the young man's life, but the Chasseurs had lost their thirst for gore, and were perhaps thunderstricken by this speedy realization of the Sheikh's prophecy. The wrath of God had already overtaken them. The Avengers of Blood were within sixty kilometres of the capital.

## CHAPTER II

### THE RUMP PARLIAMENT

**T**O return, however, to the Parliament in Stamboul and to Riza Bey's ingenious proposition for consoling and tranquillizing the Nuīsiri. No sooner had that proposition been adopted when one of the attendants entered with the telegraph message, which he handed to the president, who, having read it, violently agitated his bell and demanded silence. It was a communication from the Grand Vizier, who announced that "the Salonica troops have arrived at Tchataldja." His Excellency added that he did not know the exact number of the said troops, that the Cabinet had sent to meet them Hurschid Pasha, the Grand Master of the Artillery, and that the latter had just wired him to the following effect :

"I have met the Salonica soldiers. I have succeeded in persuading them, for the moment, to stop their march. They have declared to me, however, that if this halt is interpreted in any other fashion, and if they learn that advantage is taken of it [in the capital] to prepare the least resistance, they will advance immediately on Constantinople, leaving on the Cabinet all the responsibility for the events which will follow.

" (Signed) HURSCHID "

This little communication effectively cured the House of its tendency to dilly-dally with the Budget and other measures of comparative unimportance. It was at this juncture that Yussuf Kemal raised, somewhat irrelevantly it is true, the cry of "the country is in danger." He evidently thought that, if the Macedonians could be convinced on this point, they would go home and leave to the new Government the task of dealing with all external complications. It is not a new scheme this, nor is this the last occasion on which it has been made use of in Europe.



"Foreign fleets," he said, "cruise in our waters. The country is in great danger, and our enemies profit by it. . . . A struggle between the soldiers will be the end of us. The army has lost confidence in the Government: it will only listen to the representatives of the people. Let us run, then, to meet the Macedonians, without losing an instant and without awaiting an invitation from the Government to do so."

This proposition was unanimously accepted, and at the same moment two of the Ministers of State, Mavrocordato and Abdulrahman Effendi, came to inform the Chamber that a special train with steam up was waiting for them at the station. The Parliament then named a deputation of thirty deputies, but nobody seemed particularly anxious to belong to it, and one of the members, Arif Hikmet, asked for "guarantees that we shall not be massacred *en route*."

And now a new distraction! The sound of military music was heard in S. Sophia's Square. After some anxious moments the House was reassured, however, by the news that it was only the 14th Regiment of Artillery from Hademkouy, who had come to town to see for themselves if the Parliament was still sitting. Being reassured on that point, perfectly satisfied with everything that had been done, and about to go home quietly, they were paying a farewell visit to the Parliament House, in front of which they massed in a solid square. The president and the Tchataldja deputation descended to meet them, and Yussuf Kemal, Ahmed Mahir Effendi, and another ulema called Hassan Fehmi Effendi pronounced windy, patriotic discourses which the soldiers punctuated with hoarse, measured "*Amens*."

The soldiers then went away quietly to the Sublime Porte and afterwards to the Ministry of War, where sheep were sacrificed and eaten while, somewhat reassured, the House returned to business. Unfortunately the business was not of a reassuring nature, consisting, as it did, of the reading of menacing messages from every part of Turkey. Marshal Ibrahim Pasha, commander of the Fourth Army Corps, and General Salih Pasha, commander of the Second Army Corps, curtly announced that, "having learned that armed men"—they purposely refrained from calling them by the honoured name of soldiers—"have dared to come to the walls of the Chamber," they were both "ready to march on the capital."

Similar messages came from Prizrend, Jenidjei, Vardar, Prichtina, Geilan, Burhanieh, Smyrna, Janina, Van, Erdjiche, Castanouni, Angora, Broussa, Kossovo, Beyrouth, Nablous, Tripoli, Bartin, Durazzo, Mitrovitza, Sivas, Erzindjian, Uskub and a score of other places, all demanding the fall of the new Cabinet, all declaring that the signatories had decided to take up arms and to march on Constantinople.

Ismail Kemal Bey proposed that each vilayet be invited by wire to send a commission to Constantinople to see that the Parliament still continued its labours, but a number of other members loudly pointed out that half the House was absent owing to fear for their lives. Finally, it was agreed to ask the Government to issue a proclamation declaring that it guaranteed the lives of the deputies, and that the censorship and the spy system had not been re-established. Lastly, there was read a letter from several soldiers denouncing certain persons "who spread false rumours among the soldiers, and who told them to prepare for a general insurrection." It was promptly decided that, owing to the seriousness of the situation, copies of this letter should be at once sent to the Minister of War and the Minister of Police, accompanied by a request that the guilty persons should, if discovered, be immediately shot.

Meanwhile dusk had come suddenly—or was it a lowering storm that darkened the Chamber and made the pale visages of the deputies gleam like the waxen faces of dead men?

The belated turning-on of the electric lights did not dispel this grisly fancy, for the reactionaries did look ghastly in the shade of the black clouds that were already hanging over the city, in the roar of the whirlwind that was rushing from the north.

For, gathered at length—though in a manner that no human being could have foreseen—had that "tempest of God" which an English poet conjured during the time of the Armenian massacres, to sweep Abd-ul-Hamid and his fellow-assassins "to their doom."

At 7 P.M. the House rose. Next day it was faced by similar troubles, for it had first to listen to the reading of a telegram from Janina, signed by the Committee of Union and Progress, the Vali, the military commander, the naib, the Greek metropolitan, the Jewish rabbi, the president of the local court, and, in short, by representatives of the whole



population, threatening to march on Constantinople in case the new Cabinet, "instituted in a manner contrary to the Constitution," were not at once replaced by the former Cabinet. It was decided to send a reassuring response to this telegram, but the House seemed to have its doubts about the efficacy of such a course for, as Saïd Bey of Uskub remarked, many of the deputies and of the Ministers at the Sublime Porte were receiving similar messages from all directions.

In fact, it seemed as if the Sultan had lost all Turkey in Europe, with the exception of a few barracks in the capital and all the vilayets of Asia Minor which were advanced enough to take an interest in politics. All parts of the empire were marching on Stamboul. Four battalions had embarked at Trebizond, a battalion of sharpshooters had left Erzeroum, and other battalions were *en route* for the capital *via* Konia. All the best generals and officers in the Turkish service were in Salonica or on their way to join the army before Constantinople. Riza Pasha, ex-Minister of War, and Mahmud Mukhtar, ex-Commander of the First Army Corps, had reached Salonica and were on their way to join the besieging army. Practically all the officers of the General Staff in Constantinople were with the Macedonians, whose great leader, Mahmud Shefket Pasha, had proved conclusively that he was engaged in no child's play by issuing an order in which he advised all the vilayets which could not send troops against the capital to help indirectly in the good work by forwarding no money or supplies of any kind to Constantinople. He himself set a striking example by summarily seizing a consignment of fresh vegetables on its way from Adrianople to the capital.

Reouf Pasha had, like all the members of the new, unconstitutional Cabinet, taken the oath in Yildiz and kissed the Sultan's hand, and been graciously recognized by the Padishah and Caliph as the duly appointed and credentialed Minister of the Interior. But, horrible to relate, nobody except himself and the Sultan and a few members of the "rump" Parliament seemed to regard him as Minister of the Interior at all. In his first flush of office, Reouf Pasha had had, it is true, an acute attack of the official manner, under the influence of which he sent to the provinces a circular telegram warning the authorities that the Committee of Union and Progress was enlisting volunteers "for a sub-



versive object." The result permanently cured Reouf Pasha of the official manner, for such of the vilayets as condescended to notice his despatch noticed it in a way which was very galling to his Excellency's dignity and his sense of the fitness of things. Monastir immediately answered that it did not recognize him as Minister of the Interior. "Our real Minister of the Interior," quoth Monastir, "is H. E. Hilmi Pasha." As for the accusation that the Committee of Union and Progress was making enlistments, Monastir denied it. The Committee was making no enlistments; it had no need to do so, for "the whole Ottoman nation, without distinction of race or rank or religion, is of its own accord arming to defend its violated rights. It is getting ready, with the battalions of *redifs* called to arms, to march on the capital." The despatch ended with a curt request that Reouf Pasha would trouble it with no more messages.

Some other vilayets sent even stronger communications. Salonica sent the strongest of all for it simply returned, unopened, Reouf Pasha's official letter and all the other communications—official, confidential, urgent, important and most important—which it received in shoals from the different Government departments at Constantinople. Constantinople retaliated, for when the censorship on internal and external telegrams was abolished on the 15th an exception was made in the case of telegrams from Salonica, on which the censorship was made stricter.

Even Constantinople itself was marching out to join the army which was besieging it. The soldiers were deserting daily. Whole squadrons of cavalry went over at a time. On the 19th, for example—as we shall see hereafter—the troops in the barracks of Ramis, on the heights of Eyoub at the head of the Golden Horn, welcomed the invaders, joined them, and kindly presented them with six batteries of machine-guns, and the students of the city, to say nothing of the troops also, poured out of Stamboul in a steady stream. On the 19th the students of the Law School marched through the streets with a flag, on their way to join the Macedonians at Makrikeuy, and their example was followed by some of the professors and students of the Pancaldi Military School, of the Engineering School, of the Commercial School, and of so many other schools that all the educational establishments in the city had to close their doors.

By this time Abd-ul-Hamid had become seriously concerned about the success of his *coup*, and on April 17 he summoned the Grand Vizier to the Palace and had a long conversation with him. On the same day he received the members of the Cabinet, all of whom took the oath in turn and then discussed the state of the country. The Sultan declared that the Government would remain faithful to the Constitution and would punish severely those who tried to overthrow that Constitution. He also announced that he had decided to send a special commission to Tchataldja "to re-establish calm among the troops." At the same time he began to take a great interest in the soldiers and young officers of the capital. For each of the pupils of the Pancaldi Military School and the Pancaldi Medical Military School, for example, he ordered three complete new uniforms. No school had suffered so much, however, from the tyranny and espionage of Abd-ul-Hamid as these two, and despite the glamour of the "three complete new uniforms," every pupil without exception joined the Macedonians sooner or later. Most of them joined after the invaders had entered the city, and did very good service, as we shall see, by guarding the Embassies.

Meanwhile the Tewfik Pasha Cabinet wired to Turkey's representatives abroad that the foreign policy of the country would be the same as it had been under the preceding Cabinet and gave them, at the same time, a short, biased account of the recent "movement" in Stamboul.

## CHAPTER III

### A DISTRACTED CITY

**M**EANWHILE an almost unprecedented deluge of talk was unloosed on the city. Saba-ed-din, the eloquent, inefficient and well-meaning head of the Ahrar, began issuing a series of very long, wordy proclamations, addressed to the clergy, the soldiers, the nation, &c., as if the crisis could be settled in that way. To the soldiers, Saba-ed-din said: "Soldier brethren! Greeting to ye! We cannot sufficiently thank ye for having shown such attachment, during these days of trial, to the Islâmic Sheriat" —then going on, after a few more compliments of the same kind, to explain to the men that, though they might not suspect it, it was a sin, really, and a violation of the Sheriat, to break the law and to kill their officers.

At the same time, in the taverns and coffee-shops of Pera the innumerable fifth-rate politicians of the capital talked, talked, talked, and, by-and-by, they all met in Yani's beer-hall and formed there and then a new Committee under the name of "the Ottoman Union." Having taken this great step, they next proceeded to draw up an almost interminable "proclamation," in which they undertook "to put aside all differences and to defend with one accord the country, engaging themselves at the same time to maintain the constitutional laws." This document was signed by representatives of eleven associations \* and by the editors of all the Turkish newspapers, but Abd-ul-Hamid could afford to smile at it, for he knew that it was an affair of words, words, words. All he feared were those bayonets at Tchataldja.

This being the case, he could, of course, let the newspapers

\* The Central Committee at Salonica promptly repudiated, however, the signature of the Constantinople branch of the Committee, which was appended to this document, on the ground that the local Committee had acted *ultra vires*.



say what they liked, so that the Constantinople Press of this period constitutes a regular barometer of the state of Abd-ul-Hamid's fortunes. At first it was violently anti-Committeeite, but as the chances of the Constitutionalists grew gradually greater, so the Press became gradually a champion of freedom, and finally a denouncer of the Padishah himself.

For instance, the *Ikdam* had been strongly against the Committee and had been filled with joy by the Mutiny of April 13, but, a few days after, it announced with patriotic fervour that "the army has begun to march on the city. . . . These last days are the agony of a despotism. The maintenance of the Hamidian régime would be the ruin of the Ottoman nation and of Islâmism. . . . The Army of Liberty surrounds the city and will sap the very foundations of the bastille of absolutism." Repentance came too late, however, in this instance, for the *Ikdam* was suppressed as soon as the Macedonians entered the city, and its publication has not yet been resumed.

The *Osmanli* said that :

"To avoid all effusion of blood, the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid should immediately abdicate, and, if he does so, he may rest assured that his abdication will be the one good work that he will have accomplished during his thirty-three years' reign. As to his life, the generosity of the nation will surely protect it."

It will be remembered that the *Serbesti* was one of the causes of the Mutiny, owing to the ferocious attacks which it made, daily, on the Committee and the Government, and that the murder of the *Serbesti's* editor on the Galata bridge—a murder which had been attributed at the time, by the *Serbesti* and by all the other enemies of the Government, to the Committee of Union and Progress—roused popular passions to such a pitch that Yildiz concluded that the moment for action had come. Now that times had changed, the *Serbesti* came out with a leading article in which it exonerated the Committee and accused Yildiz of having had Hassan Fehmi murdered in order to excite public opinion against the Committee so that it could bring off the Mutiny which it had long been preparing.

The *Neologos*, to whose raptures of joy on the occasion of the Mutiny I have already referred, now advised Abd-ul-Hamid to abdicate, and declared that in any case April 23,

1909, would be the last day of his reign—a remarkable prediction which practically came true.

There now appeared on the scene a new Turkish paper, the *Hillal* (Crescent), edited by one Mustafa Assim, an ecclesiastic, who made a speciality of attacking the Sultan in the most bitter and direct terms. Its articles were not mere scurrility, however. They contained weighty arguments, not only against Abd-ul-Hamid the Sultan, but also against Abd-ul-Hamid the Caliph, which probably accounts for the fact that this paper was suppressed after, I think, the first or second number.

“The Sultan,” said the editor of the *Hillal*, “having tried a dozen vile methods for bolstering up his authority and having found that all of them failed, had recourse finally to his supposed rights as Caliph. He tried to excite the religious and national sentiments of a section of his people in order to strengthen his tottering throne. He appealed to his supporters on the staff of the *Volcan*, he appealed to his spies and executioners.

“‘For you,’ he cried to them, ‘I am the imam of the Believers, I am the Caliph of the earth, I am the representative of the Prophet, his holy and irresponsible representative.’

“An ignorant section of the people did not understand the full bearing of these declarations which Abd-ul-Hamid addressed to them as their Caliph.

“Let each true Mussulman rest convinced that, in virtue of the Sheriat and the holy laws of the Korân, Abd-ul-Hamid can never have been the real Caliph of the Believers. All those that see in Abd-ul-Hamid the real Caliph are quite ignorant of the laws of the Sheriat or else act in opposition to them.

“I am ready to cite, in support of my assertion, verses of the Korân, besides *hadisses* and *jetvas* of the ulemas.”

Whereupon the author proves, by numerous quotations from the Korân, that since the Sultan was cruel and unjust he cannot have been the real Caliph, and he ends by citing a famous answer given by the ulema of Bagdad to the celebrated Hulagu, Emperor of the Mongols: “A sovereign unbelieving but just is preferable to a sovereign who is a Mussulman but unjust.”

I make this lengthy quotation because it shows that the Moslems are beginning to reason about their religion.

Another new paper, a Turkish paper and Committee organ (though it was and is published in French), called the *Courrier d'Orient*, published an editorial "open letter" to Abd-ul-Hamid, in which it reminded his Majesty of all the horrors of his reign and hinted at his approaching dethronement.

The *Yeni Gazette*, which did quite as much as the *Ikdam* to bring about the Mutiny of April 13, became hysterical with joy when it saw that Shefket Pasha had the whole game in his hands. "Let us awake!" it cried. "Let us arise in our wrath against this hideous hydra of reaction. Let us open our arms to receive this valorous Army of Liberty which comes to free us a second time!"

Meanwhile there was a steady exodus of hodjas and other persons implicated in the recent Mutiny, over a thousand such persons escaping before the Macedonians entered the city.

\* \* \* \* \*

The situation was bizarre beyond belief, quite as bizarre as was the situation in China during the Boxer "rebellion," when foreign armies were marching on the capital of an empire against which their Governments had not declared war, when the great bulk of the Chinese army was neutral, and when the Chinese Emperor fled from his foreign "guests" into the interior of the country. A Macedonian officer tried to convince me when, as I shall afterwards relate, I rode out to the Macedonian lines, that he was a loyal subject of Abd-ul-Hamid and an obedient subordinate of Nazim Pasha, the Minister for War, and he did not think it at all strange or out-of-the-way that he should have marched without orders to Constantinople at the head, not only of Turkish regulars, but of Greek and Bulgarian brigands and volunteers. A few moments after speaking to that officer I was arrested by Macedonian outposts and told that I could not pass, as a state of war existed. "A state of war!" I cried. "Have the outposts, then, begun to fire on each other?" "Not yet," was the answer, "but we must be ready."

If fighting had not begun at this moment, however, the taking of prisoners had begun. At San Stefano a cavalry detachment composed of six men and an officer, belonging to the Constantinople garrison, was taken by the Macedonian vanguard, and military officers who entered the Macedonian



ines disguised as soldiers were arrested as spies. Then, again, the Macedonians were quietly "annexing" all the barracks, powder magazines, and artillery on the outskirts of the city, and incorporating in their armies the deserters from the Constantinople garrison.

But the Ministry of War saw nothing irregular in all this. On the contrary it was charmed, delighted, and, on instructions received from Yildiz, busied itself in raising a copious supply of food for the "visitors," just as Constantine Dragozes had sent daily the best wines and foods to the table of Mohammed while that conqueror was building the "tower of Europe" preparatory to taking the city.

The civil officials of the capital displayed, later on, the same hospitable spirit, for the Mayor of Constantinople and all the municipal officers paid an official congratulatory visit to the Macedonian headquarters. If anything could have disturbed this pleasant state of things it would have been the stern manifestoes which were being sent to Constantinople by General Hussein Husny, officially commandant of the *redif* division in Salonica, but who now signed himself "Commander-in-Chief of the besieging army" (not an over-polite way for an honoured guest to sign himself, is it?).

From Dedeagach, Husny Pasha wired on the 18th to all the Embassies in Pera. In this, the first official intimation which the Macedonians gave of their approach and of their aims (and it was very ominous, by the way, that they chose to speak to the foreign ambassadors first), it was stated that the only object of the Young Turk troops was to save the Constitution and to punish the traitors who had been false to it. Meanwhile the fullest security of life and property was guaranteed to the population.

On the 19th the Macedonian gendarmerie reached San Stefano (10 kil. from Constantinople), and on the following day Husny Pasha sent proclamations to the population of Constantinople and to the General Staff, the latter being asked to oppose no obstacle to the action of the invaders and to hand over to them the authors of the Mutiny. In this proclamation to the General Staff, Husny Pasha made use, by the way, of a phrase which caused many Europeans to smile. Forgetting the blood-stained records of the janisseries and the fact that Turkish history is little more than one long, uninterrupted horror, he indignantly and with evident

sincerity denounced the Constantinople garrison for "having sullied the honour of the Ottoman army, unstained for six hundred years."

These striking messages are already known to my readers, so that I need only give one paragraph to show how uncompromising was their tone. "If our two demands are accepted by the military and naval forces at Constantinople," says Hussein Husny, "and if the latter manifest a passive and real obedience *while we act*, absolutely nothing will be done to them."

The demands, it is true, seemed harmless enough in themselves, for they were that (1) those responsible for the recent Mutiny should be punished, and (2) that all the soldiers and sailors in the city should swear on the Korân to obey their officers in future. And, as the Sheikh-ul-Islâm immediately started visiting the different barracks and battleships in order to swear the men, some foreigners thought that all would end peaceably. But those three vague and terrible words which I have italicized—"while we act"—sent cold shivers down many a reactionary spine, for they certainly indicated that the chiefs of the besieging army would not confine themselves to proclamations.

But, marvellous to relate, even this communication failed to cast the slightest cloud over the idyllic harmony that prevailed between the imperial troops and those of the besieging army. By order of the War Office, that astounding message was read next day on every parade-ground in the capital and on board every battleship in the Bosphorus. Could hospitality go further?

Meanwhile the hermit of Yildiz still remained at Yildiz but in a dreadful state of nervousness and indecision, for he felt his power slipping away from him. More than that, he began to entertain horrible apprehensions regarding his own life, for he knew that he would not be forgiven this time. He spent all these last few days of his reign consulting his Ministers, and he even got into the habit of waking them up at night in order to confer with them and to implore them to save him. For instance, at two o'clock on the morning of April 19 he summoned the Grand Vizier, Tewfik Pasha, to the Palace, and then forgot what he had summoned him for. He could not sleep at night, and until day dawned he made his soldiers march up and down, round and round,



along the gravelled paths of Yildiz Park, under his bedroom window, so that the sound of their measured tread might reassure him, tranquillize him and lull him to slumber.

That sound might have had a different effect if he had known that some of these soldiers had already deserted to the Macedonians, notwithstanding that, a few days before, he had presented each of them with one hundred cartridges and five Turkish pounds. As the end came nearer he begged all his old retainers to come back and live with him in the Palace, and all of them obeyed the call and swore to die for him, if necessary. On April 19th, a bright idea seized him. He would make Hilmi Pasha Grand Vizier of a Young Turk Cabinet. But Hilmi had been in hiding ever since the *coup d'état*, hiding from the soldiers whom his benignant Sovereign had sent to assassinate him, so that he could not be found by the envoys of the Padishah.

Thousands of menacing messages reached Yildiz every day from all parts of the country, and the perusal of some of them so shook the nerves of Ghalib Pasha, one of the Sultan's chamberlains, that that gentleman fled from the Palace. Burhaneddin Effendi, the Sultan's eldest son, for whose sake the Padishah wanted on several occasions to have the order of succession altered, for whose sake he even wished to have the rightful heir condemned to death for complicity in the bomb explosion of 1905—Burhaneddin Effendi also left the Palace. Accused of having been concerned in the Mutiny of April 13, he was so lost to all sense of dignity as to wire to every newspaper, native and foreign, published in Constantinople, denying the accusation, but most of the newspapers which published his despatch added thereunto an editorial note to the effect that they did not believe him.

On the night of the 19th, the spies whom the Young Turks had posted around Yildiz noticed Prince Burhaneddin leaving the Palace accompanied by a single attendant. They followed him to the *yali* of Nailé Sultaneh, his sister, at Curucheshmeh on the Bosphorus, and during the night they saw him quit this *yali* in a steam-launch. Whither he went on this occasion, to one of the Turkish battleships or to some foreign steamer by which he hoped to escape, will perhaps never be known, but next day he was back again in his sister's house. Flabby, nervous, hopelessly enervated by the



delights of the harem, this young man of twenty-one or twenty-two was a pitiable wreck during these critical days, when a bold fight or the unfurling of the standard of the Prophet in Asia Minor might at least have given his father and himself a chance of dying like Princes of the House of Othman.

During this time Yildiz presented a deserted appearance, not a single soldier being visible, even the sentinels having disappeared. Many trusty soldiers remained, it is true, in the barracks, but for the time being they were invisible.

Fearing a bombardment of the Palace in case the guards there offered any resistance, all the inhabitants of the Yildiz district quietly commenced about this time to desert their houses. For several days the little landing-place at Beshiktash, on the Bosphorus, was choked with the slaves and household furniture of Turkish families passing over silently in large native boats to the Asiatic shore, from which their race has come, to which they still send many of their dead, and which they seem to regard as their final refuge. Hence it came to pass that hundreds of houses in the aristocratic Yildiz district were deserted and shut up, and that the whole quarter began to wear the appearance of a town that has been smitten by the plague. Not a footfall was to be heard in the empty streets, not a living thing was to be seen save the dogs and the vultures. At night the district was silent as the grave and plunged in darkness save at Yildiz Palace itself, which was simply a blaze of light. Just before the taking of the city, the Sultan's well-known horror of darkness had increased to such an extent that the place flared like a conflagration. Lights streamed from every window and from every part of the inner park, so that the Macedonian sentries watching on the distant hills could plainly see this dreadful and portentous illumination.

Abd-ul-Hamid's last chance lay with the Fleet, the attitude of whose Commodore, Rustem Bey, was for a long time very doubtful. Negotiations between Rustem and the Macedonians ended, however, in the Commodore declaring for the Constitution. It remained to be seen, however, if the bluejackets would not delicately show their disapproval of this step by hanging Rustem at his own masthead, but luckily they were induced to bring the Fleet out of the Bosphorus under the pretext of carrying out exercises in the Ægean

Sea. Instead of going thither, Rustem cast anchor at San Stefano, thus definitely committing himself to the winning side. This diplomatic success lifted a great load off the minds of the Macedonian leaders and of the citizens of Constantinople and destroyed at the same time the Padishah's last chance, for the Fleet took with it the only imperial yacht which was in a condition to go to sea. At San Stefano the blue-jackets fraternized cheerfully with the Macedonians, and afterwards fired the traditional hundred and one guns which signifies a change of rulers.

Meanwhile, over the tea-tables of the *grandes dames* of Pera the smart young men from the Embassies smiled knowingly and talked of a possible "arrangement." But over the Macedonian watch-fires the travel-stained Constitutionalists discussed whether the Padishah would be put to death or merely deposed, and those who, like Enver Bey, took the harsher view, were very near carrying the day.

The night before Mahmud Shefket struck was a night which Constantinople will not soon forget, for the long strain had reached its limit and the nerves of the city were stretched to breaking-point. During the day-time some appearance of animation had been imparted to the streets by the crowds of foreign tourists flying to the railway-station and to the steamships—carrying in some cases their own luggage—and by the Greek and Armenian families, resident in Stamboul and in the suburbs, moving into Pera to occupy the rooms vacated by the tourists in the hotels. But when evening came a pall of silence descended on the city, a silence which was so intense that the crane of a tramp steamer discharging cargo in the Golden Horn and the screw of another steamer slowly pounding its way up towards the Black Sea were, I recollect, distinctly audible in the heart of Pera.

I walked along the Grande Rue and wondered what had become of the crowds of spruce young Periotés who make this street their favourite promenade. I walked up a narrow lane and, hearing footsteps following me, I slackened my pace, fearing that I was being tracked, whereupon the footsteps ceased and a frightened voice cried out in Hellenic French: "Who is that?" Meanwhile I was clutching my revolver, the other peaceful citizen was probably doing likewise, and the slightest misunderstanding might have made us both begin firing.

At sunset the aerial voices of the muezzin chanting the call to prayer fell with unaccustomed clearness on the ear from the tall minarets of Stamboul, this call ending in three long-drawn-out and melancholy notes which seem to me—though I have heard them a hundred times—as surcharged with inextinguishable longing and unutterable sadness as the wail of a fallen angel.



## BOOK VI

# THE MARCH OF THE MACEDONIANS

### CHAPTER I

#### A RIDE TO THE THESSALONIAN LINES

**O**N April 20, I was seized by the idea of riding to the outposts of the Macedonian army which was then marching on the capital. I could have gone, it is true, by the railway to Tchataldja, but even if I had been allowed outside the precincts of the railway-station there, I could, without a horse, have seen nothing, and it was impossible to get a horse for love or money at that moment in Tchataldja or San Stefano.

Accordingly I decided to ride, though I knew, of course, that there were risks.

I rode through the famous Porta Aurea or Golden Gate, or rather through the exit adjoining it for, as is well known, the Turks have walled up this fifteen-hundred-year-old erection of Theodosius the Great owing to a tradition that the Christians will one day re-enter Constantinople by it and raise their Cross again on S. Sophia's. It was not the recollection of this prophecy, however, or of the attacks at this point of Vitalianus and his Huns or Simeon and his Bulgars that induced me on this occasion to ride up to this venerable structure in order to view it once more at close quarters. It was because I knew that, in an obscure corner at the south-west angle of the northern tower, "the Roman eagle still spreads its wings," those pinions that once overshadowed the world.

I encountered my first obstacle in Makrikeui, a wretched village in whose miserable hovels not even the archæologist could see any hint of the great imperial, ecclesiastical and

fashionable suburb of Hebdomon, where eleven emperors were invested with the purple and where the head of St. John the Baptist was kept in a famous church built by Theodosius the Great. Here I was very unceremoniously stopped by a small party of the Sultan's troops and turned back. But once out of sight I struck north, down the ancient quarries from which had been taken the stones whereof the walls of Byzantium are built and over the huge mounds of earth that had been formed during the course of those excavations. This wide detour brought me past the Sultan's outposts, but as I was not sure if the Macedonians were really at San Stefano, I did not ride through that town, but past the Russian monument, some distance inland. North of San Stefano I again found the railway and encountered an agitated Greek, who told me not to go on or I would be killed.

On I went, however, and just at the point where the railway leaves the shores of the Marmora in order to plunge inland, I saw in the distance two Macedonian encampments, whose symmetrical rows of immaculate white tents stood out clearly against the delicate green of the early spring. One of them was on a hill-top, and the other in a valley, and great was the surprise both of them gave me, for the idea of seeing a Turkish army in tents—excellent, up-to-date canvas tents—was new to me.

“Now for the bother with the outposts,” said I to myself with an uneasy remembrance of my experiences with outposts during the Russo-Japanese war. The outposts, the mounted scouts, and the reconnaissance parties I did meet, it is true, next day, but they were in the rear of the Macedonian army—the Salonica boys had evidently marched too quickly for them to keep up—and the first invaders that I caught sight of were commissariat soldiers who were calmly bringing the army's baggage and impedimenta Constantinopleward!

Then I met a young man, evidently a student volunteer, sitting on the side of the road with a rifle between his knees. He allowed me to pass without challenging me, and I went through the first encampment without exciting any remark. Then I directed my horse's steps to the camp on the hill-top, but before I reached it I was met by two soldiers, one of whom asked me in French what I wanted. I told him that I wanted to see his commanding officer, whereupon he led me



to a tent at the entrance to which stood two armed Turkish soldiers with faces as impassive as those of Red Indians. In front of the tent the regimental flag, folded and covered with a leathern case, had been planted in the ground, and at the door of the tent stood a smart, intelligent-looking and courteous young officer, who at once asked me to enter and seat myself on the carpet which covered the grassy floor.

While I sipped the coffee and smoked the cigarettes of my host, that gentleman conversed with me through the French-speaking soldier, a stout, voluble, Sancho-Panza Greek volunteer, who told me a dozen times that he was professor of French at Serres, but who made himself so extremely useful to me that I have not the heart to criticize him further. Other officers came in, and all of them made a most excellent impression on me. I felt much safer among them than I had felt in Stamboul during the preceding week among the insolent ruffians whom the Sultan had bribed to murder their officers, and whose favourite amusement was to frighten women and children by discharging their rifles in the street.

As there was no room for me in the camp, the commanding officer sent two soldiers with me to a "khan," or native hotel, on the railway line, and there I found accommodation in a room occupied by about forty men, all volunteers, some of them Greeks, some Turks, some Bulgarians. Despite my protests a captain gave up his camp-bed to me, and even insisted on covering me with his rug. Consequently I slept well, but I don't know how my benefactor managed, for the night was chilly, and every inch of sleeping accommodation in the "khan" and the surrounding houses had been taken up.

Before retiring to rest I had a rough but plentiful supper with the Turkish officers. There were only two plates or dishes, and we had to eat with our hands. In one plate was a very tasty young lamb, in the other was "yaort" or curdled milk. The caravansary on which we were quartered was full of wine and arrack, but the owner would not give you a glass if you were to fill his palm with gold, for when the troops arrived he had been told, curtly, that if he sold wine to the soldiers he would be shot. After dinner we sat outside in the dark smoking cigarettes and drinking excellent coffee, and while we were sitting, the fruitless deputation of Izzet Pasha, whose object was to stay the march of the avenging Macedonians, passed in a special train, returning to Constan-



tinople from the Macedonian headquarters at Tchataldja. My companions greeted it with a shout of indignation and defiance, which was taken up by the troops along the line until it died away like distant thunder on the shores of the Marmora. We must have frightened the deputation, I am afraid, for though the cars were brilliantly lighted there was evidently nobody inside. The whole party must have been under the seats of the carriages.

A very different shout greeted the arrival of Niazi Bey, the hero of the July Revolution, and late at night the arrival of the Bulgarian volunteers. This latter arrival I did not witness, as I was then fast asleep. In the morning however, I was introduced to Panitza, the leader of the Bulgarian band. This notorious Terrorist chief, the murderer of Sarafoff, is a tall, fair-bearded man of about thirty, with an aquiline, ruddy face and a quiet manner. I talked to him in Russian, and we managed to understand one another. He told me, among other things, that he had a hundred men with him, but it was rather a mistake, I think, on the part of the Macedonians to bring this desperado at all.

Prominent among the Bulgarians was a bronzed Pomak outlaw, black-eyed and Mongolic-looking, who was a regular walking arsenal. When, a few days after the taking of the city, the Turks gave these volunteers a complimentary dinner and sent them home laden with gifts, this bright-eyed young brigand remained behind, and meeting me once at a railway-station poured a tale of woe into my ear.

"These Turks don't know how to fight," he said contemptuously; "they don't take advantage of cover as we do. At Taxim several of them, including a colonel, were killed. Wasn't it disgraceful? Not one Bulgarian was hit that day. *We* know how to fight. We have been fighting for the last seven years."

"But why are you staying on in Constantinople?" I asked. "Haven't all the other volunteers left?"

"They have," said he, "but I like this place. I'm looking for a job."

"And haven't you found one yet?" I asked.

"Well, no, I have not," he responded sadly. Then, in a sudden burst of confidence: "You see, people are afraid of me. First time I went into a shop and asked for work, everybody cleared out. After that I left all this"—indicat-

ing by a sweeping gesture the dozen or so weapons that hung around his person—"I left all this behind me. But it was no good. The shopkeepers and merchants just looked me in the eye and—began to tremble. I meant no harm to them and was trying to appear as peaceful as a sheep, but they offered me money to go away quietly. . . . Thank you, *gospodeen!* May Allah recompense you!"

Attached to each regiment of new troops that arrived I noticed a regimental imam or chaplain, which struck me as strange, for I had supposed that the Caliph had the clergy on his side, at least. But I soon found that it was not so, for these Macedonian imams were all Young Turks who would not give a fig for the Shadow of God upon Earth and who offered no objection when reactionary ulemas, who came in disguise from Constantinople in order to pervert the Macedonians, were imprisoned or shot.

The chaplains with the Salonica troops told the latter of the Padishah's broken oath and of the violated Constitution, but, strange to say, the fury of the soldiers was not aroused till they heard of the blood that had been spilt in Constantinople, the blood which cried to Heaven for vengeance, the blood which Allah ordered them to avenge. Incredible as it may seem, there must be something good and noble in the minds of those young Anatolian recruits. Is it Christian influence that has caused this change, as it has caused a similar change in Japan, or is it that the honest, monogamous and hard-working Turkish shepherd and peasant is now, for the first time, imposing his higher morality on his debauched superiors? Whatever be the explanation, a new spirit has evidently come into Turkey, as is shown by the disapproval of murder, servitude, the eunuch system, &c.\*

Are these the first faint stirrings of a moral regeneration which may in the end lead public opinion in Turkey to condemn even the murder of Armenians?

"Napoleon comes. He is in the air," cried the Generals of the Coalition, when from the activity of the French troops and the precision of their movements they recognized the

\* Other facts pointing in the same direction are: Shefket Pasha's abolition of the white slave traffic from Constantinople to Egypt, the loss of influence by the first eunuch, the reduction to one-half of the number of eunuchs employed at Court and the proposal to replace them by maids of honour, also the tendency to liberate slaves.



presence of a sovereign, a master mind ; and from the bustle in the Macedonian camp this morning I guessed that the great leader, Shefket Pasha, had at length arrived. At 7 A.M. a messenger from the Generalissimo rode through the heavy mist which concealed the Marmora and the surrounding hills and handed a despatch to our leader. From my experience in Manchuria I half feared that the despatch would order us to fall back on some village a day's march in the rear, but I was mistaken. " Occupy the hamlet of —, on the heights overlooking the Adrianople gate of Constantinople "—that was the gist of Shefket Pasha's message, and when I saw the wave of enthusiasm that ran through the troops I once more realized how invaluable in warfare is the offensive, the swift aggressive.

In half an hour we had struck camp and were in full march on the capital. The glory of that ride over classic ground I shall not soon forget. At nine o'clock the fog lifted, and sunlight flooded the azure Marmora, the shores of the Propontis and the green hills of Thrace.

Before us stood the tall Greek cross which indicates, at San Stefano, the high-water mark of the Muscovite inundation. Beyond that, faintly, faintly, the ancient battlements of Byzantium, the walls that had frightened off Attila, the bulwark of civilization for more than a thousand years, and for nearly half a thousand years the shield of the most degrading despotism in Europe. Behind those walls sat " the city of Cæsar " throned upon her seven hills. Against the sky-line stood out faintly, faintly, the domes and minarets and dark cypress groves of Istamboul. What a prize ! What a prize !

As I rode up to the head of the column I heard a marching song which seemed strangely familiar to me. It came from a group of stalwart fellows in the very vanguard, but they were Turkish soldiers, fez and all, and this song—it is not Turkish. Where had I heard it before ? Then I recognized Panitza at the head of his men, and all was clear to me. These were the Bulgarians. Their Slavonic songs had the same swing with them as the songs I had heard the Russian soldiers sing on the march in Manchuria.

" *Pomozhe Bozhe, bratya ! S' Bogom !* " (" God assist you, brothers ! God be with you ! ") I cried, in my broken Servian, and back to me instantly from a hundred throats came the





"IN HALF AN HOUR WE HAD STRUCK CAMP AND WERE IN FULL MARCH  
ON THE CAPITAL"



THE VICTORS STROLLING ABOUT CONSTANTINOPLE ON THE DAY AFTER  
THE FIGHT



hoarse; stereotyped response: "*Bog ti Pomogao!*" ("Help thee, God!").

Behind the Bulgarians, and evidently on the very best of terms with them, came the Greek bands, singing the songs of Hellas. Then the Turks, singing the "March of Liberty." Many of the Greeks wore their native costume, so did many of the Albanians and others, but the picturesqueness of the invaders had not been gained at the expense of their discipline, for the regular troops were in the majority, and the officers, who were very numerous and who nearly all spoke French (by which I mean to intimate that they were educated and modern, not medieval Islâmites), had a perfect control of their men.

On the white caps of the Arnaout shepherds was written the device "*Ya Hurriet ya Uhm,*" a device which I was inclined to think bombastic until, four days later, I saw those countrymen of the terrible Scanderbeg in the firing-line at Taxim Square.

The army contained, therefore, Moslems, Bulgars, Greeks, Turks, Christians and Jews, all living in harmony; and this Macedonian march thus solved the vexed problem of how to get the various races and religions to serve together in the Ottoman army. Wise, local, forty-years-in-the-country foreigners had proved to me over and over again in the *Club de Constantinople* that the problem is insoluble, since Moslems and Christians cannot serve together, and since it would be the ruin of the country to make them serve apart in separate regiments. But now the thing is done.

It is true that in the reign of Mohammed IV., the janisaries, according to Paul Rycout, "armed a great company of Albaneses, Greeks and other Christians to whom they offered Money, and the Title and Privileges of Janizaries, promising to free them from *Harach* or Impositions paid by the Christians," but in the present case the appeal to the non-Mussulmans was for a different object and the promise made in connexion with it has been kept.

Among the volunteers shouldering their rifles in the ranks were doctors, lawyers, professors and students—the latter refreshingly enthusiastic and naïve, but probably the best fighting stuff in the army. After all, it was just as well perhaps that Abd-ul-Hamid had stirred up the Mutiny, otherwise we should never have had this tremendous upheaval,



this striking proof of the national indignation. People would have continued to say that the July Revolution was a "bluff," and that the Sultan need not have given way.

Among the invaders I found, by the way, many Young Turk officers from the Constantinople garrison. They had been hiding for the last week in the city, hiding from the spies and the assassins of the Palace, and they had come out to the Macedonians in various disguises.

As I neared what might at any moment become the firing-line, I passed a Turkish Colonel, who, surrounded by his officers, was standing by the wayside watching his troops march past and who courteously begged me to stop for a few moments till he had had a few words with me. His object evidently was to reassure, through me, the foreign residents of Constantinople. He told me of the great preparations that had been made to ensure order in the city—several thousand police officers having been brought for that purpose from Salonica (and, as a matter of fact, these fine young Macedonian gendarmes have, for the first time in its modern history, given Stamboul a good police force).

Very often in an army, one can judge of the Commander-in-Chief by the General of Division or the Colonel, and from this Colonel I judged that the Generalissimo was a business-like man with a perfect horror of anything approaching to bluff, bluster or affectation. He was diplomatic too, was this Colonel, for he tried hard to persuade me that the Macedonians had *not* come to dethrone the Padishah or to interfere in politics. They had come in obedience to the orders of the Minister of War, they were all faithful subjects of H.M. Abd-ul-Hamid, the Padishah, &c. &c.—assurances which seemed strange, however, when taken in connexion with the Greek and Bulgarian bands which had been incorporated in this diplomatic Colonel's own regiment.

When in sight of the Adrianople gate I left the Macedonians and galloped on in front with the object of getting back to Constantinople with my little budget of news. I had some difficulty, however, in passing the extreme outposts, which were on a regular war footing, very different to what they had been the day before. As in the Russian army, a line of sentinels ran (metaphorically speaking, of course, for as a matter of fact they stood stock-still) in front of the Macedonian army, far as the eye could reach, a couple of

thousand paces between each man, from the Marmora to the Bosphorus. On the land side at least, Stamboul, Pera, Galata and Yildiz were at this time cut off, and I at once realized that every hour which passed would make the investing army stronger, for all Turkey seemed to be marching on the guilty city.

## CHAPTER II

### THE GRAVEYARD OF A CIVILIZATION

I NOW saw clearly from the hill-top the New Rome, the Imperial city decked in its most exquisite beauty of colour and light, rich in the glamour of its tremendous past, and again the present crisis was obscured for a moment by the memory of times gone by. How many invaders had looked down from the same grassy summit! Greeks, Roman emperors, rebel generals, Byzantine Cæsars, Bulgarian kings, Russians, Crusaders, Arabian Caliphs and Ottoman Sultans! I recalled old Villehardouin's wonderfully vivid account of the impression which the imperial city made on the handful of daring Crusaders who afterwards stormed it, when, from *une abbaie qui ère à trois lieues de Constantinople*, they first caught sight of the mighty capital:

“Much did those who had never before seen it now gaze upon Constantinople. That so magnificent a city could be in all the world they had never imagined, particularly when they perceived the high walls and the beautiful towers wherewith it was encompassed round about, its rich palaces and its lofty churches whereof there were so many that no one could have believed it if he had not seen with his own eyes that city, the Queen of all cities. And know ye that there was not so bold a heart there that it did not feel some terror and not without reason, seeing that never before since the creation of the world had such a high emprise been carried out by such a small number of men.”

Then I descended from the hill-top into a valley, from which the city was not visible, a bleak glen which was deserted, void of man and beast. At the bottom of the valley I came to an old Turkish fountain, near which a dervish was praying fervently, after the Moslem manner. I have no doubt he was a spy sent out to investigate by the Sultan, who



is attached to these medieval methods of reconnaissance. At all events he was not facing towards Mecca but towards me—and I was riding in from the west—and he watched me very closely out of the corner of his eye, while I, on my side, put my hand in my pocket and shifted with my thumb the little catch which covers the word “feu” on the Browning automatic pistol. I took this precaution, not so much on account of the old dervish as on account of half a dozen fezzed heads that I caught a glimpse of, bobbing up suddenly from behind an adjoining bank and then disappearing. Having had a drink at the fountain, I mounted and proceeded onward to discover that the fezzed heads belonged to a number of unarmed Turkish soldiers who were evidently deserting to the Macedonians.

What an invaluable thing in war is the offensive! Mahmud Shefket's bold *en avant* had done more to dispirit his enemies than a victory in the field.

On the previous day deputations from the traitorous Salonica battalions of Yildiz had performed a pilgrimage to the Macedonian headquarters at Tchataldja in order to beg pardon on their knees. After them came dolorous deputations from the hussars, the dragoons, the artillery, and other sinners. All were received coldly and coldly told to return. “Investigations will be made. The law must take its course.”

Near the city walls is a large barracks—the Daoud Pasha barracks, whereof more hereafter—whose soldiers instead of making any defensive preparations, were all collected, unarmed, on a hill, from which they regarded, thunderstricken, the white tents of the distant Macedonian encampments. On perceiving me, some of the soldiers from this barracks ran across the fields toward me, waving a flag or handkerchief. I don't know what their object was, but I thought that the safest thing I could do under the circumstances was to gallop my horse as fast as he could gallop, and to keep him galloping till we were out of danger.

As, in the silence and gloom of the evening, I descended the deserted hills above Edirné Kapussi (Adrianople Gate or Gate of Charisius), I could not help thinking again of the great historic events connected with the ground over which I rode. Far as the eye could reach stretched the ancient Theodosian wall—nearly fifteen centuries old—with its crenellations

and its line of bastions and towers. To the right, south of the valley through which the Lycus once flowed, was the *murus Bacchatareus*, which was defended, in the last siege, by the Emperor Constantine with his four hundred Genoese allies under the command of the brave Guistiani, come hither to shed his blood “*per beneficio de la Christiantade et per honor del mundo.*” Right in front of me stood the Myriandriion which was defended by the three brothers Paul, Anthony and Troilus. To the left stood and still stands the Blanchern Palace, which was guarded, over eight hundred years ago, by a stout detachment of Anglo-Saxon “wild geese” who had fled before William the Conqueror as the Irish “wild geese” fled, some six centuries later, before another William.

Everything spoke of desolation and death, as well it might, for this is the graveyard of a civilization. The moat has been dried up for centuries, and is now filled with earth and *débris*; and the valley through which the Lycus once flowed amid green meadows to the Sea of Marmora is now parched and dusty as an ancient scroll. Though the breaches made in the walls at this point by the Turks were built up again, the new structure was not as substantial as the old, so that at no place along its entire length are the ancient ramparts so damaged as here in the valley of the Lycus, “the Achilles’ heel in the armour of Constantinople.” Wrinkled by giant cracks, the effects of time, of several great wars, the full brunt of which fell on this spot, and of a series of violent earthquakes, they still stand out, however, like cliffs along a rock-bound coast, while, here and there, at their feet, lie enormous chunks of masonry weighing hundreds of tons each, sometimes leaning sideways against the base of the wall from which they were detached, sometimes lying half-buried in the moat.

On the other side of the dried-up Lycus is the Gate of St. Romanus, whose Turkish name still preserves the memory of Mohammed’s great cannon which battered down four towers close by. Here fought Don Francis de Toledo. All honour to him! All honour to his brave companions—Genoese, Venetians, Spaniards, Russians and Germans—who stood shoulder to shoulder against the Turk on that fatal day and most of whom fell with their faces to the foe! Half a mile outside, Mohammed’s tent was pitched during the siege. Through this gate, towards midday on May 29,



the Conqueror, surrounded by his viziers, his pashas and his janissaries, rode in triumph to S. Sophia's.

According to the Turkish historian Akhmed Mukhtar Pasha, the Adrianople gate, the one in front of me, and consequently the one by which I purpose to enter the city, was the first gate through which the Osmanli forced their way. Beside it, inside the walls, rises, triumphant, the gilt summit of the Mihrimah Jamisi mosque, built on the spot formerly occupied by the church of St. George.

A dip in the hills shuts out the walls and the city. Dusk comes on. There is no sign of life. My exhausted horse jogs on monotonously. Overcome by the excessive fatigues of the last few days, I almost fall asleep in the saddle. In a few moments more apparently—it has now become dark—a sharp turn in the road—a Roman road repaired with fragments of Greek pavements and statuary—brings me in sight of what makes my tired horse suddenly stop and snort and rear and grow wet with perspiration. “Christ protect me! Have I gone mad? Or am I dreaming?” And I cross myself hurriedly as, waking up with a start, I gaze with dilated eyeballs on the extraordinary spectacle in front of me. Close at hand, and enormously higher and blacker and more menacing than when I saw them last, the walls of Constantinople are again visible; and between me and them lies what seems to be a limitless parade-ground traversed by serried lines of grey, turbaned objects stretching away to infinity amid giant centennial cypresses. These figures bear some faint resemblance to the human form but are horrifyingly motionless and silent. Some of them tower above me even as I ride on horseback. Some, of gigantic stature, are bowed almost to the ground as if with an unspeakable grief. The turbans of others do not reach to my stirrup. Most of them are dwarfed, shrunken, grey objects of less than average human height, recalling, in their uncanniness, the *Bodach Glas*, the Grey Spectre of the Vich Ian Vohrs and the blood-curdling Celtic legends of my infancy. Here and there among them, little lamps burn with a peculiar flame. These apparitions number hundreds of thousands. They cover the hill, beside the Golden Horn, whereon Godfrey de Bouillon and his Crusaders camped over eight hundred years ago. From the extreme summit of the green height above Eyoub they pour down in a long, frozen, grey torrent,



bearing cypresses like banners, but their chiefest strength is on both sides of the Lycus Valley, whence Mohammed directed on May 29, 1453, the dreadful assault that carried the walls of Byzantium. Their faces are towards the city. They are like an army in battle array that has suddenly been petrified, the dead as they lie, the wounded as they stagger and fall, the sound as they march forward.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes! This is a parade-ground, but a parade-ground of the dead. I am riding through the vast Turkish cemeteries wherein lie the Moslems who fell on this spot during the bloody struggle that preceded the capture of the city.



ANCIENT TURKISH CEMETERY OUTSIDE THE WALLS





## BOOK VII

# THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE

### CHAPTER I

#### THE LAST SELAMLIK

**O**N Friday, April 23, Abd-ul-Hamid held his last Selamlik and I made a point of attending it. Arriving early, I was surprised at the small number of soldiers present, but by the time the Sultan appeared on the scene there were almost as many troops as usual. The only difference between this Selamlik and those that had gone before was that the crowd was kept much farther back than usual and that many armed soldiers were scattered among the civilians, the object being to protect the Padishah from assassination. Then, the Turbaned Arabs and the Albanians had disappeared, and some of the other troops had deserted to the Macedonians. But about six thousand men remained—the Infantry of Marine, the artillery, the Ertogrul cavalry (of whose strange adventures after they returned from the Selamlik to their barracks of Daoud Pasha, outside the walls, the reader will hear presently), a troop of the 2nd (Yildiz) Division and one company (without officers) of the famous Salonica battalions. All of these men acclaimed the Sultan with great heartiness, and it was plain that they had refused to take the oath and would resist the Macedonians.

A few moments before Abd-ul-Hamid emerged, his favourite son Burhaneddin, who was accused of intriguing deeply and continually on behalf of his father, descended the slope towards the mosque and, halting about half-way down, stood among the officers opposite the diplomatic terrace, his admiral's uniform, his dark, hollow eyes, his little black moustache and his white, pasty face making him a prominent

but not quite a pleasing figure. He narrowly scrutinized the faces of the visitors on the diplomatic terrace, and he must have been disappointed to find that, for the first time in many years, there was not a single ambassador present.

Next, slowly between the double line of soldiers, came the wrinkled, grey-bearded old Minister of War, Edhen Pasha, whose duty it was to see that all the military preparations were perfect. Then a procession of much-bemedalled veterans, then a procession of Pashas. Then the Harem.

Finally, the Guidich-Méemourou, or director of the imperial *cortège*, made a sign that all was ready, the dark silhouette of a muezzin arose on the gallery of the minaret, while his keen and plaintive voice called the people to prayer. A pause, a trumpet-call, a startling crash of music, arms were presented, an intense hush fell on the crowd, and forth from the Palace gates, which were thrown open with great tumult, came the usual gorgeous procession of the Padishah, with the outriders, the nimble Abyssinian footmen, the led horses, the spare carriages and the Sovereign's private body-guard, while the bands played the Hamidieh March and two formidable shouts of "*Padishahim tchok yasha!*" ("Long life to my Padishah!") arose from the soldiery.

The word "careworn" has been used to describe the personal appearance of Abd-ul-Hamid for the last ten years, but never did he look so fatigued as on this occasion, and never was it so evident that his cheeks had been dyed. In his eye there was a hunted look that was positively frightful, and both in going to the mosque and in returning from it he looked closely, like his son, at that barometer of European opinion, the diplomatic terrace. What he saw there could have caused him no satisfaction, but his features did not express disappointment. In fact he was in such a state of anxiety and collapse that I do not believe there was room on his face for any additional expression. It must be admitted, however, that it was courageous of him to come out at all at a time when he ran a great risk of having a bomb thrown at him, and he certainly made an heroic attempt to keep up appearances. He saluted right and left as usual, but sometimes his white-gloved hand did not reach half-way to his forehead. It was on the whole a horrible spectacle, like having a corpse, galvanized into some sort of frightful, unnatural life, paraded in the open for political purposes.

Opposite the Sultan sat Tewfik Pasha, the Grand Vizier, an old man with a face looking like that of a great, startled boy, with thick grey hair and thin grey beard. Beside the Sultan sat his son, Abdurrahmin Bey, a young boy who is sometimes good-looking but whose worn appearance on this occasion rather emphasized the prominent nose which he has inherited from his father.

The Sultan was received at the steps of the mosque by his youngest son, a stout little lad of four or five, attired in the full uniform of a field-marshal and looking for all the world like an over-dressed doll. His Majesty climbed the steps of the mosque in his usual feeble and deliberate way, and, when he returned, there arose from the soldiers and the crowd the same lusty shout of "Long live the Padishah!" After a long interval he appeared for a few seconds at a window to salute the crowd, which again greeted him loudly.

"Can it be that he will weather the storm?" was the question I asked myself as I went home. "He's now trying to work on the Christian's pity and the Moslem's fanaticism. The old villain was never so dangerous as he is at this moment."

In the mosque to-day the Sultan heard, as every Sultan hears, the stereotyped "*Padishahim tchok yasha! Maghroullanma! Padishahim serden buyuk Allah var!*" ("Long live the Sultan! Be not proud, O Padishah! God is greater than thou!")\* No need, however, to go to heaven to-day for a greater than the Sultan. Outside the walls of Constantinople you will find him in the person of Mahmud Shefket Pasha, the iron leader of the Macedonians, who is at this moment putting the finishing-touches to his plans.

\* An admonition which is probably of extreme antiquity. A similar reminder is also addressed on certain solemn occasions to the Pope.



## CHAPTER II

### THE CAPTURE OF STAMBOUL

THE plans whereof I spoke at the end of the last chapter were carried to a successful issue by a night march resembling those celebrated night marches by means of which the Japanese achieved their greatest successes in Manchuria. On Friday night the Macedonians closed in on the city like a gigantic net, and on Saturday, at noon, the city was theirs. In fact we might say that the success of the whole march from Macedonia was partly due to the causes which had made the Japanese succeed. Both the Japanese and the Macedonians had moral force on their side, and, above all, both the Japanese and the Macedonians possessed the inestimable advantage of acting on the aggressive.

Then, the army which was opposed to the Salonica troops had very few good officers. This, I need hardly remind the reader, was due to the Mutiny which converted the Constantinople garrison into a number of armed mobs living in barracks, and having no connexion the one with the other.

On the 22nd Mahmud Shefket Pasha reached Tchataldja and took over the supreme command. On the 22nd the Macedonian vanguard occupied the line running through San Stefano, Litros, Ajas and Aghaga. There were fifteen battalions on the heights north of San Stefano. The rest of the Macedonians were close to Spartakulé and Hademkoy.

Despite all precautions, some of the Sultan's spies found their way from time to time into the Macedonian camp, but, on the other hand, Constantinople was at this time full of Macedonian spies. I recognized one myself in Pera, a Mohammedan Bulgarian whom I had seen in the Macedonian army. A professional bandit, a peculiarly desperate case, who had lost count of the number of people he had murdered, he was now dressed as a pious dervish.

With the exaggerated optimism which generally charac-

terizes such envoys, these men seem to have informed their chiefs that the whole garrison, and especially the cavalry and artillery, was ready to surrender. Even the chasseurs in Tashkishla barracks were willing to yield. The infantry, however—so it was said—was not to be relied upon. Events soon proved, however, the erroneousness of these views. The first resistance which the Macedonians encountered was at the artillery barracks of Tophaneh and Taxim and from the chasseurs in Tashkishla, while the infantry of both the divisions in Constantinople, the infantry of the Yildiz garrison included, offered no resistance worth mentioning. As for the cavalry, the only resistance they offered (and, as will be seen, it was not very formidable resistance,) was at Daoud Pasha, outside the walls.

In fairness to the Thessalonian spies it must be admitted, however, that between the 20th and the 24th the spirits of the garrison underwent a considerable change. On the former date the whole garrison seemed anxious to surrender. Many of the mutineers sought out their surviving officers and begged their pardon. Bad men had misled them. Henceforward they would be faithful and obedient soldiers. Besides, they did not wish to fight against their brethren from Salonica. A few days after, the barracks were flooded with innumerable hodjas and other emissaries of reaction, who again stirred up the fanaticism of the troops, urged them not to take the oath of neutrality which Shefket Pasha had tendered to them through the Ministry of War and the Sheikh-ul-Islâm, and told them that they must resist the Macedonians by force in case they attempted to enter the city. The garrison was also assured that the invaders were all Bulgarians, who should never be allowed to desecrate with their presence the citadel of Islâm, and, to clinch these arguments, gold was again used freely. After the fighting on the 24th, more than £T5 was found on the person of every wounded imperialist who was brought to the hospital for treatment, while each of the under-officers had on an average £T25. Had Mahmud Shefket allowed this propaganda to continue for a few days longer, he might have found it very difficult to take the city.

Early on the morning of the 23rd the Macedonian commander-in-chief learned definitely that the troops of the 1st and 2nd Divisions would not take the oath, whereupon

he determined to enter the city that very night so as to prevent the garrison from deciding on any common plan of action against him. But for this circumstance he would have waited for several days longer. In order to take the mutineers by surprise and to prevent them from utilizing their vast stores of rifle and cannon ammunition, the Macedonian commander also wired to the Minister of War indignantly denying the rumour that he had come to dethrone his Majesty, and also telegraphed in the same sense to Saïd Pasha, the president of the Senate. Mahmud Shefket afterwards explained to me that in sending these two telegrams he was not acting treacherously. "My object in coming to Constantinople," he said, "was not to depose the Sultan, for the power to do so rests only with the Parliament and the Sheikh-ul-Islâm, but to restore order, to punish the authors of the Mutiny and to enable the Parliament to deliberate freely. Deliberating freely on April 27, the National Assembly pronounced the deposition of Abd-ul-Hamid, but up to that moment Abd-ul-Hamid was my Sultan, and entitled to my obedience so long as his commands were in conformity with the Constitution. On this theory I acted consistently. I sent no messages directly to the Sultan, even after I had gained possession of the Pera barracks, for the proper channel was the War Office. My object in closing in on Yildiz was to disarm the mutinous troops there, not to capture the Sultan. Having obtained possession of Constantinople, the army simply stood by, obedient to the orders of the National Assembly but having no initiative of its own in political matters."

Some English writers blame Shefket Pasha severely for the deception which they accuse him of having practised on this occasion, but even admitting, for the sake of argument, that Mahmud Shefket *was* guilty of deception, are there many great Christian leaders in history who would have refrained, under the circumstances, from making use of the same strategy ?

Shefket Pasha accordingly took his final measures for occupying the capital. To screen the advance and to protect the troops against emissaries of the Sultan, besides reassuring the people and keeping open the lines of communication with the city, the gendarmerie battalion was sent on to occupy the road to Kütshük-Tchekmedje. After the fighting had



begun in Constantinople, the maintenance of order there was entrusted to this battalion and to the students of the Pancaldi Military School.

On the 23rd, at midday, the army of investment had twenty-five battalions, twelve squadrons, eight batteries and volunteer detachments, with a fighting strength of 935 officers, 22,884 men, 3312 horses, 48 cannon and 8 machine-guns. In the course of the 24th, four more batteries and four armoured automobiles arrived from Adrianople to join the Macedonians. The garrison, on the other hand, had 29,000 men, so that the superiority of numbers and of armament was all on the side of the garrison. The *Saturday Review* of May 1 was therefore mistaken when it said :

“The Young Turks have re-established themselves in Constantinople by force—by overwhelming superiority in numbers they succeeded in subduing the garrison and making the Sultan a prisoner . . . to speak of the capture of Constantinople as a great feat of arms is ludicrous. Numbers and armament were all on the side of the assailants.”

Against the *Saturday Review's* dogmatic pronouncement that the capture of Constantinople was not a great feat of arms we have, however, the unanimous testimony of all the military experts who have studied the subject. “*Die Einnahme Konstantinopels war ein glänzendes militärisches kunststück,*” says Graf Sternberg, and every military critic of Germany and Austria strikes the same note.

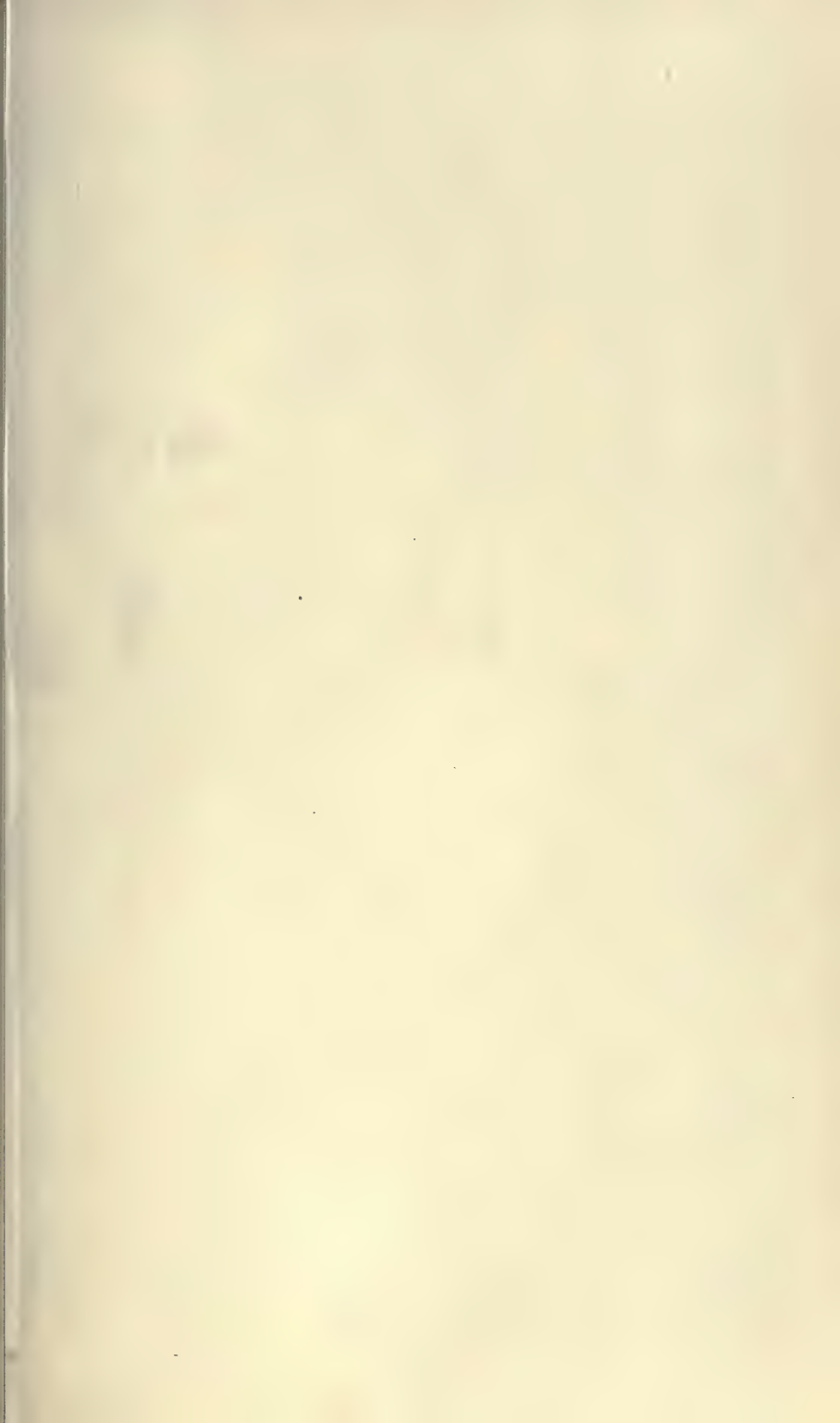
I would even go further than this and say that the taking of Constantinople proved Shefket Pasha to be more than merely a skilful general, for the perfect accuracy with which, despite the conflicting reports of his spies and advisers, he judged, not only of the military situation but also of the political, religious and personal influences at work among his enemies as well as among his own men, indicates that he possesses some of the qualities of a great statesman. Outwardly brilliant, on April 23 his position was, in reality, very unsafe. In the first place, the frequent discovery in his camp of spies and religious emissaries of the Sultan was enough to strike a chill into his heart. It was as if he had found patches of leprosy on his own body. It reminded him that he was fighting against an unseen and terrible antagonist, the spirit of religious fanaticism, the mysterious, hypnotic power of the Caliph over all True Believers. Ten days

earlier this mysterious power had been exercised for a moment, and lo! all the elaborate defences that the Constitutionalists had erected against it had tumbled down like the walls of Jericho. The same thing might happen again at any moment. To-night the Macedonians might be good Parliamentarians and to-morrow they might be carrying Mahmud Shefket to the Padishah, even as his own sailors had carried the unfortunate Ali Kabuli Bey only a week previously.

True, the Constantinople garrison was, for the moment, without leaders and without any common plan of action, but it was superior in numbers to the Macedonians and it had at its disposal a hundred times as many cannon and a hundred times as much ammunition as Shefket Pasha, while to-morrow there might possibly be at its disposal unlimited human material in the shape of the fanatical mobs of Stamboul and Scutari. Even without these reinforcements the mutineers were not at all in a bad position. The South African war has shown us how difficult it is to dislodge even a handful of undisciplined peasants from a ford or a hill-side, and during the Russo-Japanese war the present writer saw, especially at Sandypu and during Mischenko's raid on Ying-kow, how impossible it was even for large forces of Russians provided with artillery to dislodge a few Japanese fusiliers who had entrenched themselves in wretched Chinese huts built in the open plain. Unlike the Japanese, the mutineers were, many of them, desperate. They knew that they would be put to death in any case, and they probably felt that it would be better to be shot than to be hanged. Moreover, they had ideal cover in the hill-features of the city, and if the worst came to the worst, they had the protection afforded by the strongly built barracks, the walls of which were in some places, as the bombardment of Taxim and Tashkishla proved, nearly a yard thick.

Conditions so favourable as these made the appearance of leaders among the mutinous troops a thing which might be expected at any moment. And leaders would, I think, have appeared had Mahmud Shefket waited many days longer or hearkened to the powerful influences which sought to entangle him in pleasant, futile negotiations; to flatter him; gain time; mislead him by smooth, optimistic assurances.

There were resident at that time in Constantinople not only scores but hundreds of reactionary officers, living in a







state of penury, and ready, one should think—especially as many of them were foredoomed to death by the Committee and, as a matter of fact, were duly executed afterwards—to make a bold bid for fame and power by espousing the cause of Abd-ul-Hamid, Caliph and Padishah. Even a bad general might, with all the above-mentioned advantages on his side, be able to hold his own against even Shekret Pasha. But it was not impossible that the Sultan might get the help of good generals if the affair were spun out much longer. Shekret Pasha has spoken generously in favour of Nazim, but it is said that when, on the 23rd, Nazim was in San Stefano, at the headquarters of the besieging army, he firmly denied that his troops had refused to take the oath, though he could not but have known of their refusal to do so. Then, Nazim was certainly no friend to the Committee, while Edhem, the conqueror at Larissa, was a man in whom Abd-ul-Hamid might safely confide. The Sultan, however, confided in nobody. That was probably one of the reasons of his fall.

On the night of the 23rd, Alibejkiöj and Kiathané were taken and, lying in the positions indicated in the annexed map, the different columns were ready for their march on Constantinople. As darkness fell the first blow was struck, or rather the first shot was fired in anger, near the cavalry barracks of Daoud Pasha,\* which, together with the barracks of Musewir and Ramis, is situated outside the Adrianople gate.

After nightfall the various detachments of Macedonians quietly broke camp and moved close to the city, those threatening Stamboul marching up to the walls of Constantinople and those threatening Pera marching to Shishli and the other outlying points of that quarter, and all of them remaining in these positions until dawn. All this was done quietly save in the case of the troops encamped at Litros.

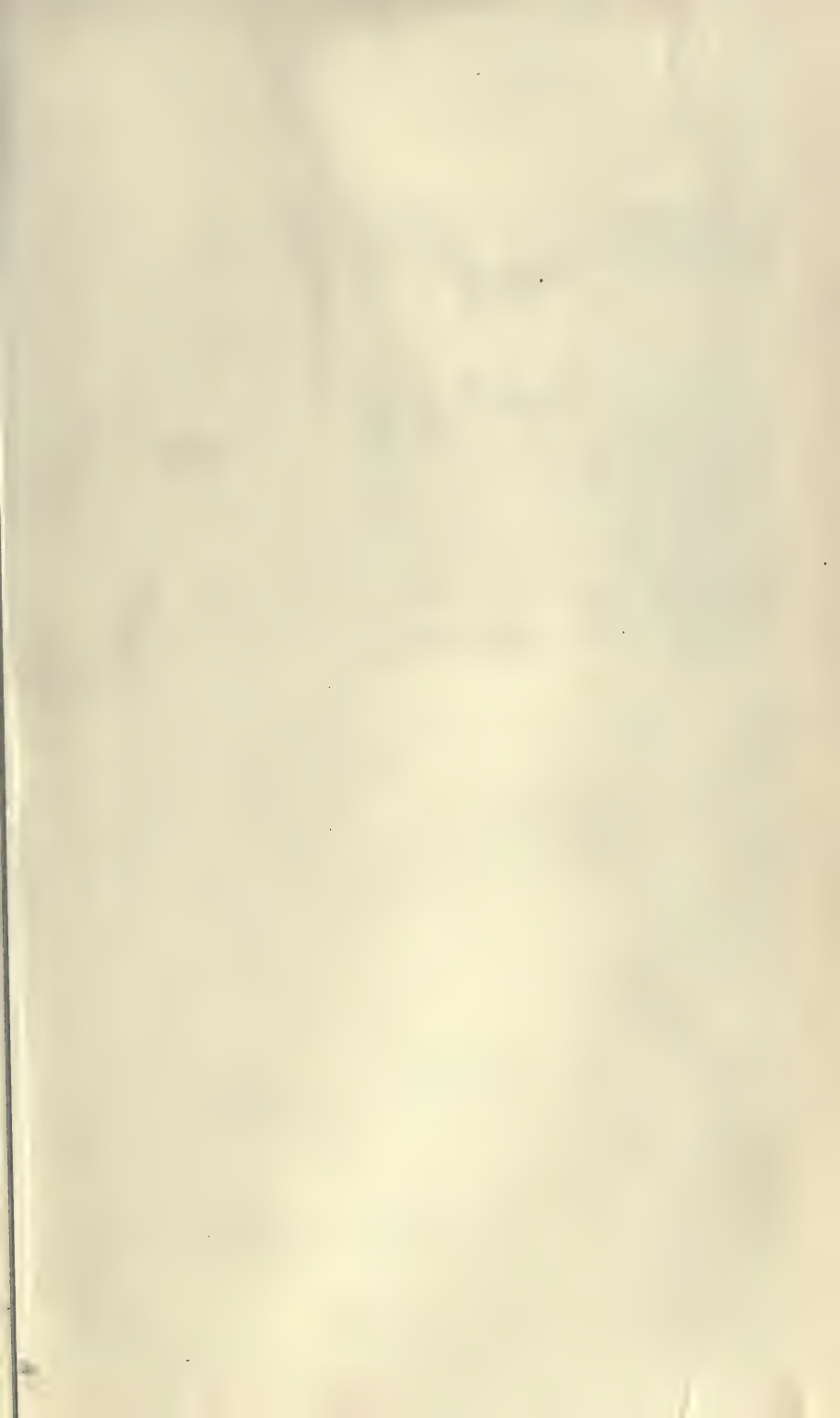
At 2 P.M. on Friday, just as the Sultan had got through with the Selamlık so successfully and was—probably for the last time in his reign—bowing his acknowledgments to the troops and to the people, Daoud Pasha barracks was suddenly surrounded by three battalions of the Litros column, composed of a detachment of volunteers and two quick-firing batteries of the regular army, to which body was attached the heroic Niazi Bey, also Panitza and his Bulgarians.

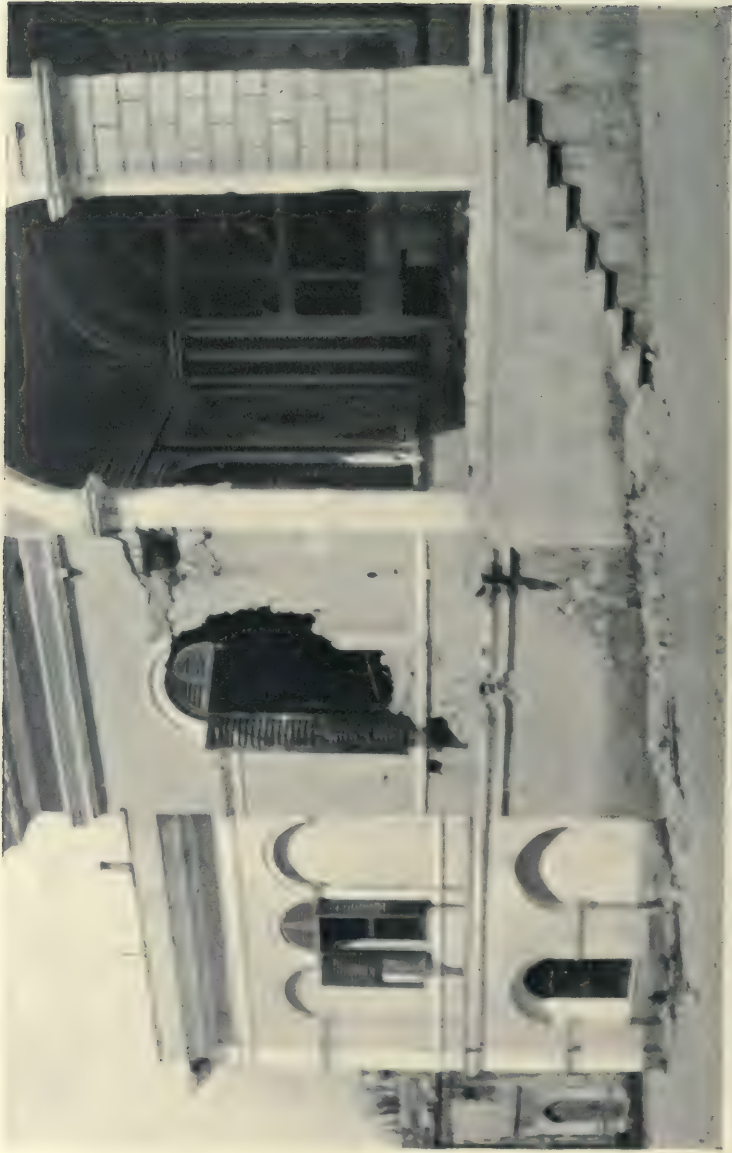
\* Military readers will find the technical *ordre de bataille* in the Appendix.

As on the occasion when Hademkoy was captured, the moment was well chosen, for the only portion of the garrison which was strongly reactionary, the Ertogrul regiment of Horse, happened just then to be absent at the Selamlik, and the one cavalry regiment left in the barracks was officered by sixteen incapable "ranker" officers, all the educated officers having either gone to the Selamlik or deserted to the Macedonians. The cavalry-men made some faint preparations to resist, but when they saw the quick-firers trained on them they promptly raised the white flag. Just as the last of them had lain down his arms, the Ertogrul regiment returned, intoxicated with the enthusiasm of the Selamlik. Their enthusiasm was enough to make them refuse to surrender but not enough to make them fight, and, on seeing that the artillery was going to open on them, they returned at full gallop to Stamboul, spreading alarm in the streets through which they tore as well as in the Ministry of War and in the Fatih barracks. The imperialist troops in these barracks quickly formed themselves into three battalions and prepared to march under the command of an under-officer to Daoud Pasha, from which they swore to dislodge the Thessalonians. On learning of all these alarming happenings, the Minister of War, Edhem Pasha, who had been attending a Cabinet Council at the Sublime Porte, hastened to the Seraskierat and succeeded in inducing about half of the troops that were marching against Daoud Pasha to return to their barracks. About five companies refused, however, to be dissuaded and marched out through the Adrianople gate to Daoud Pasha barracks. Failing, however, to dislodge the "guests," they fell back for a moment on Ramis-Tschiflik barracks, keeping up till nightfall a brisk but almost ineffective fire on the Macedonians, who soon "annexed" Ramis barracks (5th cavalry regiment) and Musewir, thus obtaining without resistance an important base for their further operations.

In the meantime the Minister of War had appeared at Daoud Pasha and begged the Macedonians to please desist from taking barracks that did not belong to them, but his exhortations only caused the Constitutionalists to smile. During the night the five companies from the Seraskierat returned to their quarters in the Ministry of War, where, wearied by the excitement and the fatigues of the day, they were fast asleep







"IN THE FAÇADE THERE WAS A STILL LARGER HOLE, EVIDENTLY MADE BY A SHELL EXPLODING "

in their beds when the Macedonians entered like a thief in the night and made prisoners of all the garrison—three Nizam battalions. The behaviour of the Seraskierat troops on this occasion shows how difficult it is to prophesy anything with regard to the Turks. On April 18 these troops remained faithful to Mahmud Mukhtar Bey and the Constitution until the very last moment, and would probably on the morning of that day have fired on the Sheriatists if ordered to do so. On April 23 they are the only portion of the garrison which sends a detachment outside the walls to fight the Macedonians, and, a few hours later, they all allow themselves to be captured without striking a blow.

The only resistance which the Thessalonians encountered in Stamboul was at the Fatih mosque barracks, at the Sublime Porte, and at the officers' club adjoining the Sublime Porte.

After capturing the War Office, the Macedonians marched towards the Sublime Porte, but here they met with a hot reception, for the Sublime Porte was occupied by three companies of the Chasseurs of Plevna and the Officers' Club was held by another detachment of Imperialists. The Macedonians were fired upon from three sides at once, and, to add to their difficulties, a bomb thrown from the Club exploded a waggon containing forty-four shrapnel-shells. At this point the Macedonians lost twenty men killed, and the condition of this part of the city bore for some time eloquent testimony to the severity of the fighting while it lasted. The Sublime Porte had, when I visited it at about 2 P.M. on the 24th, lost much of its sublimity. In fact it looked like a highly respectable person who had just been run over by a motor-car. In the gate there was a hole made by a shell in its passage, and in the façade there was a still larger hole, evidently made by a shell exploding. All down the avenue of the Sublime Porte the trees were mangled and lacerated as if a destructive Titan had passed that way, huge branches being wrenched off and the bark torn away in large patches. Within the radius of a mile there was not a whole pane of glass. The glass which had been in the windows littered the streets, where it was mixed with lime and bricks knocked out of the houses by shells.

I found this part of the city in the hands of the men from Drama, Salonica and Serres, with whom I had encamped for one night outside the city walls three days before. They



recognized me immediately, and greeted me with an enthusiasm which could not have been greater if I had fought a hundred campaigns with them. "We promised to meet you within three days in S. Sophia's Square," said one young officer in French, "*Eh bien!* We've kept our promise."

I had been more impressed, however, with the remark made by a young student-volunteer in the camp near San Stefano when I compared the Sultan's plot against the Constitution with the Tzar's treatment of the Duma. "The Sultan forgets that we're not Russians," said the young student quietly. It was a proud and justifiable boast.

I wanted to photograph a group of these fine hearty officers and volunteers, whose exuberance reminded me more of the lively young Muscovite than of the grave Turk, but they would not allow themselves to be photographed till they had sent for a private soldier who was, they all told me, a hero. He had been badly wounded in the head, they said, but continued fighting after the wound had been dressed and refused to go to the rear. Finally he arrived, a big-boned young Hercules with the moustache scarcely sprouting on his upper lip and with dried blood covering as much of his face as was visible under the bandages, and I photographed him alongside the gun that had made those big holes in the Sublime Porte, while he posed in the attitude of a man waiting to have a tooth extracted. I also wanted to photograph the prisoners, of whom there were a good number, but, with rare delicacy, the officers dissuaded me. "These are the Chasseurs of Plevna," they said, "and they held the Sublime Porte from daybreak till nearly noon, even when our shells brought tons of brick down on their heads. *Ils se défendirent comme de beaux diables*" (literally, "They fought like beautiful devils"). "*Non, mon cher*, don't photograph the poor fellows. They did their best."

The following account of the operations which resulted in the capture of Stamboul is from one of the volunteers who took part in the movement:

"At nine o'clock on Friday evening, Major Youssouf Rassih Bey, commandant of San Stefano, and of the right wing of the vanguard, ordered about a hundred officers who had come to San Stefano from Stamboul to take each of them a Mauser and sixty-five cartridges, and to meet him on a hillock in front of Makrikeui at eleven o'clock in the

evening. I was one of the party, which was under the command of Adjutant-Major Aziz Bey. At Makrikeui we entered a train\* which was waiting for us, and in which we found the Drama battalion and three machine-guns, or about one thousand men in all.

“The train left Makrikeui without lights at 4 A.M. and reached Sirkedji (the terminus in Stamboul) at 4.30 A.M. Before it started, the commandant had given the necessary instructions to all, and had scattered the Stamboul officers among the different companies, after having explained to them the plan of operations. On leaving the train, a detachment was told off to guard the machine-guns and the rest of us marched directly on the Outer Bridge. The guard-house of Yeni-Baghtchen, which lay in our way, offered no resistance and surrendered at the first summons. After having left there a sufficient force, we reached the bridge, the early risers among the inhabitants flying right and left on perceiving us.

“The bridge had, unfortunately, been opened, and it was half an hour before we could cross it. During this time we pointed two machine-guns towards Stamboul, so as to protect ourselves in case we were attacked from that quarter. Crossing the bridge, we captured the guard-house of Azizieh without striking a blow, most of the soldiers being still asleep. When they woke up, they embraced us as brothers.

“Aziz Bey next divided his men into two groups, and at the head of the larger group—which consisted of three hundred men—he marched on Tophaneh [barracks, in Galata, on the shores of the Bosphorus]. These barracks were held by two battalions, who fired on Aziz Bey, but finally the latter carried the place, the losses on both sides being considerable.

“The second group, commanded by Hassan Aali Bey, was ordered to occupy the military port of the Ottoman Bank and the Shishaneh guard-house. On reaching the top of the hill, we were all out of breath, however, and, to make matters worse, the garrison had learned of our approach and had us covered with their rifles. We managed, however, to persuade the soldiers to surrender, and then we disarmed them.”

Another combatant gives the following account :

\* Thus it will be seen that the railway from San Stefano actually brought the invaders into the heart of the capital.



“ At five o'clock on the morning of April 23, two battalions of infantry left their camp at Seuyudli, to the north of Makrikeui, and went by train to Stamboul, with the object of capturing the guard station at the House of Parliament and the Light Infantry in the Old Seraglio.

“ The battery commanded by Zia Bey, together with two companies of the 3rd battalion of the 11th Regiment belonging to the Third Army Corps, led the way through the Yedikuleh Gate. Our instructions were to march on Akserai and force the entrance to the Seraglio without passing through Sultan Ahmed Square. We were to open fire, of course, wherever and whenever it was necessary. At a distance of four or five hundred yards in front of us galloped a reconnaissance party of twenty officers [German fashion].

“ The inhabitants received us with joy. By way of precaution the commandant of the battery charged his cannon at Akserai, while the horses rested a little. Then we advanced towards the Sublime Porte, passing before the Mausoleum of Sultan Mahmud. In the narrow streets we lost contact with the cavalry patrol, and scarcely had we passed the Persian Embassy and come to within forty yards of the Sublime Porte than the infantry posted behind the exterior grating of that building, and numbering from a hundred to a hundred and fifty men, opened fire on us.

“ It was extremely difficult for us to get our cannon into position in such a limited space, but we succeeded, and then the cavalry patrol rode aside and our infantry advanced close to the Sublime Porte. Our commandant concluded, however, that rifle-fire was ineffectual, so he made use of his artillery, firing one piece himself at the Sublime Porte, while his lieutenant fired others at the Ministry of Public Works, along the road passing the Persian Embassy, and at the corner of a street farther down.

“ Fifteen mutineers, who had broken away from the garrison in the Sublime Porte, threw themselves at this moment into the Military Club, whence they opened a lively fusillade on us, whereupon the cannon at the corner of the road in front of the Club was ordered to fire on the north side of the Club.”

The commandant of the battery tells the following story :

“ During the fighting, a cart of ammunition went on fire, owing to a bomb being thrown into it from the Club by the



soldiers and softas there, and burst with a tremendous explosion, killing two gunners. Our men remained astonishingly cool, however. I never in my life saw such self-possession.

“At the corner of the *Servet-î-Funun* printing-office, a group of eight or ten civilians kept up a fusillade on our infantry posted on the other side of the street, but a shell scattered them. On the slope leading from the Persian Embassy to the Sublime Porte, a tall, corpulent man with a long black beard charged down on us. A Mauser bullet brought him down, whereupon a young man dragged the corpse aside under the fire of our infantry.

“At this moment I was told that we were also being fired on from the Ministry of Public Works, whereupon I sent two shells into that building.

“Lieutenant Abdullah Effendi was serving one of the guns when a ball grazed his forehead above the right eye, but, without being disturbed by the blood which flowed all over his face, Abdullah continued to fire.

“Accompanied by five or six volunteers, Hafiz Hakki Bey, commandant of the General Staff, then arrived upon the scene, and, as he came from the direction of the Sublime Porte, he was mistaken for one of the enemy and very nearly shot. Unaffected by the exceedingly close shave he had had, he came towards me and said gaily :

“ ‘ Well, commandant, still alive ? ’ And then, turning to the soldiers, he encouraged them with his jokes.

“They needed no encouragement, however, for though fourteen out of our twenty gunners had been wounded, the six survivors remained by their pieces with the air of men who were prepared to die there if necessary.

“Finally, the mutineers surrendered and we continued our route. We were next exposed to the fire of some mutineers concealed in the Law School, who gave us more trouble than those in the Sublime Porte, but these also we reduced to silence by means of our artillery. At five o'clock in the afternoon we had reached S. Sophia's Square and all the fighting in Stamboul was over.”

My interview with the victors was interrupted by a great outburst of cheering, caused by the triumphal entry of more troops. They had come from the seven towers and the Golden Gate along the *via triumphalis*. In other words, they had taken the very route which the old Greek emperors used

to take when they entered the city after a victorious campaign—the route also taken by the eleven emperors who assumed the purple in the Hebdomon outside the walls when on their way from the Hebdomon to the supreme coronation by the Patriarch in the great Cathedral of the capital.

They tramped through the At-Meidan, formerly the hippodrome of the Byzantines, where now an inartistic *pavillon*, inscribed all over with the monograms of William II. and Abd-ul-Hamid, rises unabashed amid the Egyptian obelisk of Theodosius the Great, the Serpentine column, which has already witnessed the passage of twenty-four centuries, the pyramid of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, and the memories of a hundred other marvels accumulated on this spot by the taste or the caprices of emperors.

First came Panitzza at the head of his Bulgarians, then the Albanians in their white skull-caps, then the Greeks, then regiment after regiment of Turkish regulars, sturdy, middle-sized young fellows in soft native shoes and with the calves tied by pieces of black cloth, not cross-wise, *à l'italienne*, but in parallel bands. Then came battery after battery of cannon such as would delight the eye of an artillery-man. All of these cannon were of the most up-to-date pattern: each gun was drawn by six strong horses and followed by its ammunition waggon. Battery after battery galloped past until I thought that the long line would stretch out till crack of doom.

Meanwhile the crowd cheered and shouted: "Death to Abd-ul-Hamid!" It was the same crowd that had, eleven days before, cried: "Long live Abd-ul-Hamid!" "Long live the Mohammedan Law!"

After the artillery came cavalry, an interminable stream of dusty, efficient horsemen. The crowd was so great that I was crushed into the courtyard of a mosque—the pigeon mosque it is called—where I found a hodja feeding birds which fearlessly approached him, a number of the faithful performing their ablutions in perfect silence, and inside, under the immense dome, an Arab pilgrim chanting alone.

I next made my way to the War Office, where I found installed the Oliver Cromwell of the Ottomans, Marshal Mahmud Shefket Pasha.

On each side of the great Arabian gateway of the Seras-



kierat is a small house. Of the house on the right I shall speak hereafter, for verily it is a house of mystery. Outside the house, on the left-hand side as you enter, stood an armed sentinel, a number of military officers and several horses held by orderlies. You climb a few stone steps and enter a small ante-room with a bench running round it. Opposite the entrance and to right and left are doorways concealed by heavy curtains.

Suddenly the curtain which conceals the central doorway is thrown back, and the Generalissimo steps out and passes into one of the side-rooms where a council of war is sitting.

He is an Arab, tall, spare, with grizzled hair and beard, long, thin, striking face, all heights and hollows, large, bony, Arabian nose, prominent ears, complexion so light that he might easily be taken for a European, but nevertheless without a trace of colour. His eyebrows are heavy and tufted, and the deep-set, remarkable eye beneath has a fixed, wide-open stare in it which, combined with his large touzled moustaches and beard, gives him an almost savage look. As a matter of fact, however, the Dictator is gentleness itself. His manner is kindly and deliberate. There is never any trace of irritation or impatience, for, being a man<sup>n</sup>, who has himself suffered severely from ill-health, he has a large compassion. His brown, hairy hands are big and powerful, but on the whole he gives one the impression that (so far as the physical man goes) he was built for speed rather than for strength.

This is Shefket Pasha, product of the two extraordinary Asiatic races which between them conquered more than half of the Roman empire, and vast countries, besides, which the Roman Eagle never saw. This is the descendant of the Caliph that took Jerusalem. This is the daring soldier who was not afraid to draw his sword even on the Vicegerent of God. This is the man whom, with bated breath, the Turks call *Fatih Sani*, the Second Conqueror, the terrible Sultan Mohammed having been the First. A deep silence falls on the crowded ante-room as the great Field-Marshal passes quickly through.\*

\* Mahmud Shefket has lived up to the reputation which he acquired on April 24. Not even Nelson on Trafalgar day was as happy as the Macedonian leader has been during the last year in his proclamations, his actions and his chance remarks. When the Sultan whom he had placed upon the throne



offered him a magnificent Arab horse, the Marshal courteously declined the gift for a reason which would have done credit to a *samuraï* or to Shefket Pasha's great ancestor on the mother's side, the Caliph Omar, whose noble poverty and simplicity on the occasion of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem forms one of the most striking pictures in the history of the Arabs, and the subject of a well-known description in Gibbon.

"Your Majesty," said Mahmud Shefket, "I have no stable for such a horse, and I cannot therefore accept it."

Just before April 24 the Macedonian leader declared on several occasions, when asked to state his policy: "I have come to give Constantinople a thorough cleansing, and I will not go till I have done so."

When about the same time the National Assembly, sitting in the Yachting Club of San Stefano, was somewhat afraid that Abd-ul-Hamid would persuade the Generalissimo to go back, Mahmud Shefket entered the hall, mounted the tribune and said: "I may die but I will never go back."

Not even his great triumph on April 24 made Shefket Pasha forget for a moment his habitual modesty. "I did not save the Constitution," he said on one occasion to a flatterer, "it was the army. Power has been offered to me but I have refused it, for they would have spoken of a dictatorship and I have no desire to be Dictator. I am a soldier and nothing more, and my sole mission consists in the reorganisation of the army. With politics I do not meddle."

Later on, when the Generalissimo made a rearrangement of grades in the army with the object of advancing able officers who had been kept back under Abd-ul-Hamid and of reducing sycophants who had been unduly advanced, he reduced himself to the rank of General, though of course the whole country would have approved of his excepting himself from the operation of his own law.

In Constantinople, immediately after the capture of the city, the iron rule of Shefket Pasha worked miracles and inspired all law-abiding people with a sense of security which they had never felt before in Turkey. Under the guidance of the Generalissimo the new *régime* began well. A captain in the army who sent the new Sultan a *djournal* was immediately dismissed the service and banished to Tripoli in Africa. Rich persons who had, under the old *régime*, received from the State large pensions which they had done nothing to deserve, were deprived of these pensions. At Court the position of First Eunuch, which formerly ranked above that of Grand Vizier, was shorn of all its importance; and it is to be hoped that in course of time the Grand Turk will no longer be surrounded by what Cardinal Newman calls "living monuments of his barbarity towards the work of God's hands."

## CHAPTER III

### THE SILENT ARMY

**A**T the extremity of the Golden Horn, on the eastern side, lies the old Jewish cemetery—a bare hill-side of enormous extent covered with ancient rough blocks of stone, lying on the ground, not planted in it, and bearing the appearance of having been deposited there, haphazard, by glaciers and not by the hand of man—altogether one of the weirdest and most extraordinary sights that even Constantinople can show.

At the southern edge of this desolation lives Salih Keramet, a Turkish shepherd. All Turkish peasants are superstitious, and, after more than forty years spent in this lonely spot (the last ten years passed in solitude, for his childless wife died in the year 1899), Salih had become morbidly superstitious. Instead of growing accustomed to the huge adjacent graveyard, he became more and more afraid of it every day, and at night before retiring to rest he always looked apprehensively towards that wilderness of tombstones to see if perchance the ghosts of the Hebrews buried there were wandering abroad.

On the night of Friday, April 23, he retired to rest at an early hour according to his invariable custom, and at once fell into a sound sleep, for he had travelled much that day, having been to the Selamlik of the Padishah, Abd-ul-Hamid, at Yildiz Kiosk, and having also been at the Suleiman Mosque in Stamboul to perform his devotions. During the course of the night—at what hour he could not say, for he had no clock or other means of calculating how long he slept—he was suddenly awakened by the furious barking of his dogs. Rising hastily—for he had never heard his dogs bark like that before at night, as belated travellers always gave this ill-omened spot the widest possible berth—he threw a robe over his shoulders and opened the door, which, by the way, looks south, that is, in the opposite direction to the cemetery.

There was a feeble, clouded moon, and by its light he could see that his dogs were gathered together in a panic-stricken group outside his hut and were barking at Something which, to judge by their violent agitation, was evidently advancing on them from the adjacent cemetery. Too horror-stricken to think for a moment of investigating what the Something was, Keramet stepped back to shut the door, when suddenly there appeared before his eyes a sight that struck him motionless. A host of phantoms had enveloped his hut and were rushing towards the city. Hundreds, thousands passed, not paying any attention to him at all but fearfully intent on some distant goal. He could not see their faces (a mercy for which he fervently thanked Allah and the Prophet). He could not hear their footsteps, though they passed at a distance of only a few yards. It was this latter circumstance that horrified him most, for he knew that no living men could pass so near without making themselves heard. Had he not remarked at the Selamlik that very day how the giants of the Imperial Guard made the ground shake beneath their measured tread? Ghosts they certainly were, but not, praise be to Allah! the ghosts of Hebrews. On the contrary, they were the wraiths of Moslem warriors, for did he not see the moonlight glitter on their bayonets and on the gilt verses of the Korân embroidered on their raven banners?

The silence of this ghostly procession was terrible, but its voice was more terrible still, and Keramet fell on his face and implored Allah the Merciful, the Compassionate, to save him from the thunderbolts of His wrath when at dawn of day, in Taxim Square, the Silent Army spoke. At that moment the vanguard of Enver Bey's detachment had reached the outskirts of Pera, and, long delayed, the "tempest of God" had at length burst on Yildiz. For these were indeed the Macedonian soldiers, and the noiselessness of their tread was due to the fact that officers and men alike wore the *charik* or soft native shoe, which is akin, in its noiselessness at least, to the *waraji* of the Japanese.

Frightfully impressive was that silent and ghostly invasion. The only living things to notice it at first, however, were Keramet, the *bekji* or native watchmen, who beat on the pavement all night with their long staves in order to frighten off evil-doers, and several belated revellers, who become



petrified with horror as they gazed, open-mouthed, on this awful hallucination, this phantom army advancing without footfall or word of command, beat of drum or blast of bugle, silent as the invading cohorts of Black Sea fog that steal down the Bosphorus in autumn. Then the dogs noticed it, the famous, wise dogs of Constantinople. Distressfully they howled all night long in a blood-curdling, unearthly chorus worthy of a legion of lost souls. (Hark well to that piercing cry for it is the only requiem of the old *régime*!) Distressfully they howled, for if all of them did not see the northerners, all smelt them and knew that strangers had seized the city. For Stamboul now has new masters, slim, clean-built men—Slavs and Arnaouts, most of them—with the springy step, the bright eye and the cheerful laugh of the Serb and Albanian mountaineer. The day of the squat, dreamy, fanatical Anatolian is past; the day of the keen and energetic Macedonian has come, and with it has come a new era in the history of Constantinople.

At daybreak, when the Silent Army suddenly woke the city with a mighty voice—the voice of Mauser and Maxim and Krupp—the dogs, the famous, wise dogs of Constantinople suddenly changed their tactics and became silent as the grave. At the corner of Taxim barracks, where the fighting was fiercest, there was a heap of sand, collected there in connexion with some building operations, and into this the Taxim dogs burrowed like rabbits until the bullets ceased to fly. They could not run away, for every dog in Constantinople has its own beat, outside of which it cannot venture without running the risk of being torn to pieces by the *confrères* whose territory it invades. For some days after the fighting had ceased, these dogs had disappeared from the streets, and I sometimes wondered what had become of them. Had they, like Yildiz, been swept away for ever by that whirlwind from the north, or were they biding their time, consoling themselves in the meanwhile with the reflection that their fathers saw a dozen such brilliant reformatory movements come to naught and that they or their posterity would yet enjoy the sun, stretched at full length in the grass-grown streets of Stamboul and along the deserted quays of the Golden Horn?

In the former case Constantinople will cease to be a Turkish city if there be any truth in the strange old Moham-

medan prophecy, to which I very often heard reference made during those critical days, that when the street-dogs of Constantinople leave the city, Stamboul will no longer be Mohammedan. The legend is that these strange, fawning, repulsive beings (I do not like to call them dogs; they have eaten so much Christian flesh and drunk so much Christian blood that something horribly and unnaturally human has entered into their eyes)—the legend is that these monsters followed the Osmanli from somewhere in Central Asia, gorging on the human *débris* of a thousand battlefields, and at last entered Byzantium in the train of Mohammed the Conqueror. In Constantinople they will stay so long as the Mohammedans rule the city. Under the new administration they must go, along with all the other relics of the old state of things, but it by no means follows that the Turks will go with them. The prophecy merely says that Constantinople will cease to be exclusively Turkish and Moslem, but what with Christians in the Cabinet, Christians in the army, and with the declaration of the Young Turks that there must henceforth be equality for all races and religions within the empire, Stamboul has now ceased to be exclusively Turkish and Moslem.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE CAPTURE OF PERA

I NEED hardly remind the reader that Constantinople is a triple city, consisting of Stamboul, the most ancient quarter; secondly, Pera and Galata, the foreign quarter, containing the Embassies, Consulates, foreign business establishments, &c.; and thirdly, Scutari. Scutari is entirely a Turkish city, situated on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus and therefore of no importance from a military point of view in the present instance because if the Sultan's troops held out in it, the fleet might safely bombard it into submission without running the risk, as they would at Pera, of destroying foreign lives and property and thus provoking foreign intervention.

Stamboul is separated from Pera-Galata by the Golden Horn, which is crossed by two crazy wooden bridges. North of Pera-Galata and not far from the Bosphorus is Yildiz Kiosk. Between Pera-Galata and Yildiz are several large barracks filled with troops who took a prominent part in the April Mutiny and from whom the Macedonians knew that a desperate resistance was to be expected. At the north end of Pera (Pera is itself north of Galata, which lies along the Golden Horn, right opposite Stamboul) are Taxim barracks, which saw the hottest fighting of the day. These barracks are fronted by a parade-ground, between which and the Golden Horn is a stretch of broken hilly country admirably calculated to aid the advance of an attacking force and admirably utilized on this occasion by the Macedonians. Farther north is the Pancaldi Military School, the Harbieh barracks (which might almost be called a continuation of the Military School) the Tashkishla barracks and the Matchka barracks, while still farther north lies Yildiz, surrounded by admirable barracks which contained on this occasion six thousand men fanatically devoted to the Sultan. From the description I



have given it will be at once apparent that, while strongly protected from the south, Yildiz is not protected on the north by any outlying barracks. Why, then, did not the Macedonians attempt to carry the Palace by a sudden attack from the north? For the best of all reasons, since, had Yildiz been attacked first, it would have offered a terrible resistance and the other barracks would undoubtedly have sent reinforcements to its relief, whereas, when each of the Pera barracks was attacked separately it fell separately.

“Why do the Macedonians not attack at once?” was the question that was frequently asked by impatient foreign correspondents who were so bored by the delay that, on Saturday, April 24, the very day that the Macedonians did attack, they all sent wires to their papers saying that Mahmud Shefket and Abd-ul-Hamid had come to terms and that the Sultan would remain on the throne.

But it is now clear that the four or five days thus spent in apparent idleness were employed in getting reinforcements and in gaining over the Fleet, which might otherwise have run amok, bombarded the city, destroyed Embassies and thus led to foreign intervention.

At the same moment as the advance which I described in my last chapter took place on Stamboul, the 4th or Pera column started from a point near the Sweet Waters of Europe and closed in on Pera in three detachments. There was, first, the Tashkishla detachment, which took possession of the powder factory at Kiat-Haneh and then of Shishli and the Pancaldi Military School. The remaining pupils of the school, six companies in all, were Young Turks in both senses of the word, so that they naturally joined the invaders, who promptly sent them on in advance to do police work in Pera, the foreign quarter. Here their politeness and their knowledge of foreign languages proved very reassuring, and soon these handsome youths became great pets of the Embassy ladies. Owing to this wise forethought, the important Embassy quarter was safely guarded at 5.15 A.M., just before fighting began elsewhere in Pera. Meanwhile the Tashkishla detachment took the Harbieh barracks, after which they attacked the Tashkishla infantry barracks. The latter proved, as we shall see, to be a tough morsel, for it held out to the afternoon.

Secondly, there was the Matchka detachment, which took the Matchka infantry barracks. Lastly, there was the Taxim detachment, which took the artillery barracks at Taxim, after a resistance of three hours.

In Matchka there were four Nizam battalions. Tashkishla was held by the 3rd and 4th Chasseurs, one Nizam and one *Lehr*-battalion. In Taxim there were fifteen batteries and one Nizam battalion. In all, seven battalions and fifteen batteries. The batteries had only practice-ammunition at their disposal and they did not use it. At 7.30 A.M., indeed, the garrison of Taxim barracks brought two field-guns to the parade-ground but, before they had fired a shot, forty men of the 1/24 Nizam battalion volunteered to take the field-guns by a rush. It proved to be a Balaklava charge on a small scale, for twenty-four of the forty fell. The survivors retired, but they were immediately replaced by a second party of volunteers, who took both guns and cut down the gunners. This was the only attempt of the garrison to utilize the formidable artillery at their disposal.

On the side of the assailants were nine battalions, one field-battery, one mountain battery, four machine-guns and half a squadron of horse. This force was so weakened by the detachments it had to throw out in various directions that, in the opinion of the military critic who writes on this subject in *Streffleurs Militärische Zeitschrift*, it seemed impossible that it could take at once the three widely separated objects at which it aimed.

At 4.30 A.M. the fighting began at Pancaldi where, from the south terrace of the school, the field-battery of the Matchka detachment and a mountain half-battery of the Tashkishla detachment fired against both Matchka and Taxim. The former barracks replied with rifle-fire which killed one officer and ten artillery-men.

During all this time, the Taxim and Tashkishla barracks remained quiet, so that the Tashkishla detachment was able to deploy its infantry west and north of Matchka, into which they poured a heavy fire at a distance of only two hundred yards.

Many of the Macedonians seemed to have passed Taxim before the fighting began, for a resident in that locality tells me that from an early hour she heard the dull muffled thud of men marching on the hard road, then the clear sound of

a horse galloping past, then a rifle-shot and a sharp cry of pain, after which the battle immediately began and lasted until 11 A.M.

One of the first incidents of the conflict in this quarter was the hoisting of the white flag, at six o'clock, by some one in the barracks, who also cried, "Long live Liberty!" On advancing to receive the expected surrender, the Macedonians were treacherously fired upon, with the result that twenty of them were killed and wounded.

On meeting with this unexpected treachery, the Macedonians fell back rapidly to cover on the farther side of the Taxim parade-ground, from which they continued the fight as if nothing had occurred.

Opposite the south corner of Taxim barracks is a police post which commands all the streets converging on the barracks, and there was some hard fighting before this post was captured. The men who captured it then slipped into the side-streets at the south side of the barracks and began a brisk, enfilading fire on the enemy, who several times drove them down the streets, however, and forced them to take refuge in doorways and side-alleys. But they were soon back again, firing as hard as ever. There are some foreign residents in these streets, among others Mrs. Alexander Ramsay, an old Scotch lady, and seeing these foreign residents at their windows, the Macedonians advised them, in French, to go back. In the same breath they begged them to throw out some linen to be used as bandages for the wounded, in which good cause Mrs. Ramsay sacrificed all the spare linen she had in the house. She did it willingly, however, for her heart was with these brave and courteous Macedonians.

A white-flag incident similar to that at Taxim seems to have occurred about the same time at Tashkishla, so that all three barracks were attacked simultaneously, though, in the absence of sufficient artillery preparation, the assailants had little chance of success. Moreover, by neglecting to cut off these barracks on the west, the Macedonians made it possible, some time later, for a large number of mutineers to pass from Tashkishla to Taxim and for about three hundred men to escape into the suburbs adjoining the Bosphorus.

But though the position of the Macedonians might almost, at this stage, have been considered critical, they behaved with extreme coolness and confidence, the Macedonian and



Albanian volunteers especially showing an amount of technical military skill which would have done credit to an army of veterans. Their looseness of formation in the advance, their genius for taking advantage of every accident of the ground, and their marksmanship were not surpassed by the Boers or by, say, the 1st Siberian Corps at the close of the Russo-Japanese war. But, after all, these Macedonians are not exactly novices at the work, for there has been continual war in Macedonia for the last seven years, while as for the Albanians, stalking and shooting men to whom they "owe blood" is as common amongst them as cricket or football is amongst the English.

To show, by-the-by, how the military experience of these Moslems enables them to overcome their religious prejudices, I may mention that, realizing how much their red fezzes made them an admirable mark for the enemy, they all removed that very conspicuous head-dress and put it in their pockets.

About 7 A.M. the Macedonians began to use all the artillery at their disposal, but their firing-line still remained about three hundred metres in front of each of the three barracks. Some difficulty was experienced in getting the guns into position owing to the fire from the barracks and to the roughness of the ground, but the local civilians helped to drag the cannon up the hills while the women and children distributed food and drink to the weary soldiers. Everywhere, even in the fanatical heart of Old Stamboul, the crowd greeted with cheers the men who had come to dethrone Abd-ul-Hamid, their attitude being thus very different from the popular attitude towards the mutineers on April 13. Armenian men helped to drag the Young Turk cannon from the valley of the Golden Horn up the heights of Tatavla. Armenian women gave food and drink to the soldiers and tended the wounded, while, setting at defiance all the traditions of his Church and all the teachings of his predecessors, the Armenian Patriarch prayed publicly by the bier of that gallant Mussulman, Major Mukhtar Bey, commander of the Taxim detachment, whose death, about 10 A.M., left the famous Enver Bey in command.

At the beginning of the combat, two guns belonging to the mountain half-battery had been placed in front of the military school. These guns first swept the streets and were afterwards turned against the barracks. The 2nd mountain

half-battery was placed on the parade-ground about four hundred metres west of Taxim Garden and to the same point were sent, later, two field-guns from the battery in the military school, while one field-gun was placed in Taxim Square, south-west of Taxim barracks.

At 7 A.M. the officer in command of the gun trained on Taxim shouted "At!" (Fire!) and, immediately, melinite shells began to tear the entrails out of the huge building. At 8.30 the first batch of fugitives rushed from the tottering walls and were immediately disarmed. But inside were left some stubborn fighters who kept up an incessant fire. The garrison continued surrendering, piecemeal, however, until 10 A.M., when the artillery fire ceased. By 10.30 A.M. the barracks were practically in the hands of the besiegers but, until late in the forenoon, discoveries were constantly being made of soldiers who were hiding and who refused to submit. Sometimes they were overcome by brute force. Sometimes they ran down side-streets with, at their heels, a crowd of Macedonians on whom they fired, in one or two instances with fatal effect, before they were overtaken and disarmed. This dislike to surrender was not so much due, I think, to military pride as to a conviction that they would be put to death in any case for, as some of them afterwards confessed, their leaders had told them that they were fighting against non-Mussulmans who would give no quarter.

Taxim barracks were badly damaged when they fell into the hands of the Young Turks and so were both of the north wings of Tashkishla. The artillery fire was very effective, especially that from the guns at Pancaldi, a commanding position. The field-guns fired one hundred and forty shots.

One of the most remarkable features in the street fights was the crowd of civilians which was always in attendance. Some of these civilians were Kurds who would probably have begun to loot that very day if the Macedonians had not arrived. Many were Greeks and Armenians, and there were always one or two ownerless boys present. Sometimes these crowds were recklessly and ignorantly daring, sometimes they betrayed arrant cowardice, but their curiosity was always insatiable. At one moment, on very slight occasion—a rifle pointed in their direction, or a scuffle with an armed soldier trying to escape—they would suddenly be seized by a wild and inexplicable panic under the influence of which they



CIVILIANS WATCHING THE FIGHTING IN TAXIM SQUARE





would rush down the street and into doorways, with the celerity of people trying to escape out of a burning house. And not all of them escaped on these occasions. During one rush several Greeks and Armenians were shot dead, while two newspaper correspondents were wounded, one, my friend Mr. Frederick Moore of the *New York Sun*, getting a bullet through the shoulders, while Mr. Booth of the *Graphic* got a bullet wound on the head.

Owing to the fact that it is situated in the open country, Tashkishla was more difficult to capture than Taxim. It was bombarded from Pancaldi and fired on from the old Armenian cemetery, from the park and from a Turkish burying-ground behind whose ancient, turbaned grave-stones many of the Macedonians fell to rise no more. But the Thesalonians had not enough men to isolate it completely so that, as I have already stated, a good many of the garrison escaped to Taxim and into the suburbs—where their appearance did not add to the local peace of mind. As will be seen further on, I myself met a gang of them wandering down towards the Bosphorus, where I afterwards photographed them as they held joyous converse with a group of the very Albanians that had come to wipe them out. Some took refuge in private houses, whence they kept up a murderous fire on the Macedonians.

Most obstinate of all in their resistance were the traitorous Chasseurs of Salonica who, placed in Yildiz after the July Revolution so as to overawe the Sultan, had basely allowed themselves to be corrupted by the Sultan's gold, had constituted themselves the ringleaders of the Mutiny of April 13, and, worst of all, had murdered all their officers. For these men there was no mercy and they knew it, so that they fought like tigers. Nor were they content to remain on the defensive. At 9 A.M. one hundred and fifty of the 4th Chasseurs sallied out against the Macedonian firing-line, but the greater part of them fell, whereupon the rest fled back into their barracks. They even threw themselves out of the windows when all, including honour, was lost. They were quartered, by the way, in the north end of the Tashkishla barracks and it is significant that this end of the building was battered to pieces by the angry Macedonian cannon.

As the enemy gradually surrendered or were captured, they were led to the Pancaldi Military School, in the refectory

of which sat a Commission of military officers, in whose presence they were searched. Two sergeants, sons of servants in the Palace, who had on April 13 persuaded the troops in Taxim to mutiny, were found to be each of them in possession of fifty Turkish pounds, and at least ten pounds were found on every soldier taken on Saturday, a total of £T27,000 in gold being piled before evening on the refectory tables of the Military School. When asked how they had come by all this money, the mutineers invariably answered, "It was the Sultan that gave it to us."

At 8 A.M. Matchka had surrendered. At 9 A.M. Tashkishla had apparently been reduced. At 10.30 Taxim gave in. At 11 A.M. there was therefore a lull and as they watched the prisoners being taken away, peaceful citizens congratulated themselves on the fact that all the fighting was over. But at 3 P.M. the fierce struggle recommenced at Tashkishla, where it was found that about two hundred men of the 4th battalion of Chasseurs had barricaded themselves in a hay-loft, whence they had opened a murderous fire on the troops entering the captured barracks.

An enormous crowd, devoured by curiosity, had assembled close by, but when a number of machine-guns suddenly opened fire a few yards off, the rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat frightened the civilians and sent them tearing like mad bulls down the street. Some of the fugitives got entangled in the telegraph wires, which had been cut by the bullets and now lay across the road, with the result that many people were trampled underfoot, and several killed. A workman on a ladder, repairing the telegraph wires, was carried away, ladder and all, by this human typhoon, and women who had fainted were trodden on by the crowd.

Finally, artillery was brought to bear on the Chasseurs with the result that they surrendered at 5 P.M.

The artillery barracks and depot of Tophaneh, which are situated on the Bosphorus, south of Taxim, had surrendered at 9 A.M. after having been subjected for a short time to rifle-fire, so that Yildiz was left defenceless save for the barracks immediately around it.

As a matter of fact, Yildiz and its garrison remained permanently outside the range of the military operations which resulted in the capture of Constantinople, but the Palace was carefully watched by the Macedonian reserve



detachment at Kabajot, which had had orders to go immediately to the assistance of any Macedonian detachment that was attacked by the Yildiz troops. On the evening of the 24th, when all Stamboul and Pera were in the hands of Shefket Pasha, that leader was able to send one battalion and one battery to occupy a defensive position on the heights west of Shishli, but Yildiz was never fired on. The Macedonian leader had not sufficient troops to take the offensive and he never had the least intention of making any such attack unless provoked to do so. So, at least, thinks the Austrian military expert who minutely describes the fall of the city in the columns of *Streffleurs Militärische Zeitschrift*.

To anticipate a little, I might here remark that Shefket Pasha's patience was well rewarded for, on the night of the 24th two battalions (five hundred men) of the Yildiz garrison came piecemeal to Pancaldi and surrendered, while the rest (seventeen hundred men) fled by every way that was open to them to Ortakeuy, and then in boats, barques and sailing-ships across the Bosphorus. On the evening of the 25th Yildiz was quite devoid of troops and when the commander of the (non-existent) Guard requested the Macedonians to send soldiers for the protection of the Sultan, Shefket Pasha sent four battalions to occupy the barracks and the depots of Yildiz.

The sole remaining danger was now the great Selimieh barracks in Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, where there were three artillery regiments, three infantry regiments, one *Lehr* and one *Feuerwehrbattalion* who had, on the 24th, responded to the summons to surrender by threatening to bombard Pera if they were attacked. With that object in view they had planted a number of cannon in the great Turkish cemetery of Scutari. When Shefket Pasha heard of this, he organized for the 25th and 26th a great enveloping movement, the object of which was to bring about the surrender of Scutari without much bloodshed. He caused two battalions from Ismid and two battalions from Eskishehir, which were guarding the Anatolian railway, to come on to Haïdir Pasha. At the same time he occupied all the heights around Scutari, thus isolating that city from its hinterland, and in the course of the 25th he sent by sea to Scutari still more troops, viz., eight battalions, four field-batteries, and one machine-gun detachment. At the head of two thousand Albanians, Niazi Bey landed in

Scutari itself, while a destroyer and an armoured corvette, the *Fethi Bulend*, received orders to bombard the Selimieh barracks on the morning of the 26th, in case it still refused to surrender. But when Niazi's men landed in Scutari, General Suleiman Pasha, the commandant of the garrison, came in with the news that the mutineers were prepared to yield.

From all this we can judge how slender was Abd-ul-Hamid's chance of success if he had elected, on the 24th or 25th, to cross the Bosphorus and unfurl his flag in Asia. He would have been "rounded up" and captured, dead or alive, inside of a week.

The last flicker of reaction flared up in the marine barracks and arsenal of Tershaneh on the Golden Horn as late as May 1, but I have already told how that flicker was stamped out.

According to the Austrian officer whom I have already quoted, the reasons for the ill-success of the defence, despite its numerical superiority, the cover it enjoyed and the enormous amount of ammunition and other defensive material in its possession, were: (a) Lack of organisation. (b) Lack of leading and guidance, not only in the general plan of resistance but in the isolated cases of resistance—due, of course, to the fact that the mutineers had on their side very few intelligent officers. (c) Neglect to make use of the cannon and the artillery ammunition in Tophaneh arsenal. (d) The moral depression noticeable in many quarters and manifesting itself principally in a desire to join the Thessalonians. Owing to the preaching of the hodjas, this depression had become less during the days immediately preceding the attack. (e) Completeness of the surprise.

## CHAPTER V

### AMONG THE SULTAN'S MEN

**W**HILE these great events were taking place, I lived in my Turkish village on the Bosphorus, and as the boats on the Bosphorus all ceased running at day-break on April 24—or rather, never started running on that day—I found that if I wanted to see what was going on in town I must walk all along the shore to Galata through the Turkish troops. Carriages and horses could not, of course, be procured for love or money, and a boatman who would usually be glad to take me to town for a few shillings refused on this occasion an offer of one Turkish pound.

I expected that it would be a dangerous journey, but it was not, for the soldiers of the Sultan never once molested me or stopped me. It was an extremely interesting journey, however, as I walked in constant fear of getting a bullet through my head, so that my nervous system was strung up to its highest pitch. There was, in consequence, about everything which I heard and saw, an exuberant clear-cutness, so to speak, such as would be produced by a small dose of opium. Moreover, the sights seen on the road were such as one does not see every day.

In the early stages of my journey I was cheered by the sight of large crowds of citizens excitedly discussing the situation (of which the little they knew was erroneous, for they all believed that an attack was being made by the Macedonians on the barracks immediately around Yildiz Kiosk), and still more cheered by the company of compatriots trudging bravely townwards to see for themselves what was the matter.

But in proportion as I approached Yildiz, the crowds on the streets became less and the encouraging groups of compatriots vanished. Consequently, when I came in sight of the refreshing greenery and of the masses of beautiful purple flowers which decked the innumerable judas-trees



(*Cercis siliquastrum*) of Yildiz Park, the roadway was almost absolutely deserted. The great palaces which the Sultan has distributed so liberally among his relations seemed to have been abandoned by their owners, for crowds of eunuchs and other servants hung out of the harem windows and trampled the flower-beds in a way that they would scarcely have presumed to do if their masters had been at home. There was absolute stillness save when carriages filled with refugees tore past. Sometimes those carriages contained fashionably dressed ladies and men in bowler hats, sometimes they groaned beneath mountains of luggage, and sometimes they were crammed with Hebrews in long furry gaberdines which only half concealed bags, containing, I suppose, valuables. Later on I met primitive bullock-carts laden with furniture from humble homes, as if any soldier on the look-out for easily portable loot would care to burden himself with heavy rolls of carpet and with ponderous divans.

By this time I had with me two companions, an Armenian, who told me that he carried a Browning and plenty of ammunition, and a Turkish civilian friend of mine, who happens to be one of the secret leaders of the Committee. As we advanced farther, we met groups of soldiers, the soldiers of the Sultan. They were in full war-paint, but showed no signs of excitement, and only looked phlegmatic and somewhat puzzled. The fact that they were wandering about, up and down, to and fro, backwards and forwards, without evidently knowing what to do, showed, however, that they were somewhat uneasy in their minds. Sometimes they formed groups, in which civilians joined, and anxiously discussed the state of affairs. Their conversation, as translated for me by my Young Turk companion, was instructive. They said that Yildiz was not being attacked, that the fighting had not yet extended beyond Taxim and Tashkishla. They talked of "our" army and "their" army. They said that "they" had submitted to the Padishah and that all was over, so that they could now go and drink coffee. One man said: "Our officers told us that *they* are non-Mussulmans. Let us go and see, and, if they are Mussulmans, we won't fight them." Nothing was said against Christians or Young Turks, and these soldiers seemed to be all very ignorant bumpkins who had only the most shadowy idea of what it was all about. I rather pitied them, groping about, as they were, like blind men, without a

single officer to tell them what to do. If they have any spark of intelligence left, they must now see that an officer is as necessary in a regiment as the head is necessary in the human body.

Despite a superficial appearance of calm, the nerves of these soldiers and of the infrequent civilians whom I encountered were evidently "in tatters." This could be seen from the searching, hungry looks which were cast at new-comers, as if the news which the latter carried could be read on their faces. If the new-comer was mounted and was riding hard (it was my own experience later in the day), men got out of bed, rushed half-shaven from barber's shops, and ran from table in the middle of dinner in order to devour him with their eyes.

It was during this walk along the Bosphorus that I first became acquainted with the Turkish equivalent for *sauve qui peut*. It sounds like *guéliorlar!* ("They are coming!") and was always sufficient to cause a stampede even if it were sung out by a child in jest.

Some soldiers once stopped, with furious blasphemies, a fight between two street-dogs, an event which, under normal conditions, they would certainly have enjoyed; and on another occasion I saw a crowd take flight because an empty tin-can fell with a clatter on the cobbled pavement. At last I understood perfectly that article in Turkish martial law which makes it a criminal offence for a person to run on the street, as by so doing he is liable to cause a panic.

In Pera next day this nervousness took a queer turn, for it led to such a large proportion of the adult male population—mostly Greeks—making their appearance in cylinder hats that I was not quite sure for some time whether all the hatters' shops in town had been looted or whether these people were merely attending funerals. It turned out that they regarded the tall hat as a talisman which would cause them to be mistaken for ambassadors, or which would at least crown them with such an aureole of respectability that the wildest Albanian or Bulgarian would think twice before knocking them down.

After passing Tophaneh barracks, still held by the Sultan's troops, I found myself among a crowd of small, sunburnt and dusty soldiers, one of whom warmly grasped me by the hand and at the same time greeted me affectionately in Bulgarian.



It was one of Panitza's men whom I had met in the Macedonian lines about a week before. A little farther, I came to a road running up towards Taxim and Tashkishla barracks, where desperate fighting was at that moment going on. This road is very crowded as a rule, but on the present occasion there was only a frightened-looking group of people at the corner and a few sneaking up, under cover of the wall, to see what was happening above. I sneaked up myself and saw, at the end of the road, a crowd of the Sultan's troops who had evidently escaped from the Tashkishla barracks on the hill above. And, *Allah'u Ekbar!* at the same instant I saw, descending the hill to the north and coming straight towards the Sultan's men, a small group of white-capped Albanian volunteers. I was convinced that there would be a terrific collision, but, instead of that, the two parties met in the friendliest possible manner, shaking hands and saying: "We are brothers. We are all Mohammedans. God is great!" &c. &c. Unfortunately, at this instant the fighting at Tashkishla barracks became ten times hotter than ever, and the new-made friends all united in a wild shout of "Stop firing! Stop firing!" But they might as well have told the Bosphorus to flow back into the Euxine. I hastily left this interesting group without waiting to see how the Albanians managed to explain to their imperialist friends that they were prisoners and must give up their arms.

I next visited Pera (where I saw some fighting), Galata and Stamboul. The Embassies, Consulates and shops were very strongly protected, the troops in front of the Imperial Ottoman Bank being especially strong and so much on their guard that, though the bank was shut, they would not allow any one to walk on the pavement before the façade. In some streets the civilians were allowed to go about quite freely and were more numerous than the troops, but at certain points cordons were drawn, and inside these cordons none but soldiers were allowed to circulate.

Many were the comments that were made about me as I walked along with my camera slung over my shoulder. Greeks frequently remarked, in a tone of disgust, "That's how *he* amuses himself on a day like this! Taking photographs!" In Stamboul a schoolboy in uniform said, in a matter-of-fact tone, to another schoolboy: "That's an English volunteer. He came with the Army of Liberty."



## CHAPTER VI

### THE BELEAGUERING OF YILDIZ

**A**BOUT 4 P.M. I attempted to return to Yildiz Kiosk, but this time a cordon of Macedonian troops blocked the way, and at every point I was brought up sharply by the curt "*Yassak!*" ("Can't pass!") of a sentry and the click of a rifle. I therefore took a *caïque* or native boat (although warned that I would certainly be fired on) and went to Beshiktash, a landing-stage on the Bosphorus which may be regarded as being, so to speak, the seaport of Yildiz, and which was still held by the Sultan's men.

On the shores of the Bosphorus the Dolmabatchi Palace divided the two parties. South of that palace stretched a long line of Macedonian artillery, which, several hours later, overawed Yildiz. North of that palace the Sultan's troops were still in possession. That the Macedonians failed to at once seize Beshiktash may seem to reflect on their military capacity, but a glance at the map will show that at this point the grounds of Yildiz come down to the water's edge, so that Beshiktash would be untenable owing to the fire from the Yildiz garrison. Besides, the Macedonians did not wish to come to blows with Yildiz, as the reduction of that place would, as I have already explained, be a most serious affair.

When I landed at Beshiktash, the place was full of flying soldiers, breathless with excitement, and extremely anxious to get a boat across the Bosphorus. Emerging on the roadway, I found there a number of saddle-horses being offered for hire as in ordinary times, and, engaging one for the ridiculously small fee of four francs (about 20 piastres) till sundown, I rode towards the mysterious residence of Abd-ul-Hamid.

Save for a few soldiers here and there, the road was

deserted, and when I reached the Palace, it seemed to be deserted too. There was no sentry at the gate. There were two or three groups of civilians (evidently Palace servants). Shabbily dressed men were departing through the open doors with bundles which might contain dirty linen or which might contain jewellery of incalculable value. Some eunuchs were sauntering about. An officer was mounting his horse inside an adjacent parade-ground, and an unarmed private was assisting him. This was all I noticed at this point.

A little farther on I saw a regiment of imperialist soldiers marching down in fairly good order on a line parallel to the barracks, but I did not stop to bid them time of day. About half a mile from the Palace gate I again encountered the Macedonians holding a fine private house, or small detached palace, and looking as if they had been there all their lives. Excepting the soldiers whom I saw on the march, and three bored-looking sentries whom I encountered at the corner of a street, there were none of the Sultan's troops between those Macedonians and the Palace. In other words, the position was as strange as it could possibly be. Before riding back to Pera through the serried ranks of the Macedonians, I cast another look at Yildiz, outwardly so calm.

At sunset, when the flag was hauled down, the shout of "*Padishahim tchok yasha!*" showed that Abd-ul-Hamid still reigned, but when darkness descended on the scene there began along all the roads that converged on Yildiz a sinister rattle and rumble that lasted without intermission all night long. It was the rattle and rumble of the advancing Macedonian cannon, and it made me dream, as I slept at a friend's house in Taxim, that I was again sleeping on the ground at the Haicheng railway-station, while, till daylight came, the beaten artillery of Russia clanked slowly north.

The full story of these last days is yet to be told, but such of it as has leaked out I shall endeavour to give. "Why did the Sultan not attempt a vigorous defensive?" is a question that is often asked. Marshal Fuad Pasha says that had Abd-ul-Hamid vigorously defended the lines of Tchaltaldja, to the north of Constantinople, the Macedonians could not have taken the city without enormous loss. Abd-ul-Hamid is, however, no soldier. His only weapons are diplomacy, lies, the poisoned bowl and the assassin's dagger.

Besides, the advance of the Macedonians did not even give him time to think. He decided, therefore, to try his favourite, jelly-fish attitude. The Parliamentary troops would meet such a benevolent, helpless, weak-minded old gentleman that they would say: "There must be some mistake here," and would go back to Salonica after having changed the Palace guard and the Cabinet and shot a few of the mutineers. Consequently the Padishah insisted on treating the invaders as honoured guests, and on supplying them liberally with provisions and ammunition. But, besides being a great soldier, Mahmud Shefket was a far abler diplomatist than his Sovereign.

Abd-ul-Hamid's capture was carried out in a very gentlemanly manner. No ultimatum was sent him. No Macedonian officers came to worry him. The first formal intimation he had of his overthrow was the arrival of the Parliamentary deputation that came to announce to him his deposition.

This is contrary, I know, to the generally accepted story, but I have it from the lips of Mahmud Shefket himself.

"The only messages I got from Yildiz," said the Field-Marshal to me, "were from the Minister of War and some other Cabinet Ministers who were detained in the Palace, and who begged me to send troops thither, as the very few mutineers who remained there were untrustworthy, and as the Padishah's life and liberty were consequently in jeopardy. In consequence of this message, I opened negotiations with the Commander of the Palace troops, and we finally succeeded in getting the remnant of the latter to surrender, and in garrisoning Yildiz with Macedonian soldiers. But our troops did not trespass in the slightest on Abd-ul-Hamid's privacy, and he remained complete master of his own house until his deposition was announced to him."



## CHAPTER VII

### ABD-UL-HAMID'S LAST DAYS IN YILDIZ

**A**PPARENTLY Abd-ul-Hamid fell without putting forth a hand to save himself. In reality, however, he fought very hard for his throne with—as I have just remarked—the only weapons which he knew how to use. When the Macedonians were at Tchataldja he sent General Yussuf Pasha into Albania in order to create there a movement against the Young Turks, but the Macedonian leader at Tchataldja sent two soldiers to watch this envoy. Yussuf was arrested at Salmanli, and his trunk, on being searched, was found to be full of medicine-boxes labelled “ pills,” but containing neat rolls of gold pieces. When the army came nearer the Sultan sent out hundreds of hodjas and softas to stir up the fanaticism of the Moslem element in the oncoming army, just as he had once sent a band of fanatical sheikhs to the Tripolitain in order to rouse the people there against the French in Tunis ; \* just as he had, in his palmy days, sent agents all over the world in order to carry on his Pan-Islâmic propaganda.

But such of these ecclesiastics as lived to tell the tale brought back a disheartening account of Macedonian disloyalty to the Khalifa. If Abd-ul-Hamid ever thought that the troops would refuse to fire on their Padishah, he was undeceived when he heard what happened at Beyukderé on the day that the Macedonians seized those forts at the Black Sea end of the Bosphorus. It was a scorching hot day and the Macedonians were tired and thirsty when they reached the town. At their earnest request they were conducted to a fountain. “ This,” remarked their guide, “ this is the Hamidian fountain. It is so called because it was erected by our Padishah.” “ Then we'll never soil our lips with the water of that *kafir* [infidel]” said one of the

\* “ L'Avenir de la Turquie,” p. 139.

Macedonians, all of whom then went to seek water elsewhere.

Most disheartening of all to Abd-ul-Hamid was the way in which his trustiest weapon thus failed him in the hour of need, the way in which his best sword thus snapped in his hand like glass. For verily, the Macedonian Moslems had no more respect for his religious authority than if they were infidels and Franks.

The present writer saw Albanians march hodjas to jail with as little ceremony as if these holy men were Pigs of Unbelievers. In fact, hodja-hunting seems to have been the principal amusement of the invaders for some days after they took the city. Some of the hodjas were dressed in emerald-green, but even if they had wrapped themselves in the green mantle of the Prophet they would not have been secure against arrest and search.

On the Monday after the city was taken a most imposing specimen of the hodja tribe, with a green turban, green cloak, baggy green trousers, and green walking-stick, was brought to the Shishané guard-house by two young students of the Military School, who seemed to be quite proud of their brilliantly coloured captive. On being interrogated by the officer in charge, the hodja took a high attitude and began to pray in Arabic for his captors, whereupon the officer cut him short, saying :

“I thank you for your prayers, but I think that you have more need of them than I have at the present moment.”

This lack of reverence for the clergy is partly explained by the fact that on the persons of the hodjas who were arrested £12,300 in gold pieces and bank-notes were found, and that, rightly or wrongly, this money was supposed to have come from Yildiz.

However that may be, the Young Turks have certainly broken with the old palace hodjas. On his way to Constantinople, Niazi Bey made his train stop for an hour at Gumuldjina, where Palace-paid hodjas had been trying to get up some excitement. Going straight to the nearest mosque, he mounted the pulpit without unbuckling his sword and addressed the assembled hodjas as follows :

“I know that there are people here who want to make trouble for the Young Turks. I have no time at the present moment to find out who these people are, for I must go to

Constantinople, but on my return I will stop here, and if I then find that these people are still trying to create trouble I will have them hanged to the trees on the roadside"—since which time the reactionaries of Gumuldjina have been extremely quiet.

In a book ("Abd-ul-Hamid Intime," page 165) published last year about the Padishah by an Ottoman Greek, it is related that he was subject to nervous attacks, which often led him to rise in the night, and, going out on a terrace, scrutinize carefully with the aid of a telescope the sea, the distant hills, the immense horizon, in order to make sure that enemies were not marching on Yildiz. On one occasion in broad daylight, he became so positive that great crowds of people were closing in on him that his *entourage* became seriously alarmed for his reason, as not a soul was visible from the Palace roof. Now at last he had reason for this strange fear which so often beset him, and was able to gaze not on phantoms of a disordered imagination, but on real enemies advancing with arms in their hands.

On the morning of April 24, when the Macedonians closed in on the city, Yildiz attempted for a moment a feeble offensive. The Palace troops advanced, but, on catching sight of 1500 Macedonian infantry and three batteries on a height at Shishli they fell back again. After that there was no need to reconnoitre, for the Macedonian cavalry screen on the distant hills was visible from the upper windows of the Palace.

It was asserted at the time that the Macedonians had cut off Abd-ul-Hamid's gas and water, as if he had merely been an obdurate citizen who had refused to pay his gas and water rates, but Mahmud Shefket Pasha has assured me that there is no truth in this story.

I knew for a fact, however, that there was a terrible panic in Yildiz, for on April 24 I met soldiers and servants running away from it. This panic probably led to a general disorganization in the Palace, which resulted in turn in the electric light failing, the kitchen fires remaining unlighted, and the rumour getting abroad that the Macedonians were starving the Sultan into submission.

The darkness caused by the failure of the electric light seemed to distress the Padishah more than anything else, for, as I have already remarked, he is almost crazy on the



subject of illumination. In Yildiz, if one of his innumerable lights went out he would be sure to notice it at once and to immediately open a minute inquiry into the cause.

On the present occasion he ordered the band to play and the soldiers to keep marching up and down under his window, so that the sound of their steps crunching the gravel might ease his troubled nerves. When, towards morning, the music ceased and the soldiers were told to go back to their barracks, no sound was to be heard save the melancholy chanting of the Korân-reciters at the gate.

The very multitude of servants and dependents in this over-grown household served to heighten the confusion. There were chamberlains, secretaries, body-guards, and *aides-de-camp* (350 persons), ladies and slaves (370 persons), sons and daughters of the Sultan with their respective suites (160 persons), eunuchs in the service of the harem (127), the *personnel* of the kitchens (390), the *personnel* of the stables (350), doorkeepers and other servants (250), troops forming the immediate Palace guard (1450).

On Saturday night all these thousands of people had to struggle in the darkness for food as best they could. More unnerving, however, than want of food was the want of a master to inspire confidence in this herd of dependents. As every soldier in Mahmud Shefket's camp had in him something of his great chief's certainty of success and firmness of purpose, so every slave in Yildiz shared his Padishah's indecision. Abd-ul-Hamid was not visible or accessible, and in horrified whispers his people asked one another if perchance he were drugged, or in a fit, or dead. These whispers reached the soldiers, who gradually lost confidence and deserted. In proportion as the Palace was thus denuded of its guards, who streamed away from it unchecked like blood from an open wound, the panic increased among the helpless inmates of the Harem, into which some of the eunuchs carried from the outer world exaggerated accounts of the danger in which Yildiz stood. The hundreds of hapless ladies believed that the Palace might at any moment be stormed by a licentious soldiery. Some of them fainted, some fell down in hysterics, and once during the night the rest began to scream until the place seemed like Bedlam. Saturday night was as still as death and the screams were consequently heard by some of the Macedonians, 10,000 of

whom, with a powerful artillery, now surrounded the Palace. They must also have been audible in the Imperial Kiosk, but no sign was made, and mystery continued to brood over that mysterious retreat.

There is something tragic in the spectacle of a strong man, with thousands of people dependent on him, collapsing utterly and for ever, and it must be confessed that, with all his faults, Abd-ul-Hamid had in him some of the elements of strength and of greatness, otherwise he would not have been able to master a whole empire in the way he did, and concentrate all power in his own hands to an extent that no modern despot ever dreamt of. Nothing in his own palace was too minute to escape his vigilant attention, so that this sudden collapse came on the inmates of Yildiz like an eclipse of the sun.

With our traditions of freedom and self-reliance, we Westerners cannot understand the feelings on such an occasion of this army of ignorant, clinging women and slaves who had been taught all their lives to regard the Padishah as the impregnable rock whereon their lives were based, as "the King of Kings, the Shadow of God upon Earth, the unique Arbiter of the World's Destinies, the Master of the Two Continents and the Two Seas, the Sovereign of the East and of the West."

As a matter of fact, however, the cause and centre of all this turmoil was, despite his panic the night before, apparently one of the most unconcerned persons in Constantinople that day. This, at all events, is the story told by his second eunuch, who has, as a rule, very little good to say of his old master.

"A servant awoke me on Saturday morning," says Nadir Agha, "and hearing the sound of firing I at once got up. The Sultan was still sleeping, but when they knocked at his door he came out in his dressing-gown and asked: 'What has happened? What's the matter?'"

"He was told that 'The rebellious soldiers are being crushed,' but he evinced not the least surprise or alarm and went as usual to his bath. Then he went to 'the Little Harem.' Later on in the day, when we began to see that it was necessary to send somebody to tell Shefket Pasha that the garrison of Yildiz would surrender, nobody dared to go, but finally, at noon, Mehmed Ali Bey, the Sultan's *aide-de-camp*,



said, 'I'll go,' and he accordingly tore up a white cloth, made a flag of it and left. When he returned with a favourable answer, the Sultan was quite tranquillized and remained easy in his mind until Monday. On Monday morning the Macedonian troops began to occupy Yildiz, seeing which I rushed outside with the chamberlain, Riza Bey, in order to prevent them firing on us. They arrested me. You know the rest."

This bald but convincing story is confirmed—so far, at least, as it touches on the calmness of the Sultan—by Admiral Bucknam Pasha, who visited the Palace on Sunday and found such of the officials as were left there mildly wondering at all that excitement in town. "His Majesty," they said, "is attending to business just as usual. This little trouble has not made him depart in the least from his ordinary routine. It is immaterial to him whether the Yildiz garrison consists of troops from the First Army Corps or from the Third."

At one period on Saturday, according to the eunuch quoted above, Tahir Pasha and Halil Bey persuaded his Majesty to let them distribute rifles and ammunition to all the domestics, gardeners, &c., but according to their own account, the eunuchs knew that if a shot were fired from Yildiz all was over with everybody in it, and they induced the Sultan to call in Tahir Pasha and make him forbid any firing. Finally the domestics were disarmed.

The same authority informs us that Abd-ul-Hamid was so "absolutely sure" of success after the Mutiny of April 13, that he attached no importance to the menacing despatches which he received at that time from all the branches of the Committee of Union and Progress and from all the vilayets.

In Nadir Agha's opinion, the Padishah believed that the investing army consisted of scarcely three regiments and he came to entertain this belief owing to a strange circumstance. Edhem Pasha had wired to Shefket Pasha asking him to send troops to Adana, and the latter wired back that he had sent three battalions to Dedeagatch. Edhem Pasha received this reply when he was in the Palace, but the Sultan snapped the telegram from his hands, read it, and was convinced ever after that the battalions to which it referred comprised the bulk of the advancing army.

"If Abd-ul-Hamid had known the truth," says the eunuch, "he would have ruined Constantinople before he had allowed himself to be overthrown. . . ."



“It was not till Friday, after the taking of Daoud Pasha barracks by the Macedonians that the Sultan began to fully understand the true state of affairs. The soldiers entered the Palace and demanded ammunition. Edhem Pasha tried to appease them, but they refused to listen to reason, and as they knew where the ammunition was kept they broke open the doors of the storehouse and helped themselves.”

During these days of trouble, Abd-ul-Hamid lived in the Little Mabein, his favourite residence, and as I had the opportunity of seeing that building afterwards, I shall take the opportunity of saying something about it in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE HOUSE OF FEAR

**M**OST of my readers have seen photographs of the main entrance to Yildiz Kiosk, above the mosque Hamidieh. Some of them have probably been inside the little building and on the terrace wherefrom the foreign diplomatists and their friends used to watch the Selamlık. Above the terrace is the large white villa with green venetian shutters in which Abd-ul-Hamid used to receive distinguished visitors after returning from the mosque on Friday, and from a particular ground-floor window of which he used to review the troops. This is the Great Mabein and it contained reception-rooms and the offices of various Hamidian officials.

Opposite it, inside the Palace enclosure, was the Tchitli Kiosk, a long one-storied building or series of halls, decorated mostly with Japanese curios—probably presents from the Mikado—and with a large series of excellent alto-relievo maps of various parts of Turkey, probably presented by some German map-publishers. This building was also used as offices and a secret door in the wall communicated with the Harem behind, a large building which was at right angles to the Tchitli-Kiosk. Opposite the Harem, and within thirty feet of it, was the Little Mabein where the Sultan ordinarily lived, and between the two ran a gravelled path, on the Harem side of which was a well-tended little garden containing many beautiful flowers. The way to the Little Mabein from the principal entrance lay through a short lane inhabited exclusively by servants and soldiers, and ending in a large wall through which a sham arch of triumph, itself a veritable triumph of jerry-building, gave access to the Sultan's private quarters.

Beyond the Little Mabein, but not in the inner enclosure, was the large kiosk in which the German Emperor stayed, a huge, modern, ugly building made of wood; and scattered

throughout the great outer park of Yildiz, a vast, neglected place looking in parts like a primeval forest, are other kiosks all of them jerry-built and inartistic, also a lake, a deer-enclosure, several gardens and several badly-kept menageries.

I need not, I suppose, remind the reader that in Yildiz there are three enclosures, each surrounded by a great wall, and that in the innermost ring is the Palace of Abd-ul-Hamid, the *Harem Dairessi* or, as a sincere believer in the Caliph would perhaps designate it, the *sanctum sanctorum*.

As for the Sultan's residence, the *Kutchuk Mabein* or Little Harem, it is a medium-sized, two-storied, modern, wooden bungalow of no architectural distinction whatever. Rather smaller than the Kew Palace, it contains far more rooms and passages. The lower windows are protected by light iron bars, the upper not, but in this respect the Little Mabein is no different from any of the other kiosks.

The house contains about a dozen rooms, distributed in a haphazard way and not made, as in European houses, to correspond with the windows. This lack of arrangement was, it is said, due to Abd-ul-Hamid himself (who took a keen though unenlightened interest in his numerous building operations), the object being to mislead the would-be assassin for whom the ex-Sultan has been waiting for the last thirty years, if that assassin were so foolish as to imagine that he could judge of the distribution of the apartments from the arrangement of the windows.

This, then, was the House of Fear—a House of Fear for the ruled, but infinitely more the House of Fear of the ruler. Many exaggerations have been indulged in at the expense of Abd-ul-Hamid but, on the score of his timidity, it would be difficult to exaggerate. His house is a standing monument to the greatness of his cowardice and the littleness of his mind.

Accident, tradition, fashion, family influence, public opinion, lack of means or of inclination to express oneself in stone and mortar generally bring it to pass that a man's individuality cannot always be accurately gauged from the architecture of his house or the arrangement of his rooms. The possessor of ducal halls may have the mind of a costermonger and a lodger in an attic may have the mind of a king. But in the case of Abd-ul-Hamid most of the influences whereof I have just spoken did not act. In one way even



tradition was unexpectedly weak, as is shown by the very slight attention which the ex-Sultan paid to Islâmic customs in the architecture and in the furnishing of his residence. But tradition forced the Sultan to build and to continue building. In the first place, there was the Roman tradition, inherited by the Osmanli, which makes building the work of kings. In the second place, there was the traditional Oriental superstition that the more a man builds the longer he will live. Moreover, the necessity for seclusion, in the case of a man like Abd-ul-Hamid, made the erection of new Palaces advisable. Hence Abd-ul-Hamid built. And as he was wealthy he could make his Palace an accurate representation of his own mind, could knead it like clay in his hands, could tumble down, rebuild, and alter as much as he liked—just as a painter might efface line after line until he had got exactly what he wanted—without fear of encountering the faintest opposition from any quarter. The result was an architectural horror such as the world never saw before—not even in the days of decaying Rome, for Diocletian's villa is even yet beautiful and imposing. The wilderness of ugly kiosks, pavilions, chalets and *belvédères* which go under the general name of Yildiz has no master thought, no dominant inspiration unless it be—Fear.

Everything in Yildiz bears the imprint of the curious and crooked mind which called it into existence. Safety from pursuit and assassination seems to have been the main object in view. "It is not a Palace," said one of the deputies who took part in the examination of it, "it is a labyrinth. It has the air of having been constructed with the unique object of rendering pursuit along the corridors impossible."

No one can examine the Sultan's residence without coming to the conclusion that it was the production and the abode of fear unutterable. Like the Caligula and Domitian described for us by Suetonius, Abd-ul-Hamid was almost insane. Fundamentally, indeed, he was neither a Caligula nor a Domitian, but he curiously resembled the latter in his suspiciousness, his elaborate precautions against assassination, and his intense dread of conspiracies directed against his life. To guard against conspirators getting a plan of his residence, he was continually changing its internal arrangements, walling up doors, opening new ones, narrowing passages, dividing rooms by partitions, making windows and closing them again.

The iron door which communicated with the garden was of great strength, and was capable of being very firmly bolted inside.

To spare himself the danger of crossing the gravelled path which separated his house from the Harem, the Sultan had linked his residence by flying bridges to the Harem on the one side and to the imperial theatre on the other. His front door, which faced the Harem, opened in the side of a small, projecting pseudo-porch of a kind common in cheap suburban cottages in London. Opposite this undignified entrance was the reception-room, which I shall describe later, wherein Abd-ul-Hamid received the news of his deposition. Next the reception-room was a small, bare sitting-room, with one window looking towards the Harem and, in the centre, a table, whereon stood, at the time I visited Yildiz, a bottle of medicine bearing the vague direction, "Take a glass from time to time," and a second bottle containing some kind of liqueur.

From this ill-lighted apartment a narrow passage led to the room which happened to be Abd-ul-Hamid's bed-chamber on the last night that he slept at Yildiz. It was a very small and plainly furnished room with one window looking out on the Great Harem and with a plush sofa-bed near the opposite wall. On the occasion of my visit, this sofa-bed was in exactly the condition in which Abd-ul-Hamid had left it. Tossed and tumbled about on the couch were a soft Turkish quilt, such as a draper would describe as "rich satin quilt, filled pure down," and some half-dozen soft silk cushions. Over a long chair near by hung a white night-dress and a cincture bearing the letter "A," both belonging probably to Abdurrahmin Effendi, the Sultan's favourite son, who was continually with his father during their last few days in Yildiz. Near the Sultan's bed was a little rest for a coffee-cup or, more probably, for a revolver. In a recess cut into the wall in a corner of a room was a wash-stand and basin, hidden by a lacquer screen. On the wall above the couch hung a large Japanese *kakemono*, bearing the figure of a bird, I think an eagle.

Abd-ul-Hamid's study was, like his bedroom, on the ground floor and looked out on the garden. This was the workshop of what was probably one of the hardest-working monarchs that ever lived; but when I visited the place, a few months after its owner's departure, there remained little



trace of that stupendous and misdirected industry, for Abd-ul-Hamid had dealt largely with living documents and had never been a bookish man, and all his papers had been carted away long before, to the Seraskierat. The legs of the table and of the chair in front of it were scientifically insulated, the Sultan having evidently been afraid of lightning ever since an occasion when Yildiz was struck by it. On the table itself were some copies of the fatal *Serbesti* newspaper which had played such a rôle at the time of the Mutiny, also an old report from the Turkish Embassy in London, regarding the indignation meetings provoked by the Armenian massacres.

It is well known that, like Peter the Great, Prince Nikolai Andreyitch and other famous historical and imaginary characters, Abd-ul-Hamid was an enthusiastic carpenter and, upstairs, the most remarkable room in his Palace was a carpenter's workshop fitted with all the necessary appliances and tools. The latter, to judge from their discoloured handles, must have been often used. The Sultan seems to have been fond of inlaid work—preferring generally an inlay of various coloured woods, also of pearl—and some five or six panels in his study are said to be his work. "They look like it," says an expert who has examined them. "The drawing is bad and the mixture of coloured woods quite vulgar. The workmanship, however, is neat and accurate."

What struck one about all the rooms and particularly about this carpenter's room was their small size. Their owner seemed to require little more space than a cat and was evidently not a monarch who delighted in striding up and down lofty halls. There were only two large rooms in the Palace but Abd-ul-Hamid seldom entered them.

Near the carpenter's shop was the bathroom where the Padishah is said to have often taken milk baths and to have elaborately "made up" for his public appearances by means of paints and dyes. It was a comparatively large apartment. The walls were covered with white, glazed tiles, and the cupboards filled with hair-restorers, complexion-restorers, patent medicines, and quack remedies guaranteed to rejuvenate the most senile. A calender in the bathroom bore the date April 15, the day the Macedonians began their march.

In a glass cabinet in one of the rooms upstairs was a collection of gold-mounted revolvers and automatic pistols,



rapiers and rifles, evidently presents. Downstairs there was also a collection of revolvers, not gold mounted. These weapons were not merely for show, as it is well known that the Sultan constantly practised with them and was a very good shot. In the garden he had fitted up a rifle-range with moving figures. There were in one of the rooms two stiff, padded waistcoats which stood upright of themselves and which were said to contain the famous coats of armour which the Sultan used ; but they were of light weight, and I am doubtful if either of them would have stopped a Mauser pistol bullet at close range. One of these vests was covered with silk and the Padishah wore it under the impression that it would also protect him against lightning.

The windows were not properly painted, there was a large hole in one of the carpets, and the furniture was at once extraordinarily incongruous and extraordinarily abundant. Sometimes in one and the same room you had imitation Louis XVI., Empire, Japanese, *art nouveau*, and several other styles. The only thing you had not was the old Turkish style. Despite all his efforts to pose as the religious chief of Islâm, Abd-ul-Hamid furnished his house in what he conceived to be European fashion, and as he was, after all, little more than an ignorant peasant, the whole effect was tasteless and vulgar.

I have said that the furniture was extraordinarily abundant. So numerous, indeed, were the presses, wardrobes, chests of drawers, cupboards, and unsightly old bedsteads which filled the rooms and lined some of the corridors, that the place looked like an auctioneer's showroom, or like a depot used for the storage of a miscellaneous collection of furniture seized for debt, from people in different walks of life and with widely divergent tastes.

Like everything else in Yildiz, this array of old furniture in the corridors had a meaning. It meant that the Padishah, fearing that these particular corridors were not sufficiently narrow, had determined to narrow them in this way. Sometimes he attained the same object by moving the walls more closely together, his aim being to prevent two or more assassins from coming abreast into his presence. Of one man at a time he was not, apparently, afraid, for as the bullet-holes in the bull's-eyes and movable man-shaped targets in his private revolver range indicated, he was a

very good shot, and besides the revolver which he continually carried in his breast-pocket, he always had numbers of loaded pistols and revolvers lying within reach of his hand. When the Macedonians entered Yildiz they found loaded firearms lying about almost everywhere—in the bathroom, cupboards, at the bed-sides and on the writing-tables. In the Sultan's residence alone over one thousand revolvers were discovered.

The presses and wardrobes contained such incredible quantities of cheap shirts, collars, socks and underclothing that the place seemed to be a popular drapery establishment instead of a Palace, and this impression was borne out by the dusty piles of large corded packages done up in brown paper which were heaped on top of the wardrobes in some of the passages. In one room there were more than a thousand collars and shirts, many fezzes, hundreds of neckties and an enormous quantity of writing-paper, but not a single night-dress. There were also two thousand waistcoats, all of them evidently intended for the Sultan but none of them ever worn by him, and over twenty thousand keys. Like all half-savage natures, Abd-ul-Hamid seemed to be very fond of fancy clocks, for he had an incredibly large collection, most of them cheap gilt productions of American manufacture.

The fire-proof safe in which the Sultan kept his papers was very large and modern. It was fitted into the wall of the study, not far from the imperial bedroom. The outer steel doors were large enough to admit the entrance of several men at once. Inside these were two large safes and many smaller drawer-like safes, arranged in rows in the steel walls. The whole was lighted by electricity and reminded one of a safe deposit vault in a bank.

Sometimes one felt inclined to conclude that the house had been furnished with presents, books and samples of furniture, &c., sent by foreign firms and foreign potentates. Most of the books were German and dealt with war, with the German army, and with Turkish history and geography—which means that German authors and publishers sent more free copies to the Sultan than did the authors and publishers of other nations. There were also, however, many recently published books on Turkey in English and French. Among them were some well-bound trade catalogues, which the



Sultan's librarian had probably regarded as serious literature, and some pro-Turkish treatises with the Turkophile passages heavily underlined, evidently by the gifted author.

! One very large and magnificently bound volume, which was not kept in a book-case, however, but on a table in one of the upstairs rooms, was a present from the Tzar of Russia, of whose coronation it gave a minute account, accompanied by many gorgeous illustrations. Judging from the appearance of this work and from the inscriptions it bore, I should think that only a few copies of it had been specially printed in Moscow for distribution among crowned heads and rulers of States. Another costly present which stood on a bracket in the same room, a large room situated above the reception-room, was a photograph of the imperial family of Germany, in a frame which sparkled with precious stones. This was a present from William the Second to Abd-ul-Hamid on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the latter's accession to the throne. On a table stood a clock incrustated with fine stones, the gift of the Tzar of Russia. There were also, of course, portfolios and photo-albums filled with photographs of crowned heads and imperial princes, but I could see nothing in the shape of a present from St. James's or from the White House.

The other large upstairs room was a State bed-chamber containing an elaborate double bed of the usual frigid and magnificent kind which one sees in European palaces, that is with a canopy, curtains, the imperial arms above the pillow, &c. Close by were a lavabo and several arm-chairs, while on a table at the foot of the bed lay a menu, dated May 25, 1324 (of the Turkish calender), *i.e.*, fourteen months previously.

Every room in the Palace was provided with a sofa whereon the Sultan could sleep if he felt inclined, but nobody ever knew in what room he would sleep on any given night. Before retiring to rest he would sometimes call his attendants and say to them: "Keep a good look-out. I am going to sleep to-night in this room," after which he would invariably go and sleep somewhere else.

It was a decided relief to escape from this monomania of fear into the servants' quarter. Near Abd-ul-Hamid's last bed-chamber in Yildiz was the rough bed of a soldier, and farther back were small rooms wherein a large number of



servants slept on mattresses spread on the floor. Empty bottles, containing the stumps of burnt-down tallow candles and fragments of the exceedingly plain-spoken and broadly humorous literature of old Arabia, pointed to the fact that some of the soldiers read themselves and the others to sleep while their imperial master was probably lying awake, awaiting the coming of that assassin who never came.

Returning to the Sultan's part of the house, we are surprised by the number of Japanese fans and screens which must have been bought by Abd-ul-Hamid from the local Japanese dealer or presented by the latter to the Padishah on behalf of the Mikado. Near the outer door stood a large camera. The only picture I saw was a most extraordinary performance in oils which looked like the work of a schoolboy, but which is said to have been painted by the Padishah himself. It represented a number of bearded men dressed like French priests and standing in a *caïque* or boat playing musical instruments and singing. The *caïqueji* or boatman extends a purse of gold towards the shore, on which dance a troop of naked women. It is said that a resemblance has been traced between the faces of the men in the boat and those of Midhat Pasha and the other reformers, and that the Sultan meant to indicate that Constitutionalism would bring in its wake Christianity, corruption and sexual immorality; but that such a hideous daub should have been hung up near the Sultan's bedroom is surprising, unless on the assumption that the Sultan painted it himself.

The "famous" garden of Yildiz, whereon look out the reception-room in which Abd-ul-Hamid heard of his deposition and the study where he used to sit on an insulated chair consists of about ten acres of park containing some fine old trees,\* well-kept gravelled paths, imitation and real flowers, little arbours (provided, like every room in the Palace, with match-boxes and ash-trays, for the ex-Sultan is a great cigarette-smoker) and a canal, traversed by a little treadmill boat and provided with toy landing-stages corresponding to the different landing-stages on the Bosphorus.

This garden is a disappointment, but there is one very extraordinary feature. The high wall which bounds it and which also forms the inner enclosure of Yildiz is lined throughout its entire length with the cages of birds and wild

\* Most of the trees in this park and in the outer park are young.

animals, not small cages but large substantial ones such as are used in Regent's Park. In some of these cages are monkeys and rare dogs, but the Sultan seemed fondest of all kinds of birds, especially of harmless birds such as pigeons, of which he is said to have possessed twenty thousand specimens, not free, but confined in huge cages, each of which held hundreds of these birds. There were also thousands of storks, canaries, parrots, cranes, &c. Even in the outside park there were two zebras, two deer, several empty cages, which had evidently accommodated large wild beasts, probably lions or tigers, a poultry-yard for hens and pheasants, cages for parrots, a special section for the beautiful Angora cats of which the Sultan was particularly fond. Running about at large were a great number of rabbits, some sheep, three ostriches, and several gazelles. On the lake paddled a number of magnificent swans.

The inside enclosure was more like a public menagerie, however, than a palace park; and I must say that an examination of it modified somewhat my opinion of Abd-ul-Hamid. If he had collected all these animals together in order to experiment with and torture them like Dr. Moreau on his island, then one could say "Quite so. This is just what we expected. This is exactly in keeping with the rest of his character." But the birds and animals had evidently been accustomed to be caressed and fed by a kind master. In other words, the old Sultan evidently liked animals, and a man who loves animals cannot be wholly bad.

One sometimes caught other glimpses of a better nature in Abd-ul-Hamid, and found oneself wondering if the Sultan would not perhaps have been a very different man—the president of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals or a musical composer of some distinction—if he had been brought up in a different *milieu*, in a *milieu* where the monomania of fear would not have starved and stunted his soul. I have already spoken of his efforts as a painter and a cabinet-maker. For music, also, he seemed in some barbaric way to have a strong if misdirected sympathy. Small as his rooms were, there was a piano in almost all of them, and sometimes there were three pianos in one room, not to speak of various instruments of the "hurdy-gurdy" order. He had also formed a private band composed of reed, string and other instruments (including some string instruments like the



Servian *gusli*), and the music it produced was very original and striking, somewhat like that of a Russian balalaïka orchestra.

In private life Abd-ul-Hamid seems to have been fond of harmless and sometimes childish make-believe. In the pathetic little canal which he had constructed in his garden, there were, as I have already pointed out, various landing-places called after the different landing-places on the Bosphorus. In the garden was a little café, which the Sultan called Mahallé Kavessi and which was made to resemble those idyllic little cafés which one finds on the outskirts of Stamboul, where the caféji receives his guest with a respectful "*Boujouroun!*" ("Welcome!") and then, turning towards the kitchen, cries: "*Shekerli bir!*" ("A sweet coffee"), "*Narguilé bir!*" ("A narghile"). It was with these customary expressions and no others that Abd-ul-Hamid insisted on being received in his own café whenever he went thither *incognito* (!) to drink coffee; and in order to keep up the illusion he never paid more than ten paras for his coffee and narghile.

In the café, by the way, and in every chamber of the Palace, there were the usual evidences—innumerable match-boxes and ash-trays—that the master was a hard smoker.

\* \* \* \* \*

While the attack was being made on the city, Abd-ul-Hamid remained entirely in the Little Mabeïn, passing his time between his bedroom and the small ill-lighted sitting-room adjoining it, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and accompanied all the while by his favourite boy, Prince Abdurrahmin. Despite his brave attempt to keep up appearances and his hope that he would be allowed to remain on the throne, he must have been very uneasy, for he could not intrigue any longer and had only to wait, helpless and passive, to see what the Macedonians would do with him. He was handicapped, not only by his age, his infirmities and his un-military disposition, but also by his superstition, for he had been long aware that a venerable sheikh of Kurdistan had prophesied that he would only reign thirty-three years and, as everybody knows, he mounted the throne in 1876.

The disorder which prevailed in the Palace and the flight of some soldiers and servants were all calculated to upset him. His appearance at the Selamlik on the 23rd showed how



deeply he suffered and at the same time how splendidly he bore up, and the quickness with which, when told of his deposition, he asked if his life would be spared, renders it probable that this question had been weighing for some time previously on his mind. He remained in this agony of suspense throughout Saturday, Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night, but he confided his fears to no one, unless it were to his little boy Abdurrahmin.

On Monday morning, as I have already said, the negotiations between Memdoh Pasha, the commander of the Palace Guard, and the Macedonians, led to a battalion of Macedonians quietly entering the precincts of Yildiz. From that moment Abd-ul-Hamid, the Red Sultan, was definitely and for life in the power of his enemies.

## BOOK VIII

# THE PASSING OF ABD-UL-HAMID

### CHAPTER I

#### THE DEPOSITION OF THE SULTAN

**T**HE instant Yildiz surrendered, the purification of that nest of iniquity began. All the higher functionaries, the secretaries, chamberlains, &c., were sent to the adjoining camp of Balminju-Chiftliyi. Then came the turn of the humbler employees. Many of the latter had taken refuge in the Harem, from which proceeded sounds of weeping. All who were not women were immediately summoned to leave the Harem, and nearly all obeyed the summons voluntarily. The eunuchs hesitated but were bodily cast forth by the more energetic of the young ladies inside. On being helped to their feet by the soldiers, these unhappy Nubians manifested as much fear as if they were about to be hanged on the spot. But they were not treated harshly on the whole. A military commission, after having controlled their identity and their number according to a list which they possessed, sent some of them to the above-mentioned camp and others to the Old Seraglio in Stamboul. As for the Sultan, his privacy was not interfered with, and two secretaries and four domestics were allowed to remain with him. Most of the women in his Harem were conveyed, however, to the Tcheragan Palace on the banks of the Bosphorus and thence by water to the Old Seraglio. At noon next day, I met in the European quarter of Pera a procession half a mile long, consisting wholly of domestics, door-keepers, parasites, spies, cooks, eunuchs, slaves, and unarmed officers, surrounded by a thin line of keen-eyed Macedonians with rifles in their hands.

Next day the Sheikh-ul-Islâm issued a *jetva* deposing Abd-ul-Hamid, solemnly declaring the Padishah, the Grand Seigneur, the King of Kings, the Commander of the Faithful, unworthy to reign. A deputation consisting of three deputies—a Greek, a Jew, and an Armenian—was sent by Parliament to convey the news to Yildiz Kiosk, another deputation being sent at the same time to announce to Rechad Effendi his accession to the throne.

Of the deposition of Abd-ul-Hamid long accounts, laboriously intended to be harrowing, have already appeared in the Press of every civilized country and a perusal of these accounts ought to make the shades of Cæsar and Alexander profoundly thankful on the whole that there existed in their day no Press capable of vulgarizing their exploits, misquoting their sayings, piling on the agony with both hands when a dramatic episode had to be described, laying on the colours with a whitewash brush whenever delicate pencil-work was required, and touching nothing that it did not make ridiculous. Several of the leading French papers, for example, represented Abd-ul-Hamid as having, during the last days of his reign, worn the sacred green mantle of the Prophet day and night, in order to protect himself from assassins, and a London correspondent tried to make our flesh creep by a description (utterly false, by the way) of how, on the occasion of his journey from Yildiz to the railway-station, the deposed Sultan was compelled to travel in an armoured motor-car, how he trembled violently, being convinced that the motor-car was a machine for putting him to death, &c. &c.

Warned by these dreadful examples, I shall try to make the story of Abd-ul-Hamid's fall as simple as possible, and I shall tell it as often as I can in the words of men who took a leading part in the great drama.

The spokesman and chief of the Parliamentary deputation was General Essad Pasha, a medium-sized, active man, with regular European features, ruddy complexion, a reddish moustache and hair whose grey tinge, taken in conjunction with other indications, told that he was somewhere between forty and fifty years of age. Essad Pasha is one of those Turkish gentlemen—rather numerous by the way—who, owing probably to an admixture of Serb or Albanian blood, might easily, without their fez, be mistaken for members of the Slav or Teutonic race. He has written down for me



with great care the particulars of his interview with the ex-Padishah on this occasion, and in all our conversations he greatly impressed me with his restraint, his sense of dignity, and his dislike for the sensational legends that have grown up around this interview. Obviously he was the best man that could have been selected as chief of this delicate mission.

Another member of the deputation was Carasso Effendi, a Salonica Jew and prominent member of the Committee, whose last entry into Yildiz had been made under different circumstances. Having been arrested in Constantinople (which he had visited with a false passport in order to spy out the land for the Macedonians) on the eve of the July Revolution, he was taken to Yildiz to be examined regarding the strength and the resources of the Committee, and, in order that Abd-ul-Hamid might overhear all that passed, the examination was conducted in the very room where the Sultan was now to hear his own sentence. Carasso Effendi has since told me that being convinced on the occasion of his first visit to Yildiz that he would never leave the Palace alive, he had shown to his inquisitors with the utmost frankness, satisfaction and detail, that their position was hopelessly undermined. The result of this seeming madness on his part was that, intimidated and terror-stricken, Abd-ul-Hamid released Carasso and surrendered unconditionally to the Revolutionists.

When the deputies reached Yildiz they were conducted into the Tchitli-Kiosk, where the Sultan's secretary, Djevad Bey, received them and asked them what they wanted. They replied that they wanted to make a personal communication to Abd-ul-Hamid on the part of the National Assembly, whereupon Djevad Bey warned them that the Sultan was always armed and might shoot some of them. Incredible as it might seem, there was certainly a feeling among all who visited Abd-ul-Hamid at this time that, in a frenzy of fear, he might draw his revolver on them. Carasso Effendi considered this so probable that when shown into the Sultan's presence he had his finger on the trigger of his own weapon; and, as will be seen later on, when General Hussein Husny came next day to tell the ex-Sultan that he was to be brought to Salonica, Djevad Bey addressed to him the same warning as he had addressed to the deputies.

When the Parliamentary deputation told Djevad Bey

to proceed, since they had got to discharge their mission whatever the risk, the secretary brought them across to the Little Mabein and knocked on the outer door.

He had to knock a long time, however, before the door was opened, and meanwhile the party had been surrounded by thirty black eunuchs. On being finally admitted, they were brought directly to a saloon which is situated a few paces from the entrance and which I have since been privileged to examine, while all the furniture, screens, ornaments, &c., were still in exactly the position which they had occupied on the occasion of this momentous interview.

It was a spacious and well-furnished apartment, looking out on the garden and the canal which I have already described. On the left of the door as one came in, and quite close to it, was a large silken Japanese screen, and behind this screen was a well-worn sofa provided with four square cushions, the sofa whereon Abd-ul-Hamid was sitting when the deputation entered. Close to the sofa was a little *table à fumeur*, supporting a tin cigarette-box and a candlestick in which was a candle, burned half-way down. Facing the sofa, at the other end of the room, was an orchestrion. There was also a piano in the room and a number of cheap vases. In the middle of the chamber was a small, round table whereon stood a decanter containing a crimson febrifuge—for Abd-ul-Hamid's medicines seemed to find their way into every room in the house. In one corner were some cigarette-ends and pieces of crumpled paper. In another were the imperial galoshes. In glass cases around were the usual presentation volumes with uncut leaves. From the ceiling hung four silver candelabra. At the far end of the room and a few feet distant from the wall was a large stove made of white, glazed tiles. From the top of this stove to the wall ran a sooty piece of cheap stove-pipe.

A great many clocks ticked all round the apartment, one of them a mother-of-pearl clock, and another shaped like a mosque. There were four or five arm-chairs and several large mirrors placed along the walls. Abd-ul-Hamid was particularly fond of mirrors, because they could tell him if assassins were approaching him from behind.

Beside the Padishah sat his little boy, Abdurrahmin Effendi. The father wore a black civilian coat and a military overcoat buttoned up. The son wore the Palace uniform



and had his two hands on his breast, after the beautiful fashion of a Turkish child in the presence of superiors.

The deputation advanced into the centre of the room. The Sultan's secretaries, Galib Bey, Djevad Bey, and a number of eunuchs and valets remained near the door. Looking haggard and worn, Abd-ul-Hamid rose and, advancing from behind the screen, said, "Why have you come?" whereupon General Essad Pasha gave the military salute, took two steps forward and replied :

*Essad Pasha* : In conformity with the *jetva* that has been pronounced, the nation has deposed you. The National Assembly charges itself with your personal security and that of your family. You have nothing to fear from anybody. Be reassured !

*Abd-ul-Hamid* : I am not guilty. . . . It is my destiny (*Kismet*). . . . Is my life, at least, in safety ?

(Carasso Effendi says that Abd-ul-Hamid had tears in his eyes as he asked this question.)

*Essad Pasha* : The Ottomans are noble and magnanimous. They never commit injustice.

*Abd-ul-Hamid* : Swear to me on what you say, for your declarations may soon be modified. Swear to me, then, in person that you shall not go back on what you say.

*Essad Pasha* : I repeat to you that the Ottomans are noble and that they do not commit injustice. Your life is in every way guaranteed by the National Assembly. Do not, therefore, be uneasy.

*Abd-ul-Hamid* : You will not let me stay here any longer ? I desire that the Tcheragan Palace be allotted to me as my residence. It was there that I kept my brother.\* Let Salaheddine Effendi and the notorious Kemaleddine Pasha † be made to leave that Palace, as our laws regarding the

\* The ex-Sultan was here referring to his predecessor, the mad Sultan Murad, who, deposed on account of insanity, lived thirty-two years afterwards but in such close confinement that nobody knew whether he ever recovered his reason or not. His successor had solemnly undertaken to abdicate if ever Murad became sane.

† Kemaleddine Pasha, the Sultan's son-in-law, was persecuted by Abd-ul-Hamid owing to the Pasha having been denounced by the Sultan's spies and by the Sultana, Kemaleddine's wife, who was jealous of her husband on account of an intrigue which he carried on with another woman. Kemaleddine and a medical doctor finally tried to poison the Sultana, for which they were both sentenced to imprisonment for life.



Harem would not permit us to live there together. Besides, my family is large and that Palace could hardly contain it. I am ready to at once make preparations to go thither.

*Essad Pasha* : We shall submit your desire to the National Assembly, whose decision will be communicated to you later on. I hope very much that your desire will be granted.

*Abd-ul-Hamid* : I gained the Turko-Greek war, and history will bear witness to the fact that I have done much for the interests of the nation. I am by no means guilty.

*Essad Pasha* : It is impossible, under the constitutional régime, to punish any one unless he is guilty. Condemnation can only be pronounced after a careful investigation.

This scene, like the climax or culminating-point of most great historical scenes, only took a few moments, and as the deputation left, Abd-ul-Hamid saluted them in the Turkish fashion by raising his hands first to his mouth and then to his forehead. As was only natural, he was in a state of agitation, almost of collapse, and looked years older than he had looked at the Selamlik only four days earlier, his undyed beard having become greyer and the wrinkles on his face having now become deeper. But considering how terrible was the blow he had just received, and how great his sufferings must have been during the preceding few days, the wonder is that he bore up so well.

The last sound which the deputies heard as they left the house was the boyish voice of little Abdurrahmin Effendi, who was crying as if his heart would break.

Thus fell Abd-ul-Hamid, the twenty-fourth Sultan of the House of Othman, and by a strange coincidence he was dethroned by the very force which he had called into activity in order to smash the Constitution. On April 13 his mutinous soldiers had cried out for the *Sheriat*, the Sacred Law of Islâm. On April 27 the *Sheriat* broke them and their Sultan together.

But though Abd-ul-Hamid undoubtedly deserved deposition, I would not go to the length of those Turkish papers which have, ever since April 27, been pouring on his head a flood of vituperation and accusing him of having, alone and single-handed, brought about the downfall of his country, or of these Armenian papers which seem to imagine that no Ottoman Christians were ever murdered in Turkey until

Abd-ul-Hamid ascended the throne. Turkey was on the downward grade hundreds of years before Abd-ul-Hamid was born, and great massacres of Christians occurred under his immediate predecessors. Brought up as he was, Abd-ul-Hamid might have made a worse ruler. As is the case with Nicholas the Second, he was probably in advance of his predecessors, but his people had progressed so much owing to the infiltration of western ideas that he seemed retrograde.

## CHAPTER II

### CLEANSING OF THE CITY AND DISPERSAL OF THE IMPERIAL HAREM

**T**HE most remarkable thing about Mahmoud Shefket's operations was, as I have already pointed out, their Napoleonic rapidity. The speed with which the Second and Third Army Corps were mobilized was extraordinary. To transport twenty thousand men such a distance, with arms and baggage, was a feat of which the greatest captains in history might have been proud.

With equal rapidity was Constantinople cleared of all dangerous elements.

On the 25th a state of siege was proclaimed for Constantinople and Scutari, and in Tchataldja a Court-martial was formed under the presidency of Hurschid Pasha, the Grand Master of Artillery, and also three field Courts-martial. Then the removal of the wounded, the arrest of the fugitives, and the disarming of the garrison were carried on energetically till the 27th.

On April 24, six thousand of the old garrison were on their way, by train, to Salonica, and an equal number was on its way by sea in the steamer *Garb*, while an incredible amount of work was done in the way of arresting suspects and court-martialling the guilty. The extreme necessity of this work was shown by the enormous amount of ammunition and the great number of fire-arms that were seized. On one reactionary Kurd, arrested opposite the American Embassy on the day the city was taken, were found three large-calibre revolvers and four daggers, and around his waist were five cartridge-belts full of cartridges. Even before the removal of Abd-ul-Hamid the arrest of reactionaries began. On April 24, the Macedonians who entered Stamboul imprisoned in the Seraskierat all the softas and hodjas, whom they suspected of a desire to stir up the fanaticism of the people



against them, and, in less than a week later, over six thousand suspects had been lodged in the barracks attached to the War Office.

Thanks to the documents which they seized and to the information they obtained from their prisoners, the Macedonians were always able to surround the right houses and to arrest the really dangerous persons. In one house in Stamboul they seized a large number of arms and military uniforms, in another they arrested fifteen persons disguised as hodjas. Even Prince Saba-ed-din, the head of the Ahrar, was for a short time under arrest, though there was no charge against him. The Macedonians seemed to go on the principle that it is better to lock up dangerous characters before they make trouble than afterwards, for the Kurdish *hamàls* were gathered together into *khans* or caravanserais, and kept under the closest observation there until the city had resumed its normal aspect. Again, some of the firemen, a set of people who habitually loot houses under the pretence that they are putting out conflagrations, were seized as, with their fezzes cocked rakishly on the back of their heads, they swaggered around the town looking for trouble, and, by way of precaution, carefully bastinadoed on the soles of the feet. They have been modest, law-abiding citizens ever since, and they wear their fezzes straight like anybody else.

The great majority of those arrested were released in a few days, but the real aiders and abettors of the Mutiny were rapidly court-martialled and hanged. It was a terrible duty but there was no other way of cleansing Constantinople. Probably nobody regretted this painful necessity more than Mahmud Shefket Pasha himself, and in his case the ordeal was made a thousand times more painful owing to the fact that the news of a forthcoming execution always leaked out some days in advance, with the result that the War Office—which like all the public buildings in Stamboul, including the Sublime Porte, is as open to outsiders as a railway-station,—was continually crowded with female relatives of those about to be hanged. While sitting in one of the rooms of the War Office on one occasion, I heard close by the dreadful scream of a woman fainting, and on another occasion I saw a long line of veiled female figures waiting patiently outside Shefket Pasha's door.

Among those who were executed was Mehmed Pasha,

popularly known as Kabasakal or "twisted beard," from his huge and bushy beard. At all Selamliks under the old *régime*, Kabasakal, an *aide-de-camp* and factotum of Abd-ul-Hamid, had been a prominent and terrifying figure as he strode to and fro glaring savagely around him.

In those days his favourite punishment was drowning, and it was for drowning two persons at San Stefano under the old *régime*, and apparently with the old *régime's* cordial approval, that he was condemned. A few days before the July Revolution he had seized Carasso Effendi, one of the Young Turk envoys in Constantinople, and carried him out to sea in a steam-launch, apparently with the object of terrifying the unfortunate man into a full confession by giving him the impression that he was about to be drowned.\*

Kabasakal's own death was not by drowning but by hanging. When conducted to the scaffold at earliest dawn he was wellnigh unrecognizable, for his enormous beard had been shaven off. He held his head high, however, and refused the olive and the glass of water which were tendered to him in sign of peace. When the gipsy executioners approached—for these executions were all carried out by gipsies, as it was impossible to get Moslems to do the work—a shudder passed through his gigantic frame, for, a few months before, he would have instantly cut down any of these unclean Infidels (as he regarded the gipsies) that dared even to touch him. But when the rope was passed around his neck he offered no resistance, and in a few moments all was over. Hidden among the crowd, one of Kabasakal's own sons watched the execution, and saw each of the gipsies receive the ten shillings for which he had bargained.†

The services of the ex-Sultan's eunuchs have also of course been dispensed with. Tormented by a longing for home and for kindred—a longing which their own inability to form domestic ties renders all the more intense—some of them have returned to seek in Abyssinia the kind relatives who mutilated and sold them in infancy and of whom they have not now the faintest recollection. The most intelligent of them all, the famous Nadir Agha, still remains in Constantinople, but he has not yet found any employment.

\* Carasso Effendi told this story to the present writer.

† Graf Sternberg says the fee was £T3.



He thinks, however, that the Prefecture of the city may employ him in conducting visitors of distinction over Yildiz.

"I could furnish such visitors," he says, "with the fullest information. I know Yildiz in all its nooks and recesses and there is not a building, garden or lake there about the construction of which there is not a mystery. The architecture of this house, the elevation of that wall, the presence of that nail even, all had their importance. Everything was dictated by Abd-ul-Hamid's anxiety for his life."

Nadir Agha repudiates the idea that he has any fortune and asserts that he was able to save no more than £2000. He has been luckier, however, than his deadly enemy for the last fifteen years, Djevher Agha, the First Eunuch, for although that gentleman succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune, he was hanged on the Galata bridge, hanged, for some reason or other, in a black coat, while all the others were executed in white. Always as light-boned as a girl, these unhappy beings are either slim, like Nadir, or else one mass of bloated flesh. Djevher Agha belonged to the latter category, being a huge, swollen, balloon-like man of extraordinary stature. Owing to vindictiveness (for, in Stamboul, the arrogance and cruelty of the Palace eunuchs towards the lower orders is proverbial), or to inexperience, the gipsy executioner bungled his work by getting the rope round the chin and the nape of the neck, so that the man was killed, not by strangulation but by dislocation of the vertebræ, with the result that the unnaturally prolonged and slender neck offered, after death, a horrible contrast to the corpulent trunk.

So perished His Highness (to give him his full title) the Dar-us-seadet-us-sherifé-aghassy or Guardian of the Gates of Felicity. At one time the occult influence of the functionaries who filled this office was immense, but under Abd-ul-Hamid, a prince who with all his faults had little inclination towards the delights of the Harem, it almost disappeared, while under Abd-ul-Hamid's successor it has quite disappeared though the eunuchs have not yet been dispensed with altogether.

The next man to be hanged was so affected by the sight of Djevher Agha's body that he offered to hang himself. The executioner readily consented, whereupon the condemned man did the work with a calmness and a dexterity which



seemed to indicate considerable practice. A third man freed his hands, which had been imperfectly secured, and gripped one of the posts of the primitive triangular gallows, as he dangled in the air, but he was soon made to release his hold.

As for Djevher Agha's fortune it was confiscated and the furniture of his villa at Kuru-Tchechu was sold by public auction. Djevher Agha seems to have had a great affection for a beautiful Egyptian slave-girl, whom he maintained in luxury in a house that he had had constructed for her in his garden, and on whom he used to lavish valuable presents. The girl seemed to be heart-broken by the fate which overtook her unfortunate admirer. It is a strange but well-authenticated fact that, in Turkey and Persia and probably in other Mohammedan countries, wealthy slaves of Djevher Agha's unfortunate condition have commonly some such *protégée* to whom they are, or fancy themselves to be, passionately attached. The reader will remember that Montesquieu deals in one of his works with these strange friendships and that Rycout and Oliver also refer to them.

One of the most mournful processions of the many mournful processions of fallen grandeur that passed through the streets during these days was one composed of the ladies from the ex-Sultan's Harem on their way from Yildiz to the Top-Kapu Palace. These unfortunate ladies were of all ages between fifteen and fifty and so numerous that it took thirty-one carriages to convey them and their attendants. Some of them were sent to the Old Seraglio in Stamboul, but this old palace of the early Sultans had fallen into such a state of disrepair that it was found to be unsuitable for them and they were sent back again to Yildiz.

Finally they were all collected in the Top-Kapu Palace in connexion with one of the strangest ceremonies that ever took place even there.

It is well known that most of the ladies in the harems of the Turkish Sultans are Circassians, the Circassian girls being very much esteemed on account of their beauty and being consequently very expensive. As Abd-ul-Hamid's Seraglio was no exception to this general rule, the Turkish Government telegraphed to the different Circassian villages in Anatolia, notifying them that every family which happened to have any of its female members in the ex-Sultan's harem was at liberty to take them home, no matter whether the

girls had been originally sold by their parents or had (as was the case in some instances) been torn from their homes by force.

In consequence of this, a large number of Circassian mountaineers came in their picturesque garb into Constantinople, and on a certain fixed day they were conducted in a body to the Old Palace of Top-Kapu, where, in the presence of a Turkish Commission, they were ushered into a long hall filled with the ex-Sultan's concubines, cadines and odalisques, all of whom were then allowed to unveil themselves for the occasion. The scene that followed was very touching. Daughters fell into the arms of their fathers whom they had not seen for years. Sisters embraced brothers or cousins, and in some instances relatives met who had never met before, and were only able to establish their relationship by means of long mutual explanations.

The contrast between the delicate complexions and costly attire of the women and the rough, weather-beaten appearance of the ill-clad mountaineers who had come to fetch them home was not the least striking feature of this extraordinary scene; and in some instances the poor relatives were quite dazzled by the beautiful faces, the graceful manners, and the rich apparel of their kinswomen. The latter seemed all very glad, however, to get away; and as a rule they lost no time in packing their trunks and departing, sometimes after a very affectionate leave-taking of the other odalisques. The number of female slaves thus liberated was two hundred and thirteen.

Clad in Circassian peasant dress, they are now in all probability milking cows and doing farm-work in Anatolia. But I do not think that many of them regret the change from the artificial life of the Harem, where they devoted their time to intriguing against one another, to adorning their persons, and to learning graceful accomplishments.

This joyful reunion in the Top-Kapu Palace had its sad side, however, as more than one of the men did not find the face he sought. Some of the girls had died, some had been put to death by Abd-ul-Hamid, and others of them, after Abd-ul-Hamid's fall, had been brought with him to Salonica by the ex-Sultan or quietly drafted into the harems of imperial princes who had taken a fancy to them. Moreover a good many of the women, especially those who had

already passed their first youth, were disheartened to learn that nobody came to fetch them. Apparently their relatives had died or emigrated, or did not relish the prospect of bringing back into their miserable mountain huts women no longer young, who had contracted expensive tastes and forgotten the language of their childhood.

According to a semi-official announcement, these abandoned ones will be maintained at the expense of the State "until they are asked for in marriage"—as if any man in his senses would take to wife a middle-aged woman who had been trained in the imperial Harem and who had no longer any influence at Court!

These unfortunate ladies will probably pine away the rest of their lives in company with the other ladies—remnants of the harems of past Sultans—who fill the Top-Kapu Palace and who, in the best manner of the Arabian Nights, sigh audibly at the barred and latticed windows and have on one or two occasions dropped roses and perfumed handkerchiefs before good-looking youths passing in the street below.



## CHAPTER III

### THE DEPORTATION OF ABD-UL-HAMID

**T**HE lightning rapidity which marked the dealings of Mahmud Shefket with the Sultan's supporters marked also his dealings with the Sultan. Two days after the seizure of Constantinople Abd-ul-Hamid, no longer Padishah, was on his way to Salonica.

At 11 P.M. on the day of his dethronement, two squadrons of cavalry and two armoured automobiles stopped before the gate of Yildiz, and, a little later, three Macedonian officers were ushered into an audience-chamber of the Little Mabeïn. Djevad Bey, the ex-Sultan's secretary, had recognized one of them as being Colonel Ghalib, Inspector-General of the Police and Gendarmery of Constantinople, who had been in the Palace before, that day, with the deputation from the National Assembly, and the others had introduced themselves as General Husny Pasha, Commander of the 1st Division of the Macedonian army, and Commandant Ali Fethi Bey, the Turkish military *attaché* at Paris.

The following is General Husny Pasha's account of what took place on this occasion :

"Towards 9 o'clock on the evening of April 27 I proceeded to Yildiz in order to inform Abd-ul-Hamid that we had decided to send him to Salonica. I was accompanied by Ghalib Bey, a colonel of the Gendarmery, and by our military *attaché* in Paris, Commandant Ali Fethi Bey. In the ante-chamber [of the Little Mabeïn] I met the first secretary of the ex-Sultan, Djevad Bey, to whom I said that I desired to speak to his master and that he must announce me. Djevad Bey refused to do so and said : 'The Sultan shoots well and never misses. Spare my life and your own, for if you insist on going in I am lost and you also. You have no idea how well he aims.'

"I replied : 'Your head belongs to me. I can kill you

on the spot. Go, then, and do what I order. Tell Abd-ul-Hamid that I must speak to him on an important question touching his person and his life.'

"I insisted on the word 'life' as it was only thus that my demand for an audience could succeed.

"I waited a quarter of an hour. Fifteen gendarmes were outside, within earshot. There was nobody in the corridors save several eunuchs and domestics. Djevad Bey conducted me through a number of rooms and finally, in a large salon of the Harem, near the door, I saw Abd-ul-Hamid standing upright, his face agitated and his hands in his pockets, doubtless clutching two revolvers [for, mindful of the fate of Abd-ul-Aziz and so many others of his predecessors, Abd-ul-Hamid was perfectly convinced that the Macedonians meant to butcher him, and he evidently intended to sell his life dearly]. Ghalib Bey and Fethi Bey remained at the door of the room while I approached the ex-Sultan and saluted him with the greatest respect. I found him excessively sad and dispirited.

" 'The delicacy of my mission will, I hope,' said I, 'be taken into consideration and appreciated by Your Majesty. I come hither on the command of the nation and the army to discuss with you the question of your life. The life of Your Majesty is of interest to the people and to your dynasty. Above all, the nation does not wish to commit violence against you. For this reason I have been ordered to respectfully attend to Your Majesty's case. You have nothing to fear. This I assure you and I swear it to you. Your life is guaranteed. You have no reason to fear that anything will happen to you. You know the history of your predecessors. The sad and unfortunate fate of your brother Murad is still, I am sure, fresh in your memory, a fate sad and unfortunate not only for the two Sovereigns concerned but also for the Ottoman people.

" 'We do not wish anything similar to happen again. The people do not wish it. Nevertheless their decision is irrevocable that two Sultans ought not to remain in the same place. This is done principally in your interest and in that of the nation.'

"The Sultan answered: 'I understand you. What do you wish?'

" 'I wish to bring you to Salonica,' I replied.

“‘This alarmed the ex-Sultan. ‘Why go to Salonica?’ he cried. ‘What are you saying to me? I am an old man. I am ill. I wish to pass my last days in Constantinople, in the Tcheragan Palace, where I was born and where Murad died. That is the proper place for me. Or give me my freedom and let me go to Europe.’”

Husny Pasha goes on to tell how hard he tried to make the Sultan yield. “Abd-ul-Hamid fainted. His women rushed towards him, brought him water, and wept bitterly over him. Finally he yielded, largely owing to the persuasions of his sons, his daughters, and the women of his harem, and the carriages were ordered to get ready.”

To understand Abd-ul-Hamid’s terror at the prospect of going to Salonica we must take into account his hatred of travelling, which amounts almost to a disease. This Padishah has never toured in the provinces, he has only once or twice, if at all, during the last ten years, visited the Isles of Princes, the Upper Bosphorus, the Sweet Waters of Europe, and the other charming resorts which former Sultans visited every year. Even when foreign potentates came to see him he was generally too fearful for his own safety to go out to meet them, and this cowardice was all the more glaring when we remember the racial bravery of the Turk and the traditional valour of the Princes of the House of Othman. The pity with which General Husny regarded this abject figure must have been tinged with satisfaction that it no longer occupied the throne of Mohammed the Conqueror and Suleiman the Magnificent.

The suite which was to accompany the fallen Caliph to Salonica was composed as follows: three Sultanas, four cadines or inferior concubines, two Princes (Abdurrahmin and Abdul Kadir), five *kalfas* (women servants), four eunuchs, nine domestics—in all twenty-seven persons.

As for luggage, the Macedonians politely insisted that the ex-Imperial party should bring with them nothing but the most necessary toilet outfit, such as soap, tooth-brushes, combs, &c., the object being not only to prevent delay, but also to prevent Abd-ul-Hamid from carrying off with him important documents and precious stones. How well they judged their old master on this point is shown by the fact that, when the Parliamentary Commission examined Yildiz a few days later, they found one chamber of the Harem



littered with travelling trunks (eight in all, to be precise), half packed, open, evidently abandoned in a hurry when the order to start for Salonica came, and containing, concealed beneath shirts, blouses, and ordinary underwear, jewellery of great value, one pearl necklace alone being valued at £T74,000.

Finally the ex-Emperor was persuaded to cut down his luggage and that of his whole suite to what could be carried in what General Husny described as "three little boxes of the contents of which I am ignorant." The Macedonians promised to send on, afterwards, to Salonica almost (but not quite) everything the ex-Sultan wanted, and they redeemed their promise with a rapidity and a thoroughness which deserve all praise. Abd-ul-Hamid had not been in Salonica a day before he received many waggon-loads of luggage from the capital, and when he even expressed a desire to enjoy again the company of the favourite Angora cat with which he used to play in his leisure moments, the Prefect of Constantinople went to the Palace to find this distinguished animal, which he duly forwarded by train the same day to its master.

At midnight the *cortège* was formed. First came an armoured automobile containing General Husny and a squadron of cavalry. Then came a large landau of the Palace containing Abd-ul-Hamid, the two little Princes and the three Sultanas. The remainder of the suite was crowded into palace carriages and four hired carriages. The second armoured automobile formed the tail end of the procession, while the second squadron of cavalry rode in the rear and at the sides of this melancholy parade.

For a man of Abd-ul-Hamid's intense nervousness, this midnight journey throughout the whole extent of a sleeping and silent capital, between a double row of Constitutionalist bayonets all the way, must have been a somewhat unpleasant experience. According to General Husny, the ex-Sultan "seemed to be very depressed," but when the lights of the railway station came in view, he somewhat recovered his spirits and mounted with a steady step the staircase of the station, which building was of course strongly occupied by troops. As it was thirty-three years since he had seen a train, he inspected with curiosity the two splendid cars, a saloon car and a sleeping-car, both lighted by electricity,

which the Oriental Railway Company had placed at the disposal of this notable and unexpected traveller, and which, constructed originally for Abd-ul-Hamid at an expenditure of one and a half million francs, had never once been used by him. As the ladies, however, had never seen a railway train in their lives before, some of them were not so cool as their master on this their first sight of the monster which had, like a Jinnee or an Effreet of their favourite "Arabian Nights," carried twenty thousand of their enemies from Salonica to Stamboul in three days, and which was now about to convey them from Stamboul to Salonica in an even shorter space of time. One of the unfortunate ladies was so frightened by the puffing of the engine and the glare from the furnace that she uttered a cry of fear and was with difficulty reassured. On the whole, however, says General Husny, "the women and children were very gay and were filled with delight at the prospect of the journey which they were about to make." The Sultan's two boys were sleepy but interested.

It was now 2.30 A.M., and, as the train was ready to start, the ex-Sultan helped the ladies of his party into the carriage. Ali Fethi Bey and twenty gendarmes had already taken their places in other carriages, and on the platform stood only two figures, those of General Hussein Husny Pasha and Colonel Ghalib Bey, not counting, of course, the long line of Macedonian infantry in the background. The ex-Sultan asked for water, but as he specified that it should not be mineral water, they brought him bottled water from a local spring called Tash-Delan. The members of the suite drank of this water also, and meanwhile Abd-ul-Hamid exchanged several words with Fethi Bey and a Gendarmery officer. At a quarter to three the signal of departure was given and the train that bore the ex-Padishah and his Harem steamed off into the darkness. It left in profound silence, without adieux or salutations of any kind from the two Macedonian leaders on the platform.

The only stop was at Dedeagatch, where the locomotive was changed, and where, on a parallel line, only a few feet from Abd-ul-Hamid's carriage, stood another train filled with the mutinous soldiers of the ex-Sultan's Guard, now *en route* like their master to exile and disgrace. But neither party knew of the proximity of the other, and the deposed

Sultan soon resumed his journey without a cheer or a curse from the dupes he had betrayed.

“The engine-driver received orders,” says General Husny, “to stop at no station and, in watering the engine, to leave the train behind and go into the station with the locomotive only.”

*En route*—and it was a journey of about twenty hours—the Sultan took only a glass of water, but his younger and more vigorous companions soon recovered their appetites and ate freely. At 10 o'clock on the evening of April 28 the train reached Salonica, where nobody save the responsible authorities and a few newspaper correspondents knew of the “honour” to be conferred upon the city. The station was of course in the hands of the military, but one sightseer was near enough to see the fallen Sultan and his companions in exile descend from the train. The women all had their faces covered with white veils and *sharshafs* of a special form which is used only in the Imperial Harem. Most of them walked with the briskness of youth, and only two seemed to be aged. As for the Sultan himself, he left on the beholders the impression of “a man morally and physically broken down.”

Outside the station, an automobile was offered to the Sultan, but he preferred a carriage, and so did all the members of his suite. At eleven o'clock in the evening he was received at the door of his new and probably his last residence by Hadi Pasha, the Governor of Salonica.

The Villa Allatini, which will occupy in Hamidian the place that Longwood does in Napoleonic history, was built ten years ago by one of the brothers Allatini, Jewish bankers of Salonica, whose steam flour-mill is situated in the vicinity. The property, which is only eight hundred yards distant from the sea, lies to the east of the town and is in the form of an immense square, enclosed by walls and planted with shady trees. The house, which is large and very comfortable, is situated in the centre of this park and is surrounded by pine-trees. In the vicinity are many restaurant gardens, much frequented in summer. The villa had been rented to General Robilant Pasha, who quitted the place on being begged by the Government to do so, and who left behind him his furniture, for which, however, he will receive an indemnity of eighteen thousand francs.



Abd-ul-Hamid seems to have been pleased with his new residence, for he spoke freely to Hadi Pasha and Fethi Bey, whom he struck as being agreeable almost to the point of obsequiousness.

The preparations for the reception of the fallen monarch do not seem, however, to have been quite completed, for during the night they had to send into the town to purchase some beds, and they had also to get dinner sent in, towards midnight, from the Restaurant Bastasini. After this, however, the meals of Abd-ul-Hamid were prepared by a cook whom he brought with him from Yildiz.

It goes without saying that the most complete precautions are taken to prevent the ex-monarch from escaping or from communicating with his adherents. In the first place the port itself is violently anti-Hamidian. It was in Salonica that the July Revolution originated, and it was probably Salonica merchants that supplied most of the funds necessary to equip the Macedonian troops for their victorious march to Constantinople, so that the town will take a very special interest in seeing that Abd-ul-Hamid does not break loose. The crowds that surround the Allatini villa (at a very respectful distance) are anything but respectful to their illustrious guest ; but, to make assurance doubly sure, a torpedo-boat lies in the bay in front of the villa, the *personnel* of the ex-Sultan is forbidden to walk in the town or to have relations of any kind with the inhabitants, and soldiers not only surround the house day and night but even sleep in the lower story. Considering all these precautions as well as the passive, unenterprising character and advanced age of the ex-Sultan, it is in the last degree improbable that that gentleman will ever attempt any sensational escapade.

This improbability is all the greater inasmuch as the ex-Padishah is being treated with every possible attention. During the first five days of his stay in Salonica, the municipality of that town spent more than £T200 in making things pleasant for him, and on the initiative of Mahmud Shefket Pasha, a credit of a thousand Turkish pounds was opened for him, to cover the initial expenses of his *ménage*.

Fethi Bey, who at first occupied towards the dethroned monarch the same position as Sir Hudson Lowe occupied towards Napoleon, travelled to Constantinople to bring back

the personal effects of Abd-ul-Hamid and his party. These personal effects include fifteen ladies, so that the old gentleman has now a Harem of thirty, and it will probably take all his time and require all his diplomatic ability to keep order amongst them.

The recluse of the Château Allatini has expressed several desires, which have all been satisfied. He has asked for more water and more gas, and his requests have been attended to by the gas and water companies. He has lamented his separation from the hens and cocks of his private poultry-yard in Yildiz, and all the said hens and cocks have already been forwarded to him by rail. He has asked for a pair of Indian cows, white as snow, for a little *tou-tou de salon* and, by way of contrast to the latter, for a huge St. Bernard. He has asked for two more black eunuchs, Nureddine and Shehreddine Aghas, and all these persons and animals have been duly forwarded to him and have arrived in good condition.

His treatment so far is an eloquent proof that the Young Turks have done with the old methods.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE OGRE'S DEN

**T**HE story of Abd-ul-Hamid's fall reads like a page of Suetonius, but the story of what happened in Yildiz after Abd-ul-Hamid's fall reads like a page of the "Arabian Nights." In the beginning of May, Marshal Shefket Pasha invited the Parliament to send a Commission to Yildiz in order to take an inventory of the ex-Sultan's property. The Parliament complied, and never, perhaps, in the history of representative institutions has a Parliamentary Commission busied itself with such wildly romantic business. It was like sending a tax-collector to make out a list of the goods in Ali Baba's cave.

To understand what a sensational affair this has been, we must remember that for many years past Yildiz has been regarded by all Turkey as an ogre's den into which the best of the Osmanli were dragged and devoured ; as an impregnable stronghold wherein priceless booty was accumulated ; as a mysterious residence littered with evidences of a thousand crimes, undermined by secret passages, and provided with all the mysterious chambers, labyrinths, trap-doors, &c., which one would naturally expect to find in the house of a man who has all his life employed a staff of translators to render into Turkish the dregs of the low-class, sensational novels of intrigue and crime that are written in Europe.

The fall of the hoary monster who inhabited this lair constituted therefore, so far as the Ottomans were concerned, one of the most sensational events of their whole amazing history, inasmuch as it laid bare to them all the secrets of Yildiz Kiosk.

The Commission was at first so nervous about spring-guns, trap-doors, and automatic alarms that it proceeded with the greatest caution, but seeing, after a day or two,



that nothing sensational occurred, it acted with more confidence and celerity.

As I have already pointed out, the members of the Commission derived great benefit from the assistance of Nadir Agha and, in the Commission's report, which was presented to Parliament on May 4, that gentleman is referred to as having facilitated the search operations.

Couched though it is in bald and business-like language, the report in question is perhaps the most amazing document ever presented to a Parliament. To take one passage, at random :

“ To-day, April 21 (Old Style), we assisted at the opening of three safes in the secret portion of the Palace of Yildiz, the examination of which safes had been postponed yesterday. Among the keys in our possession we had sought and discovered those of two of the safes, which we opened and in which we found, in gold and silver, a sum of £T90,000, approximately, which we placed in eleven sacks and one strong-box.”

Up to the present many similar hoards have been thus discovered in gold, silver and notes, the notes being generally in such a deteriorated condition that it was very difficult to count them. According to the report of the Parliamentary Commission, there was found in Yildiz £T480,000 in cash and £T1,800,000 in values.

Besides this, however, Abd-ul-Hamid possessed much real estate in the form of land, farms, mines, houses, hotels, &c. The mines, which brought in an annual income of from £T300,000 to £T350,000, were transferred to the Government after the proclamation of the Constitution ; the farms number more than 1500 and are principally situated in the vilayet of Bagdad ; while the forests, which extend over 250,000 acres, are to be found in the vilayets of Castamoni, Sivas and Salonica. From his estates and houses Abd-ul-Hamid is said to have received an annual income of 28 million francs.

It is difficult to say exactly how much money Abd-ul-Hamid had in foreign banks, but the most trustworthy figures are about £T1,120,000, which, added to the £T480,000 found in Yildiz, makes the ex-Sultan's supply of ready cash £T1,600,000. The foreign banks to which Abd-ul-Hamid had entrusted most<sup>m</sup> of his wealth were the Reichsbank and

the *Crédit Lyonnais*, in which institutions he had 1,380,000 francs; the Ottoman Bank, wherein he had £T50,000; and the *Deutsche Bank*.

The Young Turks seem, in the course of their researches in Yildiz, to have come across a note-book in which the ex-Sultan had indicated the exact manner in which his little hoard was distributed. The immense amount of the foreign deposits naturally alarmed the Young Turks, for as long as Abd-ul-Hamid had all this money at his disposal, so long was he dangerous. He might bribe his guards, he might hire foreign desperadoes to carry him off by force (his villa being, as I have said, situated at a distance of only eight hundred yards from the sea), he might authorize some of his sons or agents to draw this money and use it for the purpose of stirring up sedition in the country or of conducting abroad a Press campaign against the Young Turk Government.

The first care, therefore, of the new *régime* was to deprive the ex-Sultan of this the most dangerous of all his weapons. Turkish diplomatists asked the foreign banks in question how the thing was to be done, and the foreign banks told them, very courteously, very exactly. Then the Young Turks turned their attention to the prisoner of Salonica, who was visited one day in connexion with this matter by Djevad Bey, one of the Committee leaders and now Finance Minister. The interview was long but nobody knows what was said on either side. Fethi Bey also saw the ex-Sultan on the same subject but he, on the contrary, has given a full account of what passed.

"Abd-ul-Hamid received me very amiably," he says. "I told him that I had been instructed to inform him that the Ottoman nation would learn with pleasure that he had transferred to Turkish banks the sums which he had deposited abroad and that by doing so he would show that he loved his country and was willing to contribute to its greatness and prosperity."

"What guarantee will you give me if I do so?" asked Abd-ul-Hamid. "What will become of my children, thus deprived of my fortune? What will be my own future? I would especially wish to get some guarantee for my personal liberty and that of my *entourage*."

"The Constitution," answered the Major, "assures the future of your children. Parliament gives you monthly



£T1000, but high reasons of State prevent you being accorded at the present moment your personal liberty. I am persuaded that the future depends on your attitude and on your submission to the new *régime*."

Abd-ul-Hamid remained silent for several minutes, and then asked if he could have twenty-four hours to think the matter over. Next day he sent for Fethi Bey and presented him with a number of open letters written in his own hand. These letters were addressed to the managers of the different foreign banks in which he had deposits, and they asked those managers to transfer the ex-Sultan's account to their respective correspondents in Salonica.

In presenting these letters, Abd-ul-Hamid said that he hoped the nation would be grateful to him and affirmed that all his deposits abroad only amounted to £T1,080,000—£T60,000 in the Crédit Lyonnais, £T50,000 in the Ottoman Bank, and the rest in the Reichbank and in the Deutsche Bank.

About the middle of July, Hadi Pasha, Commandant of the Third Army Corps, and Ali Riza Pasha, Chief of the General Staff of the same Corps, entered the villa in which Abd-ul-Hamid is confined. They mounted to the first floor and passed into a room where they found awaiting them several Germans, representatives of the Deutsche Bank and of the German Consulate, also a eunuch belonging to Abd-ul-Hamid's Harem. Soon after the ex-Sultan arrived. He looked calm and shook hands with his visitors, but the latter could not help noticing that his hair was greyer, his eyes duller, and his stoop more pronounced than formerly. His manner is described as very correct and even amiable. The first words he uttered on coming into the room were: "*Peki alinez! Peki alinez!*" ("It's all right. Take them! It's all right. Take them!"), referring to seventeen valises ranged in a long row in the vestibule outside, three of them containing, by the way, the sum of £T14,000 in gold and the fourteen others contain 16,000 shares in the Anatolian railway and other similar documents of value.

Abd-ul-Hamid had been induced to present all this money to the Third Army Corps, but as the directors of the Deutsche Bank would not part with it unless the money and the securities deposited with them were brought by their representatives to Abd-ul-Hamid, and Abd-ul-Hamid signed away the



money, &c., in the presence of these representatives, all this formality had to be gone through with.

The Germans were not content with the ex-Sultan's words, for they very respectfully begged him to sign the two receipts rendered necessary in such a case by German law, one of these receipts being in Turkish and the other in German. The receipts were then read out, and also a list of the securities contained in the valises, after which Abd-ul-Hamid went down into the vestibule to inspect the bags. He only glanced for a second at the outsides of them, however, and then returned immediately to his visitors. One of the Germans begged the ex-Sultan not to use his seal in signing the receipt, but to write his name at full length with his own hand. Abd-ul-Hamid accordingly did so, after first putting on a pair of spectacles the rims whereof the observant Teutons perceived to be composed of nickel and not of gold. Then all those present affixed their signatures, and took their leave.

Throughout this scene, which took place amid silence that was only once or twice broken, the women of the Harem watched through the screens and shutters the arrival and departure of the delegates and, filled with boyish curiosity, the young Princes, Abdurrahmin and Abdul Kadir, frequently entered the room where the conference took place.

Half an hour after the departure of the first deputation, the second was shown in with the same ceremony.

It consisted solely of M. Vitalis, director of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, for that being a Turkish institution there was no need for any foreign Consul to be present. M. Vitalis brought with him no sacks of gold but only a few documents enclosed in a small and elegant portfolio. Abd-ul-Hamid saluted the visitor with a few pleasant words and signed the necessary papers, after which M. Vitalis took his departure, leaving the ex-Sultan considerably poorer. In this way Abd-ul-Hamid parted with deposit after deposit, until he is now penniless and incapable of doing harm.

He will receive from the State an allowance of £T1000 a month as long as he lives, and each of his three children will receive £T600, a sum with which they can all manage, I hope, to keep the wolf from the door.

To return, however, to the Ogre's den at Yildiz. Astound-

ing stories are told of the out-of-the-way places in which jewellery and packets of bank-notes were found in the Palace. For instance, a pearl necklace or set of praying beads valued at £T74,000 was found on a couch in the ex-Sultan's room, while precious stones were found occasionally on tables and in open drawers. Many of these are Crown Jewels and will be kept by the nation, but a good many of them are Abd-ul-Hamid's private property and will, it is said, be sold to European buyers. Abd-ul-Hamid's jewels consist mainly of diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The Commission charged with the work of valuing them have drawn up a catalogue, in which 128 different stones are mentioned, some of them costing 800,000 piastres and others 150 piastres, or about £1. As the local French newspaper wittily remarks: "*Il y en a, comme on voit, pour toutes les bourses.*" An expert has valued the whole collection at £T750,000, not counting a bag of gems valued at £T4000 which has been found in one of the rooms of the Palace and which, according to certain papers also found in Yildiz, were the property of a slave who died at Medina.

It is well known that the ex-Sultan was a good amateur carpenter, that he had a workshop fitted up in the Palace, and that he employed there a German carpenter, who regards the fallen despot as having been one of the gentlest and most amiable old men that he ever met. In this carpenter's shop, where doubtless he spent some of the happiest days of his reign, Abd-ul-Hamid had secreted in wooden boxes quite a little pile of banknotes. In one of the rooms of the Palace were two chests filled with five-pound notes. In two old leather bags and in two cash-boxes bundles of banknotes were also found. In the chamber called Tash-Oda (Stone Chamber) were found gold and silver coins, jewels, and three safes. Two thousand decorations and medals were found mixed up with a hundred and eighty-three shares of the Shirket—a steam-ferry company in the Bosphorus—and a number of rubies.

The following curious passage occurs in one of the Commission's last reports:

"The chamber situated to the right of the corridor ending in the *pavillon* known as the chalet, and which had up to the present remained locked, has now been opened. This room contained no money and no precious stones, but



only a valise filled with documents and *djournals* [the reports of spies], as well as simple linen and leather purses containing twelve Russian banknotes, each worth 500 roubles. The Commission thinks that these latter had been seized with a consignment of revolutionary literature and carried to the Palace by some ignorant spies who suspected that these strange-looking banknotes were themselves documents of a subversive character."

The most singular and characteristic discovery that has been made at Yildiz, however, is the discovery of *djournals*.

On each side of the principal entrance to the War Office is a small house. The one on the left-hand side as you go in is Shefket Pasha's office, the one on the right-hand side is filled with the *djournals* which have been presented to Abd-ul-Hamid since the beginning of his reign. When I visited the house on the right-hand side there were more than three hundred cases of *djournals* in the basement, while on the ground floor sat the military Commission which is sorting and classifying these documents. At the door Colonel Sadib Bey, one of the trustiest men in the Macedonian army, stood on guard. The members of the Commission, which is composed of ten military officers and two deputies, have sworn to reveal nothing of what they read while engaged in this work until the Government itself publishes a report on the subject.

This report will be an even more amazing document than the report of the Yildiz Treasure Commission, inasmuch as it will reveal to the smallest detail the working of a system of espionage whereof the world has never, even in Russia, seen the like before. But it is not likely that this report will ever appear, as it would compromise too many persons of importance, and cause too much of a panic in official circles throughout the country. Even—so Mahmud Shefket Pasha has personally informed me—even the detailed reports of the Courts-martial will only be published "on the authorization of the Government and at an opportune time. Till that time comes, nobody except the members of the Courts-martial will be allowed to consult them."

In the first hurried rush into Yildiz some of these documents were examined by persons who were not oath-bound, with the result that sundry curious particulars have leaked out. With regard to the bomb explosion at Yildiz in 1905, it is stated that over 1100 *djournals* were sent to the Sultan



—nearly 1000 of them by Turks, about 100 by Armenians, 3 by Greeks, and 11 by foreigners.

The *djournals* that have excited most attention were those sent by Ali Kemal Bey, the Anglophile editor of the *Ikdam* and leader of the Ahrar, who, in his reports to the Sultan, deals with the strength and organization of the Committee of Union and Progress which he affected to regard as a "bluff" pure and simple. He refers to the fact that during the fifteen years he spent as an "exile" in Western Europe, he was all the time in the Sultan's pay; gives the names of various people whom he suspects of being friendly to the Young Turks; and encourages the Padishah in his obstinacy by telling him that, in case of necessity, many reactionaries among the lower classes would give him their support as they did during the Armenian massacres twelve years ago.

I have already spoken of the park and the menageries. Abd-ul-Hamid was a lover of animals, but he was a very careless and undiscerning lover. Whenever he saw the picture of a fine dog, bird, or horse in a foreign book or illustrated paper he would at once commission some of the foreign merchants in Pera to get him just such an animal. The new acquisition would be brought out with a foreign keeper by the Orient Express, but when it would arrive Abd-ul-Hamid would have forgotten all about it and would probably never go to look at it, while the foreign keeper would be paid a good salary and allowed to live for years in an hotel without once being invited to present himself at the Palace.

A long time ago an Englishman was brought out in this way along with some rare birds of whose habits he had made a special study. The birds were received in an absent-minded manner at Yildiz, and, after that, the expert never saw them again. He remained, however, on a salary in Constantinople, married, begat children, and grew grey in idleness. He never heard a word from the Palace until one night, when he was suddenly roused from his bed and told that the Sultan wanted to see him instantly. Overjoyed at having his knowledge of his birds thus, though tardily, recognized, the good man hurried to Yildiz, but there he was told that the Sultan wanted him to cure a sick lion in which his Majesty took a keen interest!

In the same way the ex-Sultan took a great interest in dogs and was continually buying all sorts of rare specimens,

but unfortunately he allowed them to interbreed in such a promiscuous way that, when Yildiz fell, the Macedonians found the dogs there to be the sorriest collection of mongrels on which they had ever set eyes.

I have already told how several of Abd-ul-Hamid's birds, &c., have been forwarded to their master at Salonica. As for the rest of his menagerie, we read in a local paper that "a commission under the presidency of Mehmed Ali Bey, President of the Council in the Prefecture of the City, went to Yildiz yesterday to . . . make arrangements for the sale of Abd-ul-Hamid's numerous pets."

The ex-Sultan's five hundred horses (most of them of pure Arab breed) have been found to be in good condition, and three hundred of them have now furnished very stylish mounts for the Macedonian leaders, the remaining two hundred being considered sufficiently numerous for Mahmud the Fifth, who never rides.

One of the most unexpected things in Yildiz was the theatre, where Abd-ul-Hamid and his Harem used to assist, unseen, at performances given by French actresses. Accustomed to the glare of a hundred lights and the applause of well-filled houses, these Parisiennes used to sometimes feel decidedly uncomfortable when performing in this Palace theatre, a dim and apparently empty building, sad and silent as a tomb, knowing as they did that, himself unseen, the Ogre of Yildiz was watching them intently from behind the curtain of some distant box.

Another unexpected discovery was made on the top of the Little Mabein, whence one enjoyed a splendid view of the Bosphorus. This was an astronomical observatory, which had been fitted up with an exceedingly good telescope by a Parisian firm. Characteristically enough, Abd-ul-Hamid had degraded this extraordinary invention from the sublime ends for which it was intended in order to serve his own petty purposes of espionage, for he had used it solely for the purpose of watching the residence of Prince Yussuff Izzeddin, eldest son of Abd-ul-Aziz and now heir-presumptive to the throne.

Before the surrender of Yildiz I had some hope that we should find there a rich and unknown collection of art treasures, the discovery of which would rejoice the heart of the artistic world. As Mr. Meredith Townsend points out, the



other great collections are all known, that in Windsor Castle, the Winter Palace, the Green Vault at Dresden, and the Vatican. The Summer Palace at Peking was plundered long ago, and during the Boxer troubles in 1900 every other palace and private house, in and about the Chinese capital, was stripped of everything that had the faintest pretension to be an art treasure. Our last hope was fixed, therefore, on Yildiz, for the Sultans not only found Constantinople full of marvellous works of art accumulated there during a period of nearly one thousand years by the two most artistic peoples that ever existed—the Greeks and the Romans—but they might have indefinitely increased the collection by adding to it the spoils of Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt. No ruling House—nor even the long line of Sovereign Pontiffs—ever had the opportunity which the House of Othman has had of forming artistic and archæological collections and libraries, in comparison with which the treasures of the Louvre, the British Museum, and the Vatican added together would be as nothing. By a strange irony of fate, this unparalleled opportunity fell to rulers who were fit representatives of their people—a people with a knowledge of art such as you would find among a tribe of Chimpanzees and with a faith which even impels them to destroy art when it meets them in the way. Had the Goths, Huns or Vandals, had even the Chinese or the Japanese captured Constantinople they might have been relied upon to appreciate and to preserve a good many of its artistic treasures, but—perhaps it was a curse on the Greeks for the vices into which their worship of the human form led them—this storehouse of ancient art became the property of the Turk!

In Yildiz the Macedonians found, therefore, nothing of artistic, literary, or archæological interest, save a few objects which the ex-Sultan had inherited or acquired without knowing their value. In the Harem library, for example, are some exceedingly rare books which are supposed to have been carried off from the Palace of Top-Kapu, and in the Yildiz museum are many objects of high archæological value, some of which—including a collection of 32,600 Roman coins found in various parts of the Empire—seem to have been presented to the Sultan by provincial governors. An ancient picture of some merit has, it is said, been found in the Harem, also some ancient MSS. which may prove to be interesting,



and various antiques, among them an old sceptre which is believed to belong to the Imperial Treasury. There is also a valuable museum of arms and a collection of rich Persian, Gobelins, and Héreké carpets and tapestry. The ex-Commander of the Faithful does not seem, by the way, to be a very diligent student of Islâmic literature, for though nine copies of the Korân and a number of other sacred books were found in the Palace, they were found in a safe which had not, evidently, been opened for years, mixed up with railway shares and other profane documents. Mahmud the Fifth, having learned after his accession that many very valuable sacred books were lying among the saddles and bridles in the Imperial stables at Yildiz, ordered that these books should be immediately taken away and distributed among the different mosques and libraries of the capital at the discretion of the Sheikh-ul-Islâm.

Enough rosaries, sticks, and chibouks (Turkish pipes) were discovered to start a hundred Oriental antique merchants in business, but the only objects in the accumulation of which Abd-ul-Hamid displayed the true zeal of a collector were pianos, gramophones, clocks, shirts, collars, keys, and modern fire-arms, especially revolvers.

While the rummaging of Yildiz was going on, the Turkish paper *Hakikat* published a sensational story about a discovery that had been made of three manikins, all of them such good representations of the ex-Sultan that, coming on them late one evening, the Search Commission got quite a bad scare. If there is any truth in this story, the objects discovered were probably the man-shaped targets at which the Sultan used to practise with his revolver. The Commission did, however, get several scares, especially in the beginning, before they had secured the assistance of Nadir Agha, when they were afraid of opening presses or of even walking about lest they should be shot by some spring-gun or swallowed up by some subterranean passage, adroitly concealed by a trap-door. As a matter of fact there are no subterranean passages in Yildiz, owing to the Sultan's fear that such passages might be used as a depot of bombs, a fear which, according to Nadir Agha, made Abd-ul-Hamid always object to excavations for the laying of water-pipes and the like being made deeper than fifteen centimetres or being made at all without his personal superintendence.

As the deputies were saying their prayers like good Mohammedans at sunset on the first day of their search, they were astounded to hear hoarse voices proceeding from an empty adjoining room, which they themselves had locked and sealed only a few moments before ; and their astonishment was converted into something like alarm when they distinguished the words, "*Padishahim tchok yasha!*" ("Long live the Sultan!"). The cry came, however, not from reactionaries but from hundreds of hungry caged parrots which had been taught this phrase.

It would be too much of course to expect that Yildiz could be cleared out without accusations of theft or at least of criminal carelessness being levelled against the deputies who had been entrusted with the work. Accusations of this nature were, as a matter of fact, made in Parliament against the Commission on June 29, Dr. Ismet being the attacking party ; and in the debate which followed it came out that the papers of the ex-Sultan had not been immediately sealed as the President of the Chamber had directed.

Dr. Ismet declared that the carelessness and disorder which prevailed at Yildiz were indescribable. For this he blamed the Commission ; but it is certain that—whether owing to the fact that old age and increasing infirmities made him slovenly or to the fact that he had always been careless and untidy—Abd-ul-Hamid had left everything in a state of frightful confusion, his papers, his gardens, and most of his menageries. The deputies doubtless made this confusion worse by their searches, and were then afraid to call in servants to tidy the place up, as they did not like to trust to the honesty of the domestics in rooms where diamonds and rubies were lying loose on the tables and floors.\*

"On one table," said Dr. Ismet, "I found a letter from Napoleon the Third, and on another an *iradé* proclaiming a state of siege. Under a heap of rags I found the seal, set in brilliants, of Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz ; and alongside of it I found another seal worth about sixpence. I gave a *djournal* and some other documents to Djenani Bey [another member of the Commission] and he called somebody, who tied up

\* There is a curious remark in the last report of the Yildiz Parliamentary Commission : "The task of the Commission is thus finished for the moment, but it will be necessary to again make a general examination, as perhaps there are precious stones lying under pieces of furniture which have not yet been moved."



the documents in his pocket handkerchief and carried them off. Perhaps half of them have been lost. . . . There was a cincture with a clasp in brilliants, and a magnificent seal of Saliha Sultana, of great value. Through the rooms which contained these treasures all sorts of people were walking about at random and all the doors were open. . . .

“In the garden, the chief gardener complained that things were being sold right and left at a thousandth part of their value. One Turk had bought for £15 a horse which was worth £150. Rare birds were being lost. Carpets worth £1000 were being walked over and ruined. Marvellous carpets had covered the floor of Abd-ul-Hamid's private shooting gallery but the soldiers were allowed to trample on them and soon they would be worthless. The servants were not being paid. The animals were not being fed and consequently some valuable birds were dying of hunger.”

And now for the future of this famous fortress of despotism whose beautiful name (the word “Yildiz” means “Star”), the name of a lovely Circassian slave-girl to whom the Sultan Medjid, Abd-ul-Hamid's father, was passionately attached, has become a synonym for dark misgovernment. Closed and shuttered, with the great clock opposite the Hamidieh mosque marking the hour of three—for it has not been wound up since the day the Macedonians entered the capital—it presents a deserted and desolate appearance. And it will never again be the residence of royalty, for no Sultan could occupy a palace over which brood so many baleful memories. These baleful memories have not, it is true, prevented the present Sultan from seizing all his brother's best furniture and transferring it to Dolmabatchi Palace, but, as for Yildiz itself, it has now been handed over to the prefecture of the city, which will, it is said, convert the park into a public garden, the Bois de Boulogne of Constantinople, and permit visits to the kiosks and the gardens on the payment of a small fee.



## CHAPTER V

### THE EXILE OF SALONICA

**D**ESPITE the multitude of cares which tend to distract the attention of Young Turkey, Abd-ul-Hamid, the ex-Sultan, remains a figure of overwhelming interest, or at least an enigma and an object of curiosity which attracts far more observation than the actual Sultan or, indeed, than any living Ottoman.

As often happens in such cases—as happened, for example, to Napoleon during his first few days at Elba and, again, during his first few days at St. Helena, the excitement of the change, the agreeable surprise of finding himself out of his difficulties alive and with no prospect of being put to death, seemed to do the Sultan good, and people marvelled how well he was bearing up, how completely he had rid himself of his habitual nervousness, at the interest he took in external things, at the eagerness with which he asked his head eunuch every morning for news, and at the affability wherewith he spoke to the officers who had charge of him. He seemed easier in his mind than ever he had been before, and, as a matter of fact, he probably feels safer now that he is a prisoner than when he was the master, omnipotent and redoubtable, of twenty-five millions of men. For the first time in many years he began to take an interest in the details of material life and to ask the names of flowers. He walked in the garden, and smoked incessantly. He sat down on the stone steps and stumps of trees like a prosperous farmer pottering in shirt sleeves around his garden of a bright Sunday morning.

It is well known that in Yildiz he worked a good deal at carpentry, and as he desires to work in the same way now, a complete set of tools has been ordered for him in Paris, so that in course of time he would probably turn out almost as many pieces of furniture as Peter the Great himself were

it not for the fact that while the great Muscovite ruler turned out huge pieces of furniture, strong and solid as his own massive genius, the ex-Sultan devotes his attention to cunning and delicate inlaid-work, to intricate combinations of different woods which will probably make his output comparatively less, despite the fact that his leisure time is so much greater than that of the Tzar. Another source of distraction for Abd-ul-Hamid is his Harem, in two very youthful members of which—they have not more than forty years between them—the sixty-nine-year-old Sultan takes a tender interest.

The fallen Caliph's sorrow was also lightened to some extent by the presence of his two sons. Abdurrahmin, who is seventeen years of age, sometimes comes into the garden to walk. "He has all his father's physiognomy," says Fethi Bey, "but his intelligence is mediocre. He stays almost always with his mother, a Circassian. The other child, who is only four years of age, also comes to play in the garden under the care of a eunuch." Abdurrahmin is now returning, however, to Constantinople.

Before retiring to rest on the first night that he spent in the Villa Allatini, Abd-ul-Hamid examined the door and all the windows of his room to see that they were well closed, and once when a doctor came to see his son, who was suffering from some slight indisposition, the old Padishah sat behind a curtain in order to overhear every word that passed. Sometimes he spends hours walking about his room, and peeping out from time to time through the half-open curtains.

This useless spying and these unnecessary precautions are, of course, the effect of long habit, and I regard them as simply pathetic. Abd-ul-Hamid's keepers do not take that view however. They are profoundly afraid of their prisoner's cunning, just as Sir Hudson Lowe was afraid of Napoleon's cunning. Some time ago the ex-Sultan requested permission to move into another villa which he perceived at a distance, and which is situated quite on the sea-shore.

"Naturally," said Fethi Bey, who tells the story, "we could not agree to this, for who knows what plans he is hatching? . . . We shall make his captivity as pleasant as possible for him if he keeps quiet and does not try to establish any connexion with outsiders. To a mind so fertile

in subterfuges, it would not be difficult to get up the most complicated intrigues.”\*

When Abd-ul-Hamid, with a view probably to reviving the glories of the weekly *Selamlık* at Yildiz, a function which was far superior in scenic effect to the *Selamlıks* of the new Sultan, asked to be allowed to go in state to the mosque every Friday, he was refused in a much more diplomatic manner.

“Yes, you can go to the mosque, of course,” said Fethi Bey, “and we shall do our very best to guard you. But you must remember that you have many enemies who might take advantage of these opportunities.”

This appeal to the ex-Sultan’s ruling passion was successful, and he has never since offered to go to the mosque.

Asked how the ex-Sultan receives him, Fethi Bey replied: “Always very amiably. He rises when I enter the room, then, after having saluted me in the traditional Turkish fashion, he sits down and motions me to sit also in the arm-chair in front of him. I must tell you that I only see the Sultan when I have a special mission to discharge. On ordinary occasions I communicate with him through his steward.

“The ex-Sultan is very curious to know what is going on in the outside world. In the morning he sends his attendant several times to ask if I have come, and when I arrive he puts innumerable questions to me about Constantinople, the new Sultan, Salonica, the army, &c.”

The ex-Sultan is beginning to read the newspapers, or rather he makes one of his wives read them for him, and indeed he seems to prefer the newspaper to any other form of distraction. He has the *Sabah*, the *Tanin* and the *Yeni Gazette* read to him every day, and as these papers, like all the other papers published in Turkey at the present moment, are violently anti-Hamidian—too violently so, perhaps—the ex-Sultan hears for the first time in his life some terrible attacks on his sacred self. On several occasions, when an unusually ferocious onslaught was read to him, he asked for the name of the paper and then murmured, as if to himself: “And to think that I once gave that man a thousand pounds through — and — !”

\* Fethi Bey has since left Salonica and returned to Paris, where he is the Turkish military *attaché*. He has been replaced by Major Eyoub Sabri Bey, an organiser of the July Revolution and one of the first officers to join Niazi Bey in the mountains of Ochrida.



On learning of the executions at Constantinople, Abd-ul-Hamid expressed keen regret that the name of Nadir Agha did not figure in the list of hanged, and when he heard that Tahir Pasha had been put to death he made a gesture indicative of pity and said: "Why, he's an old man!"

Thus things went on for a short time, and the ex-Sultan seemed to be settling down quietly into his new way of life, but after a few weeks, when the excitement of novelty wore off, the deposed Padishah began to feel the effects of the reaction. He became nervous and irritable. He abandoned all work and did nothing but smoke all day long. The water, the coffee, the milk, and everything else that was offered to him, seemed bad. He changed several times the arrangement of the furniture in his rooms and insisted on having a Turkish bath installed instead of the European one.

In order to give the illustrious captive something to think of, Muhsine Bey, his first eunuch, suggested to him that he had better write his memoirs and thus justify himself before the world. The ex-Sultan replied that he had already begun to do so at Yildiz, but that he could not continue as he had left all his papers at Constantinople. He added that he was sure that future historians would justify him—if not Ottoman historians, then foreign historians.

When the news came that the Government had allotted to Abd-ul-Hamid an annual pension of £1000, the ex-Sultan was furious and declared that he had granted his brother Murad £2000 and Prince Rechad £1500. "It is insufficient!" he cried, "for they have taken everything from me, even my wardrobe!"

Soon after this, Abd-ul-Hamid fell into another rage because of the non-arrival of some persons, including several additional odalisques, for whom he had sent. "You want," he exclaimed, "to make me die slowly of fear, *ennui*, and persecution! I am very badly lodged here. The rooms are almost unfurnished.\* If I ask you for anything, you promise to get it for me and then you do not keep your promise."

His irritation was not lessened by a nervous shock which he experienced about this time. While walking in the garden, he was much alarmed by the sound of two rifle shots outside, but he was reassured when told that they had only been

\* It will be remembered that at Yildiz, Abd-ul-Hamid had a large quantity of furniture in all the rooms and corridors.

fired by a boy who was shooting sparrows. That boy was afterwards persuaded, however, to promise not to amuse himself in this fashion, for the future—within earshot at least of the Villa Allatini.

During the last few weeks the ex-Sultan has fallen into a condition bordering on melancholia. One of the reasons for this is the impossibility of supplying him with all the artificial light he needs. At Yildiz he had always been accustomed to the nightly flare of 4000 gas-lamps and 2000 electric lights. He had in fact a mania for this sort of illumination, and now that he is reduced to a few score of electric lights in all, he feels his position keenly. He has become morose and taciturn, and a prey to some terrible anxieties. Insomnia has now been added to his other troubles and he often sits all night in his room before an open window looking in the direction of Constantinople.

He finds it difficult to habituate himself to the idea that he has ceased to reign and from time to time he gives incoherent orders. He asks for many things, even for things which it is impossible to get for him, and, some moments after, he forgets that he has not been obeyed. Sometimes he speaks to himself in a loud voice, reproaching himself as a fool for not having "acted" [on April 24 ?] and saying that "we must wait two or three months yet."

Sometimes after sitting alone for a long time at his table wrapped in gloomy meditation he strikes the table with his fist—a thing that he was never before in the habit of doing—and cries: "*Nalet Olsun! Nalet Olsun!*" ("Malediction! Malediction!")

Sometimes he gets his wives to draw cards and make revelations about his future, but before this operation has finished he gets up suddenly and goes away saying: "*Bosheh Shei! Bosheh Shei!*" ("Futility! Futility!")

Occasionally, overcome by fatigue, he begins to close his eyes, then wakes up with a start and rushes round the room as if pursued by phantoms. Whenever he does sleep, he is fully dressed and his couch is merely a long chair.

In short, his sufferings are evidently such that death would be a blessing, and, considering the ex-Sultan's age and feebleness, this supreme relief—for himself and for Turkey—cannot be far off.

## APPENDIX

### ORDRE DE BATAILLE OF THE MACEDONIAN ARMY BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE APRIL 23/24

*Commander-in-Chief*—FERIK MAHMUD SHEFKET PASHA

*Chief of the General Staff*—MIRLIVA ALI RIZA PASHA

*Other Commanders*—WASIF EFFENDI, JUZBASHI BEHIR EFFENDI

#### I. COMBINED DIVISION

*Commandant*—FERIK HUSSEIN PASHA

*Chief of the General Staff*—MUSTAPHA KEMAL BEY

1 comb. Brigade Gen. Staff Miralai Hasan Izzet Bey.	2 comb. Regiment Gen. Staff Major Hafiz Hakki Bey.	2 comb. Brigade Gen. Staff Major Zihni Bey	4 comb. Regiment Gen. Staff Major Musa Kiazim Bey
Nizam B 1/34 Redif B 3/41 " 3/33 " 4/35	Redif B 1/41 Nizam B 2/11 " 3/35	17 Rifle B Nizam B 1/35 " 3/11 Volunteer B	Nizam B 2/12 " 3/12 " 3/13

Of the cavalry regiments 9, 14, 15 . . . 4 squadrons.  
 " " " 15 . . . 4 field batteries.  
 2nd machine-gun detachment . . . 5 cannon.  
 Gendarmes . . . . . 250 men.

#### TOTAL OF DIVISION

14 battalions, 4 squadrons, 24 cannon, 5 machine-guns, 1 automobile, 1 telegraph section, 1 sanitary section, 1 gendarmery section.





ment, occupy Azizieh guard-house [at the Galata end of the Outer Bridge] with 1 company and Tophaneh with 3 companies.

(b) II. Column. 4th or "Seraskierat" [Ministry of War] Detachment. Major Ali Fethi Bey, 4 battalions (17 Rifle, 1/35, 1/11 Nizam and 1 Volunteer battalion) 1 squadron/14 (40 horsemen)  $\frac{2. 3. battery}{15 A-R}$ .

will march at 3.30 A.M. from Daoud Pasha *via* Topkapu-Akserai to the Ministry of War, take possession of that building and of the adjoining barracks.

(c) III. Column. 5th or "Fatih" Detachment. Nizam battalion 1/10 and 6th or "Vlanga" Detachment. Redif battalion of Naslitch, 4 battery/15, 15th cavalry regiment will leave the Adrianople Gate at 4.30 A.M. occupy the Fatih Mosque [barracks] and Vlanga and will watch Yeni-Kapu and Kumkapu.

7. The 4th battery/15 will take up its position on the heights of Ramiz-Tchitlik opposite the Golden Horn and the Marine Arsenal (Tershaneh). 20 horsemen of the 14th cavalry regiment will act as artillery escort.

8. Colonel Hassan Izzet Bey (Commandant of the 1st Brigade) takes over, after the occupation of the city, the *Rayonskommando*. Until the town is occupied he will remain with the *Kommando* of the 1st Division (Makrikeui).

9. The squadron of the 15th cavalry regiment furnishes the "Bridge" and "Tophaneh" detachments with 10 mounted messengers. The squadron of the 14th cavalry regiment does the same to the "Fatih" and "Vlanga" detachments.

B. *Pera Columns*.—(d) IV. Column. 10th or Tashkishla Detachment. Liva Shefket Pasha. 4 battalions (18 Rifle; 2/36, 1/20 Nizam; 1 Redif battalion from Serres), 2 mountain batteries, 3 machine-guns, will march at 4 A.M. from Silahdar-Aga by Shishli-Karakol, the Poor-House, Shishli, and the Pancaldi Military School on Tashkishla and take possession of that barracks. When he reaches the military school, the commander of the detachment will send the students to protect the Embassies, &c.

11. "Matchka" Detachment. Liva Shefket Pasha, 2 battalions (Nizam 2/11, Redif battalion from Koprulu), 1 battery/8 follows the Tashkishla detachment, marches *via* Nishantash on Matchka and takes possession of that barracks.

12. "Taxim" detachment, Major Mukhtar Bey, 3 battalions (Nizam 1/24, 4/10, 3/11), 1 machine-gun, 1 squadron/7 (40 horsemen) remains at a distance from the "Matchka" detachment, pushes on to Shishli and Taxim, takes possession of Taxim barracks.

(e) Reserves. 13th or "Kabajot" detachment. Major Ali Hikmet Bey, 2 battalion (Rifles 6 and Redif battalion of Cavacala)  $\frac{2. 3. battery}{8}$ ,

5 squadrons  $\left( \frac{2 \text{ squadrons}}{7}, \frac{3 \text{ squadrons}}{10} \right)$  will follow the Taxim Detachment, then take up a position on the heights of "Kabajot" and send out reconnaissances towards Sindjali-Kuju and Maslak.

14. The Commandant of the 2nd Brigade, Selaheddin Bey, and the Commandant of the 8th Regiment, Naki Bey, will remain at first with

the *Kommando* of the 2nd division on the heights of Kabajot and act, on the occupation of the town, as *Rayonskommandant*.

15. The Commandant of the 2nd division, Shefket Pasha, will take up a position to-night in the neighbourhood of Silahdar-Aga and Alibeykeuy. The squadron of the 7th cavalry regiment with the Taxim detachment will provide the Tashkishla and Matchka detachments with 20 mounted messengers.

16. The surrendering soldiers of the year 1905-1906 will be sent under escort by the detachment commandants, direct to Hademkoy. The soldiers of all other years will be sent to Daoud Pasha. The officers found at the head of such soldiers will be interned in the various barracks.

17. The general reserve 3 battalions (Mizam 4/34, 3/12, 4/11) 1½ squadrons/15. (40 horsemen) will remain in Makrikeui and send a detachment to seize the cartridge factory of Zijtun-burnu.

18. The Headquarters will remain in Makrikeui until further notice.

(Signed) FERIK MAHMUD SHEFKET,  
*Commander-in-Chief of the Investing Army.*

These dispositions presuppose the employment of 25 battalions, 8 squadrons, 2 mountain and 7 field-batteries and 9 machine-guns.



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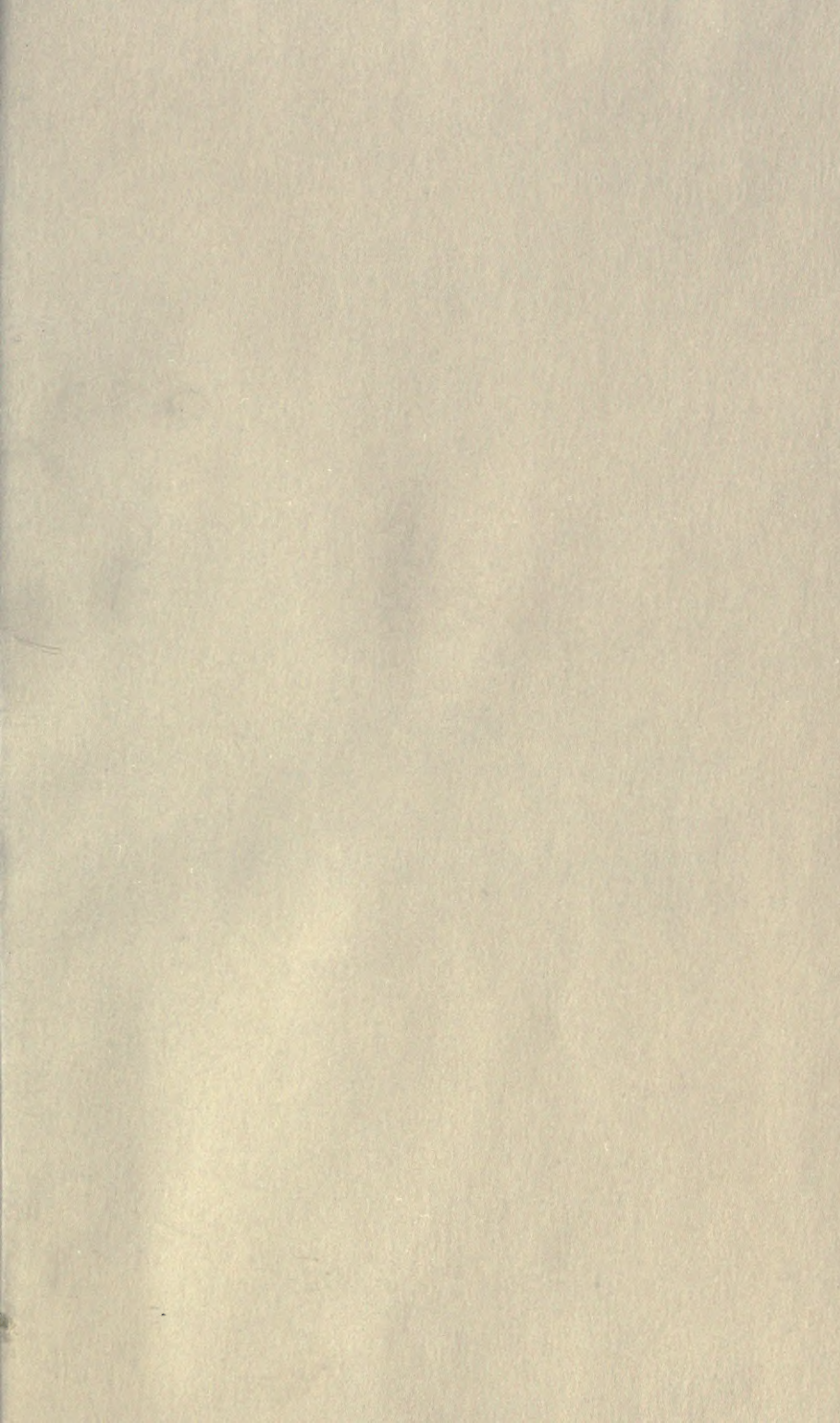
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